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ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF DISARMAMENT

BY FRANK I. COBB

IN 1910 David Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Asquith Cabinet, estimated that the direct war expenditures of 'the countries of the world' were at that time no less than \$2,250,000,000 a year, and were increasing at a rate that would double this sum by 1920. He then predicted that the economic life of the nations could not long endure the strain; and it did not long endure the strain. Within four years Europe was in the midst of the most disastrous war yet recorded in the annals of the human race.

By common consent Germany has been held responsible for this conflict, and this responsibility is formally acknowledged in the Treaty of Versailles. But when we say that Germany was responsible, we do not mean that Germany alone created the conditions that brought about the war, and that Germany alone shaped the issues that inspired the appeal to arms. The record of Germany's guilt is, in the main, the record of the Imperial Government in the latter part of July, 1914, after Lord Grey, then Sir Edward Grey, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, had made an appeal for a four-power conference, to adjust the situation that had grown out of the assassinations at Serajevo.

Speaking recently in the House of Commons, the British Prime Minister, in referring to the origin of the war, said, —

'The more one reads the memoirs and books written in the different countries upon what happened before August 1, 1914, the more one realizes that no one at the head of affairs quite meant war at that stage. It was something towards which they glided, or rather staggered and stumbled, perhaps through folly.'

President Wilson was savagely censured in 1916 for a speech in which he said that he did not know just what the war was about, and had never been able to find anybody who could tell him. To his exasperated critics there was no mystery whatever about it. Europe was at war because the Germans were a wicked and depraved folk, who had taken diabolical advantage of the unsuspecting innocence of the Russians, the French, and the British. An opinion of that sort does well enough for the temporary purposes of propaganda, but it hardly serves the ends of history; and curiously enough we are still without authentic information as to the final argument that swung the Imperial Government to one of the most reckless and disastrous decisions in all history. All

the German war memoirs, biographies, and recollections that have appeared since the war are strangely vague when they arrive at that fateful moment when the sword was thrown into the balance. They do not tell us precisely who was in favor of and who was opposed to war, and what the final argument was that determined the course of the Government.

Yet it is possible to piece together certain scraps of information that are available, and arrive at a fairly satisfactory conclusion. In order to sustain its enlarged military establishment, the German Government had been compelled to impose what was equivalent to a tax on capital. This tax was most burdensome to German commerce and industry under the intensive competition to which they were subjected. Not only were the Social Democrats, the most numerous party in the Empire, preparing to resist the renewal of the military estimates, but German business was increasingly restive under its load of taxation. To the Junker mind, there was no solution of the problem short of war. To diminish the military establishment was unthinkable. To make the political concessions necessary to appease the Social Democrats and obtain their support for the army programme was likewise unthinkable. The overhead had become too great for the Imperial system. Then came the murder of the heir-apparent to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and the General Staff instantly reverted to the ancient precept of imperialism, — not merely German imperialism, but all imperialism, — which is that a successful foreign war is the best means of averting a domestic crisis. And so Europe was plunged in blood in consequence of a military panic that had its origin in an economic emergency, which in turn was produced by competitive armament. The Lloyd George prediction of 1920 was fulfilled.

When the Chancellor of the Exchequer made the speech referred to, the \$2,250,000,000 which the nations were spending every year for past and future wars represented \$50,000,000,000 of wealth, on a basis of five per cent. In other words, \$50,000,000,000 of the world's assets were for all practical purposes segregated and devoted to the task of earning income to be devoted exclusively to supporting military adventures of one kind or another.

After a war that cost approximately \$348,000,000,000 in property and production, nobody quite knows the aggregate war budget of the nations. It has been variously estimated at from eight to ten billion dollars a year. If we take the smaller figure and capitalize it at the modest rate of five per cent, the amount is \$160,000,000,000 — which means that, after extinguishing \$348,000,000,000 of the world's wealth, \$160,000,000,000 of what is left is now set aside to pay the reckoning and make ready for new wars.

It is needless to say that labor and industry cannot carry that burden, and when government attempts to sweat them to that extent, it is defeating the very ends of national defense which it professes to serve. War is no longer a conflict between uniformed forces of professional combatants. It is a conflict of all the resources of the belligerents, of whatsoever kind and nature. What ended this war was the overwhelming economic force of the United States. What enabled Germany to fight all Europe to a standstill on two fronts was, not its superior military establishment, but its superior economic system.

The German army was undoubtedly the most perfect military machine ever constructed by the genius of man, but it ditched itself within six weeks after the beginning of the war. All the elaborately contrived plans of the General

Staff were frustrated at the battle of the Marne, after von Kluck had outmarched his communications. The remainder of the war was a series of desperate attempts on the part of the German high command to adjust itself to conditions that it had never contemplated; and in the end it was the economic collapse of internal Germany which left Ludendorff's armies a defenseless shell. So much for military preparedness at its best and its worst.

While military experts are acrimoniously discussing the lessons of the war, the most important lesson attracts practically no attention on their part. It is the lesson that was demonstrated in its most dramatic form by the American intervention — that is, that economic resources can be easily and quickly translated into military resources; that a sound economic system is the essential element in any extensive military undertaking. But these resources are not interchangeable. Economic energy can be speedily converted into military energy, but military energy is not reconvertible into economic energy. Like the radiated heat of the sun, it is lost. It can never be reassembled and welded into another sun.

The white man's civilization is an economic civilization. It is sustained by economic supremacy, and by that alone. It is that which has given to the so-called Nordic races their dominion over land and sea. In point of numbers they are inferior to the brown and yellow races. In point of physical courage they are likewise inferior, for the Oriental faces both torture and death with a resignation and a fatalism that the white man either had never attained or has long ago lost. In ability to endure hardship, to exist on a minimum of nourishment, and to survive in the midst of an evil environment, the swarming millions of Asia are superior to the European or the American. As for in-

tellectual power, dismissing the uses to which that power is applied, the Eastern mind has attained a discipline and a subtlety of reasoning that the Western mind has never yet achieved. It is the white man's economic accomplishments which have been the magic carpet that transported him everywhere, and the armor that none could penetrate. While this economic supremacy exists, no other race can challenge the white man's civilization. Whenever that supremacy has been weakened, the white man's civilization has been menaced. It is again in peril.

Three great military empires were extinguished in the war, but three great economic empires were wrecked, as well. Russia has been rightly described as an 'economic vacuum.' Austria-Hungary is practically in ruins; and whether the great German economic machine will ever be permitted to function freely again is still a matter of speculation. We are only beginning to comprehend the terrific impact of the blow that the war dealt to the economic structure of Europe; and from the day the Armistice was signed, conditions have grown steadily worse. It must be apparent to anybody who will examine the situation dispassionately that, unless this economic fabric can be speedily restored, modern civilization may slowly disintegrate, to its utter ruin, as preceding civilizations have disintegrated.

Obviously the place to begin the work of reconstruction, so far as the government is concerned, is with the burden of taxation under which all the great nations are groaning. The one point at which an extensive reduction of taxation can be made, which reduction will have an instantaneous economic effect, is military expenditure.

The United States is spending on future wars alone more than the entire net expenses of the Federal govern-

ment five years ago. It is spending as much as the aggregate net earnings of all the railroads of the country in their most prosperous year. Nobody has yet shown wherein there is a shadow of an excuse for this exhausting strain on the nation's economic resources, or what peril or policy of government can warrant such expenditure. To say that it is done for the national defense is silly. The national defense is weakened, not strengthened, by this excessive drain.

Of all the nonsense that is talked about preparedness, no other nonsense quite touches the depths of imbecility which are reached by the prattle about nations that are 'rich but defenseless.' Nations that are rich are not defenseless. They contain in themselves all the elements for defense. They may have been defenseless in times when war was the exclusive business of professional soldiers, but all that has been changed. The elements of national defense are now the sum total of all the economic resources of the country plus all the man power. In time of imminent danger, the mobilization of a thousand chemists might be infinitely more important than the mobilization of a million troops.

The conventional argument that armament is a form of national insurance is one that is not highly impressive in the circumstances. Insurance does not run parallel with competitive armament, and it is with competitive armament that the world is dealing. No property-owner feels compelled to take out new policies because a business rival has increased his insurance. Nor does he ever feel impelled to establish a two-policy or three-policy standard in respect to other property owners, or solemnly to announce as a measure of life or death that, come what may, his insurance must equal that of any of his competitors, whether he occupies a fire-proof building or not.

Moreover, if a manufacturer devoted

eighty per cent of his total income, as the United States government is doing, to paying insurance premiums, his creditors would soon intervene, and his case would also receive the careful attention of an expert alienist. He might be solvent, and he might be sane, but neither his solvency nor his sanity would be taken for granted. What an individual could not do without subjecting himself to court proceeding is what every government is doing in the name of national defense.

No nation can be asked to strip itself of all defense — that is beyond the bounds of reason; but the system of competitive armament has nothing to sustain it except the incompetency of statesmanship. Most wars are made by politicians engaged in capitalizing race-prejudices and international rivalries for their own advantage. Wars that spring from the people themselves are few, indeed; and most of the money that is now spent in preparing for another war among the white races is doubly wasted. If there is such a war during the lifetime of the next generation, on a scale equal to that of the recent war, it makes no difference who triumphs or who is defeated. Victor and vanquished alike will perish in the ruins of the civilization that they have destroyed.

Spending money on competitive armament at this time, under the pretext of providing for national defense, is like drawing blood from a patient who is suffering from pernicious anæmia. The disease may not be fatal in itself, but the remedy is sure to be. Whether Europe can recover from the effects of this inconceivably disastrous war is still a debatable question. No person even reasonably familiar with the situation in which mankind finds itself would venture to predict the general state of civilization five years hence. The issue is still hanging in the balance.

The old Prussian doctrine of *Weltmacht oder Niedergang* has taken on aspects that were never dreamed of by Bernhardt or the General Staff. It has extended itself to all Western civilization — the *Weltmacht* that comes from continued economic development, or the *Niedergang* that must result from economic exhaustion. Collapse is inevitable if the impaired resources of the world are to be steadily depleted by the com-

petition of armament that has been stimulated beyond the wildest dreams of ante-bellum imperialism. Unless the statesmanship of the world can be brought to a realization of the imperative necessity of economic rehabilitation and of the immediate need of sacrificing everything that stands in the way of that rehabilitation, then indeed was this war the *Götterdämmerung* — the twilight of the white man's gods.

PREACHING IN LONDON

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

[From 1916 to 1920 the writer was Minister of the City Temple, in London, following the Reverend R. J. Campbell. His ministry was not intended to be permanent, but was undertaken as a kind of unofficial ambassadorship of good-will from the churches of America to the churches of Britain, and as an adventure in Anglo-American friendship. It was a great privilege to stand at the cross-roads of the centuries at such a time, a teacher of Christian faith and an interpreter of the spirit and genius of our country to the motherland. The following pages, from a diary kept during those years of the great war and the little peace, record observations, impressions, and reflections, of men, women, and movements, of actors still on the stage of affairs, of issues still unsettled, and events that seem to have more than a passing meaning, and of beauty-spots in one of the loveliest lands on earth.

Of the necessity of the friendship of English-speaking peoples I am still convinced; but the possibility of it is not so manifest as it seemed to be. Once I discussed this matter with the most picturesque statesman of England over the tea-cups; and to my suggestion that America should have a tea-hour for relaxation from the strain and hurry of its life, he replied: 'But, remember: we offered you tea once and you would not take it!' His thought was that what Britons and Americans need is 'a smoking-room acquaintance' — something to break the stiffness and formality, and enable them to mingle in freedom and fellowship. No doubt; but great nations cannot meet in a smoking-room, and in this instance their ignorance of each other is appalling. Still, if each one who journeys from one country to the other is an ambassador of good-will, the sum of our efforts will be felt at last.

Once more I wish to express my deep gratitude for the cordial and fraternal reception everywhere accorded me in England, Scotland, and Wales, and to renew the hope that, when the irritation and confusion of war and reaction have passed away, the two great English-speaking peoples may be drawn into an intelligent and enduring friendship.]

May 17, 1917. — London! If I had been set down here from anywhere, or from nowhere, I should have known that it is 'ye olde London town,' where

all things turn to the left, as they do in the *Inferno* of Dante. And how quiet! Compared with the din of New York, or the hideous nightmare of the Chicago

loop, London is as quiet as a country village. There are no sky-scrapers to be seen, but the picture spread out like a panorama from Primrose Hill is not to be forgotten. Slowly it works its ancient spell, — equally on long sun-drenched afternoons, and on those pensive evenings of not insistent rain, — everywhere the hauntings of history, everywhere the stir and throb of history in the making. From a low, dim sky a gentle rain was falling when I arrived, and a soft wind, burdened with a damp fragrance, came as a delicate promise of the purity at the heart of things. Along the aloof avenues of the rich, and the drab streets of the poor, that little wind wandered, like a breath of God bringing a sudden tenderness and sad beauty to an imaginative soul. At such times the essential spirit of London is revealed, — its mysterious promise of half-hidden things becoming almost palpable, — and I feel strangely at home in its quiet excitement, its vivid stimulations, and its thousand evocative appeals. London has seen war before; it is a very old city, weary with much experience, and willing to forgive much because it understands much.

Yes, it is London; but the question is, Which London is it? For there are many Londons — the London of the Tower and the Abbey, of Soho and the Strand, of Downing Street and White-chapel, of Piccadilly and Leicester Square. There is the London of Whittington and his Cat, of Goody Two-shoes and the Canterbury Shades, of Shakespeare and Chatterton, of Nell Gwynne and Dick Steele — aye, the London of all that is bizarre in history and strange in romance. They are all here, in this gigantic medley of past and present, of misery and magnificence. Sometimes, for me, it is hard to know which holds closest, the London of fiction or the London of fact, or the London of literature, which is a blending of

both. Anyway, as I see it, Goldsmith carouses with Tom Jones, and Harry Fielding discusses philosophy with the Vicar of Wakefield; Nicholas Nickleby makes bold to speak to Mr. W. M. Thackeray, and to ask his favor in behalf of a poor artist of the name of Turner; and 'Boz,' as he passes through Longacre, is tripped up by the Artful Dodger, and falls into the arms of St. Charles Lamb on his way to call on Lady Beatrix Esmond. No doubt my London is in large part a dream, but it is most enchanting.

May 20. — Attended the King's Weigh House Church to-day, — made famous by Dr. Binney, — and heard Dr. Orchard preach. He is an extraordinary preacher, of vital mind, of authentic insight, and of challenging personality. From an advanced liberal position he has swung toward the Free Catholicism, and by an elaborate use of symbols is seeking to lead men by the sacramental approach to the mystical experience. Only a tiny wisp of a man, seldom have I heard a preacher more searching, more aglow with the divine passion. He does not simply kindle the imagination: he gives one a vivid sense of reality. He has a dangerous gift of humor, which often sharpens into satire, but he uses it as a whip of cords to drive sham out of the temple. He said that preaching in the Anglican Church 'is really worse than necessary,' and he was sure that in reordination it is not enough for the bishop to lay his hands on the preacher; the servant-girl and the tram-driver ought also to add their consecration. With his face alight he cried, 'You need Christ, and I can give Him to you.' Surely that is the ultimate grace of the pulpit. It recalled the oft-repeated record in the Journal of Wesley, in respect to the companies to whom he preached: 'I gave them Christ.' It was not merely an offer: it was a sacrament of communication.

How beautiful is the spirit of reverence which pervades an English church service, in contrast with the too free and informal air of our American worship. The sense of awe, of quiet, of yearning prayer, so wistfully poignant in these days, makes an atmosphere most favorable to inspiration and insight. It makes preaching a different thing. In intellectual average and moral passion there is little difference between English and American preaching, but the emphasis is different. The English preacher seeks to educate and edify his people in the fundamentals of their faith and duty; the American preacher is more intent upon the application of religion to the affairs of the moment. The Englishman goes to church, as to a house of ancient mystery, to forget the turmoil of the world, to be refreshed in spirit, to regain the great backgrounds of life, against which to see the problems of the morrow. It has been said that the distinctive note of the American pulpit is vitality; of the English pulpit, serenity. Perhaps each has something to learn from the other.

May 27. — No man may ever hope to receive a warmer welcome than was accorded me upon my return to the City Temple, and it was needed. Something like panic seized me, perhaps because I did not realize the burden I was asked to bear until I arrived at the Temple. Putting on the pulpit gown of Joseph Parker was enough to make a young man nervous, but I made the mistake of looking through a peep-hole which he had cut in the vestry door, the better to see the size of his audiences. The Temple was full clean back to the 'Rocky Mountains,' as the top gallery is called — a sea of faces in the area, and clouds of faces above. It was terrifying. Pacing the vestry floor in my distress, I thought of all the naughty things the English people are wont to say about American speakers — how we

talk through the nose, and the like. My sermon, and almost my wits, began to leave me. There was a vase of flowers on the vestry desk, and in the midst of my agony, as I bent over it to enjoy the fragrance, I saw a dainty envelope tucked down in it. Lifting it out, I saw that it was addressed to me, and, opening it, this is what I read: —

Welcome! God bless you. We have not come to criticize, but to pray for you and pray with you. — THE CITY TEMPLE CHURCH.

At once all my nervousness was forgotten; and if that day was a victory, it was due, not to myself, but to those who knew that I was a stranger in a strange land, and whose good-will made me feel at home in a Temple made mellow by the richness of its experience, like an old violin which remembers all the melodies it has heard.

May 28. — Every day, almost anywhere, one sees a little tragedy of the war. Here is an example. Scene I: a tube train standing at Blackfriars Station. Enter a tired-looking man with a 'cello in its cumbrous case. He sinks heavily into a seat and closes his eyes. People passing stumble against his instrument and are, in about equal numbers, apologetic, annoyed, and indifferent. Enter a tall New Zealander. He sits opposite the tired 'cellist, and looks lovingly at the instrument. Scene II: the same, four stations west. The New Zealander rises to leave the car. The musician looks up, and his eyes meet those of the soldier. The latter smiles faintly, trying to be light-hearted, and pointing to the 'cello-case, says: 'No more of that for me. It was my favorite instrument.' He goes out, and the 'cellist sees that his right sleeve is empty. He flushes slightly and, after a moment, blows his nose defiantly, looking round furtively to see if anyone has had the indecency to notice his emotion. No one has.

June 4. — Went down to-day to see White Horse Hill, near Uffington, and lay for hours on the June grass near the head of that huge horse carved in the chalk. What a superb panorama of Southern, Western, and Midland shires lay spread out, with the Hampshire and Wiltshire downs to the south, clipped out on the skyline. Just below is the vale of White Horse, which Michael Drayton, no mean judge of such matters, held to be the queen of English vales. The great creating tide of summer is nearing its zenith. Everything is brimming over with sap, scent, and song. Yet one is conscious of the infinitely old all around, of the remote and legendary. The Horse himself, for instance — who cut him out of the turf? When? To what heroic or religious end? There is nothing to tell us. How different Nature is in a land where man has mingled his being with hers for countless generations; where every field is steeped in history and every crag is ivied with legend. Such places give me a strange sense of kinship with the dead, who were not as we are; the 'long, long dead, the men who knew not life in towns, and felt no strangeness in sun and wind and rain.' Uffington Castle, with its huge earth walls and ditches, is near by. Perhaps the men of the Stone Age fortified it. Perhaps King Alfred fought the Danes there. Nobody knows, and a day in June is no time to investigate. But what is that faint, rhythmic throb? The guns in France!

June 9. — Spent yesterday afternoon and evening at the country house of Lord and Lady M——, with an oddly assorted group of journalists, labor leaders, socialists, radicals, conservatives, moderates, and what not. It was a rainbow club, having all colors of opinion, and yet, as Carlyle said of his talk with Sterling, 'except in opinion not disagreeing.' They discussed many matters, formally on the lawn, or

informally in groups, with freedom, frankness, and thoroughness. They were not afraid of names or labels. They cracked the nut of every kind of idea and got the kernel. The war, of course, was a topic, but more often the background of other topics, in the light and shadow of which many issues were discussed, such as Ireland, Anglo-American relations, industrial democracy, socialism, religion, and the like. The Government was mercilessly criticized — not merely abused, but dealt with intelligently, with constructive suggestion, and all in good spirit. Try to imagine such discussions at a dinner-table on Fifth Avenue.

It was a revelation to me, showing that there is more freedom of thought in England than in America. Liberty, in fact, means a different thing in England from what it does with us. In England it signifies the right to think, feel, and act differently from other people; with us it is the right to develop according to a standardized attitude of thought or conduct. If one deviates from that standard, he is scourged into line by the lash of opinion. We think in a kind of lock-step movement. Nor is this conformity imposed from without. It is inherent in our social growth and habit. An average American knows tens times as many people as the average Englishman, and talks ten times as much. We are gregarious; we gossip; and because everyone knows the affairs of everyone else, we are afraid of one another. For that reason, even in time of peace, public opinion moves with a regimented ruthlessness unknown in England, where the majority has no such arrogant tyranny as it has with us.

June 11. — More than once recently I have heard Dr. Forsyth lecture, and I am as much puzzled by his speaking as I have long been by his writing. Each time I found myself interested less in his thesis than in the curiously involved

processes of his mind. It is now several years since I read his famous article on 'The Lust for Lucidity,' a vice, if it is a vice, of which his worst enemy, if he has an enemy, would never think of accusing him. It is indeed strange. I have read everything Dr. Forsyth has written about the Cross, and yet I have no idea of what he means by it. As was said of Newman, his single sentences are lucid, often luminous, — many of them, indeed, glittering epigrams, — but the total result is a fog, like a Scottish mist hovering over Mount Calvary. One recalls the epigram of Erasmus about the divines of his day, that 'they strike the fire of subtlety from the flint of obscurity.' Just when one expects Dr. Forsyth to extricate his thought, he loses himself in the mystic void of evangelical emotion. But perhaps it is my fault. When he writes on other subjects — on literature and art, especially — he is as inspiring as he is winsome.

June 14. — To-day was a soft, hazy day, such as one loves in London; and suddenly, at noon, there was a rain of air-raid bombs. The explosions were deafening. Houses trembled, windows rattled or were shattered — and it was all over. Throngs of people soon filled the streets, grave, silent, excited, but with no signs of panic. Quickly ambulances were moving hither and yon. Not far from the City Temple I saw a cordon formed by police joining hands at the doorway of a shattered house, as the dead and mutilated — one little girl with her leg blown off — were being cared for. Calm good-nature prevailed. Officials were courteous and firm. Everybody was kind, helpful, practical. Even the children, darting to and fro, seemed not to be flustered at all. I find it difficult to describe, much less to analyze, my own reaction. I seemed to be submerged in a vast, potent tide of emotion, — neither fear, nor anger, nor ex-

citement, — in which my will floated like a tiny boat on a sea. There was an unmistakable current of thought, how engendered and how acting I know not; but I was inside it and swept along by it. While my mind was alert, my individuality seemed to abdicate in favor of something greater than itself. I shall never forget the sense of unity and fusion of purpose, a wave of common humanity, which drew us all together in a trustful and direct comradeship.

June 18. — Met H. G. Wells at lunch to-day, his invitation being a response to my sermon on his book, *God, the Invisible King*. He entered with a jiggling sort of gait, perspiring profusely, — in fact, doing everything profusely, — all fussed up about the heat, saying that he feared it would exterminate him. In personal appearance he is not distinguished, except his eyes, where one divines the strength of the man. Eager, friendly, companionable, his talk, thinly uttered, is not unlike his writing — vivid, stimulating, at times all-questioning. Just now he is all aglow with his discovery of God, 'the happy God of the heart,' to use his words. He looked surprised when I suggested that he had found what the Bible means by the Holy Spirit, as if he had thought his discovery entirely new. What if this interesting man, — whose genius is like a magic mirror reflecting what is in the minds of men before they are aware of it themselves, — so long a member of the Sect of Seekers, should join the Fellowship of the Finders. Stranger things have happened, but his rushing into print with his discovery fills me with misgiving. The writing man is an odd species, but I recall the saying of the Samoan chief to the missionary: 'We know that at night Some One goes by among the trees, but we never speak of it.' Anyway, we had a nutritious time.

Two ministers have just told me how, at a meeting of ministers some time ago,

which they attended, a resolution was offered, and nearly passed, to the effect that not one of them would darken the doors of the City Temple during my ministry. My visitors told it with shame, confessing that they, too, had been prejudiced against me as an American. It recalled how, thirty years ago, when Dr. John Hall was called to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, he received a letter from an American friend saying, 'You will find a prejudice against you in the minds of some of the smaller men here. It is natural that they should feel slighted by a call being given to you, a foreigner, which to some extent will be strengthened by the prejudice against Irishmen in particular.' Evidently human nature is much the same on both sides of the sea; but that was long ago, and our two countries were not then allies in the great war. I do not recall that in recent years any British minister working in America — of whom there are many, but not half enough — has had to face such a feeling.

July 18. — Joined the Bishop of London at luncheon with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and he was much interested in the ministry of my colleague, Miss Maude Royden. The two grave questions in his mind seemed to be, first, does she actually stand in the pulpit where I stand when I preach? second, does she wear a hat? If I had to wear the gaiters of the Bishop of London, I should be concerned, not about Miss Royden's hat, but about what she is doing with the brains under her hat. Like John Wesley, she may remain all her days in the Anglican fold, but she will be there only in her private capacity, and her influence will be centrifugal. The Bishop, moreover, though his foresight is not abnormal, ought to suspect the existence of the forces gathering about the greatest woman preacher of our generation outside his jurisdiction.

Had he been wise, instead of leaving her to consort with feminists, intellectuals, and social revolutionaries outside the church, he would have set her the task of bringing them inside. As it is, the little dark woman in the big white pulpit is a note of interrogation to the future of the Church of England, and the sign of its failure to meet a great movement; but the Bishop can see nothing but her hat!

Frail of figure, slight unspeakably, with a limp in her gait, as a speaker Miss Royden is singularly effective in her simplicity and directness. There is no shrillness in her eloquence, no impression of strain. In style conversational rather than oratorical, she speaks with the inevitable ease of long practice. Some of her epigrams are unforgettable in their quick-sighted summing up of situations; as when she said recently in the Royal Albert Hall: 'The Church of England is the Conservative Party at prayer.' She is an authority on all matters pertaining to woman and child, holding much the same position in England that Miss Jane Addams has long held in America. Untrained in theology, — which some hold to be an advantage, — she deals with the old issues of faith as an educated, spiritually minded woman in sensitive contact with life, albeit casting aside the 'muffled Christianity' that Wells once described as the religion of the well-to-do classes. Not the least important part of her work is what I call her 'clinic'; her service as guide, confidant, and friend to hundreds of women, and as confessor to not a few. Here she does what no man may ever hope to do, doubly so at a time when England is a world of women who are entering upon a life new, strange, and difficult. As she remains a loyal Anglican, at least we are giving an example of that Christian unity of which we hear so much and see so little.

July 20. — How childish people can be, especially Britishers and Americans when they begin to compare the merits and demerits of their respective lands. Each contrasts what is best in his country with what is worst in the other, and both proceed upon the idea that difference is inferiority. It would be amusing, if it were not so stupid. One sees so much of it, now that our troops are beginning to arrive in small detachments, and it is so important that contacts should be happy. As it is, Americans and Englishmen look at each other askance, like distant cousins who have a dim memory that they once played and fought together, and are not sure that they are going to be friends. Both are thin-skinned, but their skins are thick and thin in different spots, and it takes time and tact to learn the spots. Each says the wrong thing at the right time. Our men are puzzled at the reticence of the English, mistaking it for snobbishness or indifference. The English are irritated at the roars of laughter that our boys emit when they see the diminutive 'goods' trains and locomotives, and speak of England as if they were afraid to turn around lest they fall into the sea. Among the early arrivals were a few, more talkative than wise, who said that, England having failed, it was 'up to America to do the trick.' They were only a few, but they did harm. Alas, all of us will be wiser before the war is over. If only we can keep our senses, especially our sense of humor. But there is the rub, since neither understands the jokes of the other, regarding them as insults. Americans and Scotchmen understand each other quickly and completely, no doubt because their humor is more alike. We shall see what we shall see.

This friction and criticism actually extend to preaching. The other day I heard an American preach in the morning, a Scotchman in the afternoon, and

an Englishman in the evening. It was most interesting, and the differences of accent and emphasis were very striking. The American was topical and oratorical, the Scotchman expository and analytical, the Englishman polished and persuasive. After the evening service a dear old Scotchman confided to me that no Englishman had ever preached a real sermon in his life, and that the sermon to which we had just listened would be resented by a village congregation in Scotland. On my objecting that there are great preachers in England, he insisted that 'an Englishman either reads an essay, or he talks nonsense; and neither of these is preaching.' As a rule, a good English sermon is, if not an essay, at least of the essay type; but the Scotchman exaggerated. When I made bold to ask him what he thought of American preaching, with a twinkle in his eye he quoted the words of Herbert:

'Do not grudge
To pick treasures out of an earthen pot.
The worst speaks something good: if all want
sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.'

Not wishing to tempt providence, I did not press the matter; but we did agree, diplomatically, that neither type of preaching is what it ought to be. The people are not astonished at the teaching, as of old, nor do the rulers tremble with rage.

July 24. — Had a delightful chat over a chop with Sir Gilbert Parker, and a good 'row' about Henry James. When I called James's renunciation of his American for British citizenship an apostasy, my host was 'wicked' enough to describe it as an apotheosis. It was in vain that I argued that James was not a true cosmopolitan, else he would have been at home anywhere, even in his own country. The talk then turned to the bad manners of the two countries, ours being chiefly diplomatic, theirs literary. Indeed, if one takes the trouble

to read what Englishmen have written about America, — from the days long gone when they used to venture across the Atlantic to enlighten us with lectures in words of one syllable, to the days of Dickens, and how Britishers have gone sniffing their way through America, finding everything wrong because un-English, — it is a wonder there has not been war every five years. This attitude of supercilious and thinly veiled contempt has continued until it has hardened into a habit. Nor could we recall any books written in America in ridicule of England. Meanwhile, our diplomatic atrocities have been outrageous. Such antics and attitudes, we agreed, would make friendship impossible between individuals, and they demand an improvement in manners, as well as in morals, on both sides. In the midst of the question whether Watts-Dunton saved Swinburne or extinguished him, there was an air-raid warning — and so we reached no conclusion.

July 27. — Received the following letter from a City Temple boy in the trenches: —

SOMEWHERE IN HELL, *July 16.*

DEAR PREACHER, —

The luck is all on your side; you still believe in things. Good for you. It is topping, if one can do it. But war is such a devil's nursery. I got knocked over, but I am up and at it again. I'm tough. They started toughening me the first day. My bayonet instructor was an ex-pug, just the man to develop one's innate chivalry. They hung out the bunting and gave me a big send-off, when we came out here to scatter the Hun's guts. Forgive me writing so. I know you will forgive me, but who will forgive God? Not I — not I! This war makes me hate God. I don't know whether He is the God of battles and enjoys the show, as He is said to have done long ago. . . . If so, there are smoking holocausts enough to please Him in No Man's Land. But, anyway, He let it happen! Omnipotent! and — He let it hap-

pen! Omniscient! Knew it in advance, and let it happen! I hate Him. You are kinder to me than God has been. Good-bye.

The religious reactions of men under the pressure and horror of war are often terrifying. The general rule — to which, of course, there are many exceptions both ways — is that those who go in pious, with a kind of traditional piety, come out hard and indifferent, and sometimes militantly skeptical; while those who were careless emerge deeply serious — religious, but hardly Christian, with a primitive pantheism mixed with fatalism. Many, to be sure, are confirmed in a mood such as haunts the stories of Conrad, in which the good and bad alike sink into a 'vast indifference,' or the mood of Hardy, in whom pessimism is mitigated by pity. Others fall back upon the 'hard, unyielding despair' of Russell, and their heroism fills me with awe. Huxley, I know, thought the great Force that rules the universe a force to be fought, and he was ready to fight it. It may be magnificent, but it is not war. The odds are so uneven, the fight so futile. And still others have learned, at last, the meaning of the Cross.

(In the interval between these two entries, I went along the war-front, as a guest of the British Government; and after spending some time speaking to the troops, returned to America. I discovered an amazing America, the like of which no one had ever seen, or even imagined, before. Everywhere one heard the sound of marching, marching, marching; and I, who had just seen what they were marching into, watched it all with an infinite ache in my heart. Hardly less terrifying was the blend of alarm, anger, hate, knight-errantry, hysteria, idealism, cynicism, moralistic fervor and plain bafflement, which made up the war-mood of America. One felt the altruism and inhumanity, the sincerity and sheer brutishness lurking under all our law and order, long sleeked over by prosperity and ease, until we were scarcely aware of it. From

New York to Iowa, from Texas to Boston I went to and fro, telling our people what the war was like; after which I returned to England.)

October 24. — Joined a group of Free Church ministers at a private breakfast given by the Prime Minister at No. 10 Downing Street. It was the most extraordinary function I have ever attended, as much for its guests as for its host. Mr. Lloyd George spoke to us for more than an hour, and we saw him at close quarters in the intimacy of a self-revelation most disarming. What a way he has of saying, by the lifting of an eyebrow, by the shrug of the shoulders, by a gesture in a pause, volumes more than his words tell. He feels that his Free Church brethren are estranged, and he wished to explain matters and set himself right. His address was very adroit, but one felt a suggestion of cunning even in his candor, despite a winning smile. He talked like a man in a cage, telling how he was unable to do many things he would like to do. As he spoke, one realized the enormous difficulties of a man in his place, — the pull and tug of diverse interests, — his incredible burdens, and the vast issues with which he must deal. No wonder time has powdered his hair almost white, and cut deep lines in his face. Behind him hung a full-length painting of Pitt, and I thought of the two together, each leading his country in an hour of supreme crisis. I thought him worthy of such company, — though hardly in the Gladstone tradition, — a man of ideas rather than of principles, with more of the mysterious force of genius than either Pitt or Peel, but lacking something of the eternal fascination of Disraeli. Such men are usually regarded as half-charlatan and half-prophet, and the Prime Minister does not escape that estimate.

At the close of the address there was a disposition to heckle the Prime Min-

ister, during which he learned that Nonconformity had been estranged to some extent — and he also learned why. One of the urgent questions before the country is an actual choice between Bread and Beer, and the Government has been unable, apparently, to decide. The food-hogging brewery interests seem to be sovereign, and the Prime Minister is tied — too willingly, perhaps. When asked why, unlike President Wilson, he avoids the use of the word God in his addresses, I thought his reply neat. It is done deliberately, he said, lest he seem to come into competition with the blasphemous mouthings of the German Emperor. His final plea was that, as Britain must bear the brunt of the war until America is ready, — as Russia bore it until Britain was ready, — she must muster all her courage, her patience, and her moral fortitude.

As I left the house, a group of lynx-eyed, sleuth-like press-men — good fellows, all — waylaid and assailed me for some hint of the meaning of such a gathering; but I was dumb. They were disappointed, saying that 'after a minister has had breakfast with the Prime Minister he ought to be a well-primed minister'; but as I declined to be pumped, they let me go. When the supply of truth is not equal to the demand, the temptation is to manufacture, and speculations in the afternoon papers as to the significance of the breakfast were amazing. It was called 'A Parson's Peace,' in which the Prime Minister had called a prayer-meeting to patch up a peace with the enemy — which is about as near as some journals ever arrive at the truth.

November 6. — Under cover of a dense fog — a dirty apron which Mother Nature flung over us to hide us from the air-raiders — I went down last night into Essex, to preach in a village chapel for a brother who is discouraged in his

work. I found the chapel hidden away on a back street, telling of a time when these little altars of faith and liberty dared not show themselves on the main street of a town. It was named Bethesda, bringing to mind the words of Disraeli, in *Sybil*, where he speaks of 'little plain buildings of pale brick, with names painted on them of Zion, Bethel, Bethesda; names of a distant land, and the language of a persecuted and ancient race; yet such is the mysterious power of their divine quality, breathing consolation in the nineteenth century to the harassed forms and harrowed souls of a Saxon peasantry.' Nor is that all. They have been the permanent fountains of religious life on this island; and, in any grand reunion of the Church hereafter to be realized, their faith, their patience, their heroic tenacity to principle must be conserved, else something precious will perish. Tribute is paid to the folk of the Mayflower for their daring of adventure in facing an unknown continent for the right to worship; but no less heroic were the men who remained in the homeland, fighting, suffering, and waiting for the freedom of faith and the liberty of prayer.

November 10. — So, at last, it is decided that we are to be rationed as to bread, sugar, and fats of all kinds, and everybody must have a coupon. It is a democratic arrangement, since all will share equally as long as the supply lasts. Unfortunately the Truth has been rationed for a long time, and no coupons are to be had. It is a war fought in the dark by a people fed on lies. One recalls the line in the *Iliad*, which might have been written this morning: 'We mortals hear only the news, and know nothing at all.' No one wishes to publish information which would be of aid to the enemy; but that obvious precaution is made the convenient cover of every kind of stupidity and inefficiency.

Propaganda is the most terrible weapon so far developed by the war. It is worse than poison gas. If the wind is in the right direction, gas may kill a few and injure others; but the possibilities of manipulating the public mind, by withholding or discolored the facts, are appalling. One is so helpless in face of it. No one can think intelligently without knowing the facts; and if the facts are controlled by interested men, the very idea of democracy is destroyed and becomes a farce. This, and the prostitution of parliamentary government in every democratic land, are the two dangers of a political kind most to be dreaded.

November 17. — Dean Inge, of St. Paul's, is one of the greatest minds on this island, and an effective preacher if one forgets the manner and attends to the matter of his discourse. An aristocrat by temper, he is a pessimist in philosophy and a Christian mystic in faith — what a combination! If not actually a pessimist, he is at least a Cassandra, and we need one such prophet, if no more, in every generation. No wonder he won the title of 'the gloomy Dean.' Without wasting a word, in a style as incisive as his thought, — clear, keen-cutting, — he sets forth the truth as he sees it, careless as to whether it is received or not. There is no unction in his preaching; no pathos. It is cold intellect, with never a touch of tenderness. Nor is he the first gloomy Dean of St. Paul's. There was Donne, a mighty preacher in his day, though known now chiefly as a poet, whom Walton described as 'enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives.' Yet surely the theology of Donne was terrifying rather than enticing. There is very little of the poet in Dean Inge, and none of the dismal theology of Donne, who was haunted equally by the terrors of hell and by the horrors of physical decay in death.

December 1. — The British Army is before Jerusalem! What an item of news, half dream-like in its remoteness, half romantic in its reality. What echoes it awakens in our hearts, evoking we know not how many memories of the old, high, holy legend of the world! Often captured, often destroyed, that gray old city still stands, like the faith of which it is the emblem, because it is founded upon a rock. If Rome is the Eternal City, Jerusalem is the City of the Eternal. Four cities may be said to stand out in the story of man as centres of the highest life of the race, and about them are gathered the vastest accumulations of history and of legend: Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, and London! But

no city can have the same place in the spiritual geography of mankind that Jerusalem has. For four thousand years it has been an altar and a confessional of the race. Religiously, it is the capital of the world, if only because Jesus walked in it and wept over it. O Jerusalem, if we forget thee, Athens fails, Rome fails, London fails! Without the faith and vision that burned in the city on Mount Moriah, our race will lose its way in the dim country of this world. Berlin does not mean much. Jerusalem means everything. If only we could agree that, hereafter, when we have disagreements, we will make our way to the ancient City of God, and arbitrate them!

AFRICAN FOLK

BY HANS COUDENHOVE

I

OLD PRESIDENT KRÜGER is reported to have said that the white man who understands a native has not yet been born. C. J. Rhodes used to call the natives 'those poor children'; but he was not, like Krüger, born and brought up among them, and to him, on his towering height, they were, no doubt, only those poor children. To one who is in incessant contact with them, without being officially a master, they will, although often reminding him of children, appear vastly different in essence. Natives are often childlike, but much oftener childish, in the expression of merriment and in their entertainments; and sometimes they appear to bring into

their intercourse with the white man who has gained—or thinks he has gained—their confidence the trustfulness of children. But these are about all the points of resemblance between the two.

There are, however, a great many points of resemblance between natives and Europeans, irrespective of age; and these are the more striking by contrast with the many points of difference. But it is in the character of the native himself that the greatest contrasts occur. As regards taste, for instance: one and the same individual will on one occasion show remarkable artistic instinct, and on another he will exhibit

the greatest delight in things which, to a white man, appear both inartistic and ugly. In many tribes men and women are fond of decorating their heads with flowers, and in doing so show a just appreciation of the effects of form and color. And yet the very men and women who display exquisite judgment when they adorn themselves with the means which Nature has put at their disposal, forfeit all their artistic sense the moment they come in touch with European wearing apparel, and walk about, objects of abject ridicule, with flayed tropical helmets, in torn coats and trousers either three times too large or three times too small for their size. I once tore off the worn black-cloth cover of my diary. When my cook appeared before me on the following morning, he was wearing it round his neck as an ornament.

Years ago, when I was living in Taveta, in British East Africa, Malikanoi, one of the two paramount chiefs of the Wataweta, wore a shock of unusually long, unkempt hair. He was supposed to be a magician, and his subjects believed that his occult powers, like those of Samson as an athlete, lay in his hair. As he dressed, besides, in nondescript old discolored European garments, his appearance could not be called either prepossessing or dignified. As the time came near when his son — a splendid lad, who, at the age of sixteen, had killed a lion single-handed with his spear — was to come of age, Malikanoi announced that, in honor of the occasion, he would shave off his hair.

I was invited to the festivities as a guest; and, in consequence, on the day appointed, I repaired to the Taveta forest, where the dances took place. There, sitting on an old deck-chair, I found the chief; and my surprise was as great as must have been, in Mr. Locke's novel, that of Ephraim's guests, when Clemen-

tina Wing made her appearance in a hundred-guinea gown and diamonds. His head and face were clean-shaven, and I noticed for the first time the Cæsarean outline of his clear-cut profile. He was wrapped in the ample folds of a toga, dyed the color of amethyst, and he had wound round his bald head a single string of glass beads of the same color as the toga. He presented a perfect picture, and I said to myself that the mere imagining of such a combination as the toga and the glass beads of one and the same color indicated profound artistic feeling. Yet for years that man had walked about looking like a buffoon.

II

Another field where the contradictions in a negro's æsthetic notions are very apparent is that of the dances. Some are very beautiful, and others very ugly; yet the performers themselves do not appear to see any difference. The Wakinga of the Livingstone Range, for instance, have a dance with solos which might have been, and perhaps — who knows? — was performed before the shrine of some Greek deity in the days of Pericles. Nothing more beautiful, from a choregraphic point of view, could be imagined. And yet these same people have another dance — I regret to say it is the more popular of the two — which, so far as ugliness goes, baffles description. After a time, I forbade it in my camp, where small groups were frequently performing it. My wish was respected, but, as a punishment, I suppose, for my want of taste, the other, the beautiful dance, was never again executed in my presence, although I repeatedly asked for it.

It is the same with their songs. Many natives, as is well known, have splendid voices, mostly baritone and tenor, rarely bass. Some of their choruses are a pleasure to listen to. But they will, in

the midst of their songs, no matter whether they are performing singly or with others, often change, all of a sudden, into an ear-rending falsetto, without apparently feeling conscious of any difference. They call it 'singing with the small voice,' and protests are received with surprise.

Nowhere, however, is the inconsequential behavior of the native more glaring than where his cleanliness is concerned. Except in the waterless plains, and where they are in the habit of coating themselves with oil and red ochre, — the one, generally, coincides with the other, — most natives are extremely fond of bathing. This is especially the case in hilly countries traversed by many streams. They do not appear to mind the cold in the least, and often bathe in midwinter before sunrise. Certain tribes, like that of the Wayao of Nyasaland, might be said to be fanatically fond of bathing. They bathe three and four times a day, and their bath is as great a necessity to them as food or drink.

A curious consequence of this admirable quality has been, on several occasions, the complete failure of attempts on my part to cure people of skin diseases or ulcers. Patients with diseases which necessitated the keeping on of an ointment for several consecutive days would persist in bathing at least once a day, heedless of the fact that they were getting rid, in the process, of all the stuff which was to bring them health or relief; while others could not be prevented from taking off, while bathing, bandages which had been carefully swathed round their limbs an hour or two before. And yet the garments of these very people — some of whom will rather suffer disease than go, for a short period, without their daily bath — very often, particularly when they have adopted European garb, teem with lice, as their huts swarm with bugs and,

too often, also, with the dangerous recurrent fever-ticks.

Besides being, to all appearance, quite indifferent to vermin, they lack the most rudimentary notions of hygiene and sanitation, even in countries long inhabited by white men, and do not seem to feel the slightest disgust when they come into contact with those nameless things which fill every European with horror. In this respect they are simply exasperating: to treat people with ulcers, a duty which, now and then, falls to the lot of every traveler in Tropical Africa, is a most thankless task. They will drop the soiled cotton-wool just detached from their sores anywhere near, and put their hands or their feet in it with the greatest unconcern. Once I actually found a man, a Ngoni, washing his soiled bandage in his cooking-pot, with the stream running past not a hundred yards away.

The mention of this incident reminds me of a native peculiarity against which every traveler and every settler in Tropical Africa has been fighting from time immemorial, and will probably go on fighting until the end of time. No matter how near to the camping-place or to the house the stream passes, the servants will never carry the cups, pots, and plates to it, in order to wash them in the running water: they will, instead, carry a bucket with water to the kitchen or to the cooking-place, and here wash everything in the same water.

The single inland tribe of my acquaintance that forms an exception to this general rule of indifference to the cleanliness of their surroundings is the Wasokiri to the north of Lake Nyasa. They might have been to school in Holland.

It is often mentioned, as a proof of the native's tacit admission of the white man's superiority, that he will always,

when he has the choice, come to the latter for cure of disease, in preference to his own doctors. But his ineradicable objection to hospitals, where such exist, does not support this opinion. It is a curious fact that many natives share with a considerable number of the poor classes among white people the idea that, in hospital, they are being experimented upon; while others are convinced that a stay in the hospital inevitably means the loss of a limb. I have known many cases of natives who, rather than agree to being taken into hospital, would resign themselves to the prospect of endless suffering or death; and many more where the patients, after being told that they would be sent to the hospital, simply vanished.

On closer examination, this apparent preference of the native for European remedies, where their use does not imply a visit to the hospital, reduces itself, like most native questions, to one of pounds, shillings, and pence. Europeans generally charge nothing at all, or only nominally, for their assistance, while native doctors are very expensive, comparatively speaking. The fees vary from three to fifteen shillings and more; or, where coin is not yet in general use, the equivalent in goods. In Nyasaland the fee for curing an ulcer is three shillings; for relieving an impaired digestion, six; for more dangerous diseases, fifteen. This fee is never paid in advance, and — a detail which might be recommended for adoption in civilized communities — only when the cure has been a total success. When natives are asked what would happen if they did not pay up after being cured, they declare that the cured patient would immediately fall ill again, and, if he persisted in his refusal, die.

Many writers on African affairs, and the majority of settlers, are of opinion that the marked changes that appear in the general behavior of male African

negroes when they first start courting are of a pathological nature; and for many years I shared this view. But of late I have come to ask myself whether these changes are not simply the effect of various drugs, to the use of which, at that particular period of their existence, natives are much addicted, and of which they partake with that absence of moderation which characterizes them whenever it is a question of gratifying the senses.

Several of these elixirs are in use in that country; the one reputed to have the most effect is made by boiling the inner bark of a tree which is conspicuous, where it occurs, by the dark color of its small leaves, in contrast with the lighter green of the Myombo forest in general.

I have had occasion to observe the effects of this drug, almost day by day, on a young fellow in my service, a Yao, who had resolved to marry, native fashion, a pretty young widow, who was somewhat older than he. Arvad would, of course, never have told me that he was drugging himself, but he was betrayed to me by the man who was providing him with the stuff. The effects of the drug on the lad were remarkable indeed. For several days he appeared to be in a kind of waking trance, like Mrs. Gamp, walking about with a stiff, extended neck, a fixed stare, and uttering a kind of *sotto-voce* recitativo. This state was interrupted from time to time by intermezzos of buoyant gayety! After about a week, he completely lost his memory: when I sent him to deliver a message, he sat down in front of the house; and, when I followed him there about half an hour later, he had delivered no message, totally unconscious of the fact that the person to whom the message was sent sat not five yards away from him. He had forgotten all about it. Shortly afterward we parted company, by mutual consent.

III

The native pharmacopœia, though mixed with superstitious practices, comprises many efficacious remedies for all kinds of diseases; and when the time comes for it to be investigated thoroughly and extensively, it will probably add some invaluable and quite unforeseen data to our own store of medical knowledge. Native doctors are notoriously reticent. For years, in German East Africa, Europeans have tried in vain to find out the cure of the Wahehe tribe against syphilis — a cure which, at least as far as all outward symptoms are concerned, is wonderfully effective. Doubtless there exist, among native tribes, secret medicines about which we know nothing at all. Occasionally, and by chance, one hears hints which give much food for speculation.

One striking instance may be mentioned. Speaking about the spirillum fever-tick, the authors of *The Great Plateau of Northern Rhodesia* say: 'An interesting point — though, unfortunately, one that cannot be vouched for — is that some of the Angoni have, by repeated attacks in generation after generation, become immune. To preserve this immunity when traveling, and with the idea of imparting immunity to their friends, they are said to carry these home-bred ticks with them, from place to place.' This statement, to which the writers themselves do not appear to give too much credit, apart from sounding fantastic, is also, so far as the tame tick's action is concerned, rather obscure. But the fact of domesticated ticks being taken along like household pets by people going on a journey finds an interesting confirmation, unknown, I think, to the authors just quoted, in a book which was written in the Reign of Queen Anne, the *Journal* of Robert Drury, the Madagascar slave, attributed by some to Defoe. He tells ex-

actly the same story about one of the Madagascar tribes and their ticks or bugs, which must have been the identical spirillum ticks.

The expression 'cowardly native' is a household word among Europeans in Africa, and yet, instances of courageous actions of natives, such as, to my knowledge, no white man ever performed, are innumerable. The reason for this entirely unmerited reputation probably lies in the fact that, as a rule, they are not in the least ashamed to admit that they are, or that they have been, afraid, while a white man, unless he is a recognized hero, will die rather than make such an avowal. Another reason, no doubt, lies in their many idiosyncrasies and the superstitious awe with which perfectly harmless things inspire them. Almost all the natives, for instance, from the Indian Ocean to the lakes, fear chameleons much more than they fear snakes.

It is very common to hear travelers complain about the cowardice of native followers, who, when the caravan was charged by a rhino, threw down their loads and fled. I should like to know what else, in the name of common sense, they ought to have done — sat down and awaited developments? Native experience of wild animals and their ways is far more extensive and thorough than ours, and, as a rule, they behave, in an emergency brought about by an encounter with wild animals, in a perfectly rational manner, based on a knowledge of that particular creature's habits. They will run away from a rhino and jump aside, well aware that its impetus will carry it past. But they know better than to run away from elephants. I have seen natives, under a charge of these, lie down and remain motionless on the ground, knowing that the short-sighted giants would mistake them for logs and step over them. I have seen Wataweta killing elephants with bows

and arrows. There were a lot of men, it is true; still, their audacity was marvelous; they were like king crows. The same people also hunt elephants by hamstringing them and then finishing them off with spears.

Not many years ago, an English officer in Uganda, who had been seized by a lion, was rescued by his own native servant, who beat the animal off with a whip of hippo hide; and a little later, in German East, a German officer whom I personally knew was saved in the same way by an Askari, who, afraid to shoot, drove the lion away with the butt-end of his rifle.

A missionary told me how, in Konde-land, an unarmed native saved a little girl who had been seized by a lion. The latter was playing with the child as a cat plays with a mouse, carrying her in its mouth for a few yards without hurting her, then putting her down and moving away to some distance, to sit down and watch. The native picked up the child and walked slowly backward, step by step, stopping dead still whenever the lion made a rush, and so at last reached a place of safety. I know of several instances when natives have beaten off adult leopards with cudgels, and in the great, lion-infested plains of East Africa, the killing of lions with spears by natives, as was done by Malikanoi's young son, is by no means uncommon.

When the Masai, bravest and most romantic of natives, walk through the Nyika alone at night, and become aware that lions are near, they sit down and pull their mantles over their heads. They assert that no lion in the open attacks a motionless man whose face he cannot see. The hunting offshoot of the Masai people, the Wandorobbo, who roam through the Nyika in search of game as the Redskins roamed through the American prairie, never sleep in their huts, — temporary shelters meant

to last but a few days, — but always in the open, between the huts, and without fires. They pretend that no wild beast has ever carried one of them away at night.

Very few natives fear snakes, that last resource of the adventureless traveler, although, as a rule, they kill them, as they kill lizards or rats. In certain tribes natives exist who have been forbidden by their doctor, after a successful cure, not necessarily from the effects of snake-bite, never again to kill a snake, and they religiously obey the command. The dreaded puff-adder, no doubt on account of its sluggishness, is everywhere treated with contempt. This snake is to some a fetish, and these will not molest it, even if it chooses to take up its temporary residence in one of their huts. I have known one living under these happy circumstances, and growing fat on the ubiquitous rat. The Wanyamwesi and Warukuma, born snake-charmers, handle puff-adders without the slightest fear. Many of these people, it is true, are, or believe themselves to be, immune against snake poison, having undergone, at the hand of their medicine-men, a prolonged and dangerous treatment resulting in Mithradatism.

Where crocodiles abound, natives, in accordance with the saying that familiarity breeds contempt, grow exasperatingly foolhardy, women as well as men, and frequently have to pay the penalty of their imprudence. Relations between the natives and the crocodile, however, are of a complicated and even mysterious nature. Some wear charms against the monsters, in which they implicitly believe; and I must admit that I have never heard of any one of them coming to grief. Also, there undoubtedly are crocodiles that are not man-eaters, although the common assertion that crocodiles that get plenty of fish will not eat man falls flat before the many casualties on the great lakes,

which teem with fish. A curious phenomenon is, that there are well-defined stretches in several East African rivers where the crocodiles are perfectly harmless, while above and below these sanctuaries no one, except the above-mentioned bearer of charms, can enter the water with impunity.

Some fifteen years ago I accompanied Lieutenant W——, of the battalion of the King's African Rifles stationed in Jubaland, on a trip up the Juba River, in the flat-bottomed government steamer which was then, besides native dugouts, the only means of communication on that river. The steamer had to be made fast to the shore every night; and one morning we stopped near a village called Ali Sungura — Ali the rabbit — after its chief. There was at that time living on the Juba a famous wizard, who was looked upon as a sort of paramount chief of all the crocodiles in Jubaland, the which, so it was said, on certain nights of the year, repaired to his hut *en masse*, to hold a *Baraza*.

On the morning after our arrival in Ali Sungura, we walked ashore, where we were greeted by the chief, whom we asked if the wizard was there. He said that he was not; and, pointing to a man standing near him, he added, 'This is his son.'

My companion asked the young fellow if he, too, was immune against crocodiles.

Thereupon the chief pointed to a creek, about two hundred yards in width, and extending some way inland. 'He swims through here every day,' he said. 'He works on the other side.'

We looked, and saw, near the opposite shore, the eye-knobs of many crocodiles protruding from the water. We then asked the wizard's son himself if the chief had spoken the truth; and, on his replying in the affirmative, we asked him further if he would swim through now, for a rupee. To this he readily

assented, and we asked Ali Sungura if it was really safe.

Ali Sungura laughed and declared that there was not the slightest danger. So we promised the man his rupee, and he, after fastening tight around his body the white cloth he was wearing, immediately walked into the water, while Lieutenant W—— cocked his rifle and stood ready to shoot.

The wizard's son soon got out of his depth and took to swimming. He swam toward the opposite side, deliberately, without displaying any hurry and right across the school of crocs, some, but not all, of which dived on his approach. He scrambled ashore, and, after a short rest, came back the same way. He took his rupee with obvious pleasure.

The chief, Ali Sungura himself, had the reputation of being a *mchawi*, or wizard, specializing as a werewolf. According to rumor, he was in the habit of walking about, at night, in the shape of a wolf, and of doing, in this disguise, as the wolf does. The old superstition, that certain people have the power to assume the shape of some animal, is as widespread in Tropical Africa, as it is in other parts of the world; and the natives of a village can be very positive and quite convinced when they assure you that such and such a lion, or such and such a leopard, is not really an animal, but a *mchawi*, who is in the habit of taking its shape.

Not long ago, in Nyasaland, I asked an old Yao, who had just returned from Fort Johnston, if the lions had made themselves very unpleasant there of late. He replied that only one had committed depredations, and even killed people, but that he was known to be a *mchawi*. He added: 'They have caught the man, they will take him to the Resident.'

'And what will happen to him?' I asked.

'Oh, nothing,' he replied with a sigh,

'they will do nothing to him; the English always want to see everything,' putting the emphasis on the word 'see.'

I said to myself that it was rather fortunate for that were-lion that the English always want to 'see everything.'

IV

That there exists, principally in the region of the great lakes, a category, or class, or sect, of people who habitually indulge in satisfying a perverse inclination to feed on the flesh of human corpses is an indisputable fact, to which several administrators and explorers have born testimony. I need mention here, chosen from many others, only Sir Harry Johnston, Mr. J. F. Cunningham, and Mr. Dutkevich, in his contribution to Mr. Peter Macqueen's book, *In Wildest Africa*. The best known are the Bachichi, an organized secret society on the Sese Islands in Lake Victoria, who have for many years occupied the authorities. But they are by no means isolated. I am inclined to think that in other parts of Tropical Africa, where these ghouls occur, they, too, form a fraternity among themselves. This is undoubtedly the case in Buanji, at the northern end of the Livingstone Range, where they are known as Niam-buddas. These, however, according to native report, differ from their colleagues in other countries by the sinister detail, that they kill, and then season in a pool of water, those whom they have selected as their victims and decoyed with all the artifices of a thug. In Buanji, no man dares, at night, to go however short a distance from the camp or village by himself, while across the boundary, in Ukinga, the same man will walk about alone, at night, with as little fear as if it were day.

The Bachichi and other corpse-eaters dig out the bodies of people who have died a natural death, and then eat

them. They may, otherwise, be perfectly harmless members of the community. In Nyasaland a corpse-eater is called a mchawi, although that is really the Swahili name for wizard. Here, unless otherwise explained, the first interpretation is always that of corpse-eater. As in the case of the were-carnivores, so in this latter case, — but here, I am afraid, with more justification, — public opinion always pretends to be accurately posted concerning the identity of the mchawi. Although feared, however, and treated with a measure of respect, they are not always demonstratively shunned. I know of one case in which a whole village transported its penates half a mile away from the hut of a mchawi, after it had burned to the ground all its own dwellings. The occurrence that gave rise to this wholesale desertion was, so I was told by the people themselves, that some time after the death and burial of one of the mchawi's two wives, the second one ran away, giving as a reason that, the night before, her husband had brought back into the hut the lifeless body of the deceased. Perhaps a friendly neighbor, who did not weigh overmuch, had helped in a stratagem to get rid of the runaway. But the man's little boy also ran away; he said that his father kept him walking about all night, and that he could not stand the fatigue. He never went back to his old home to stay. I knew the whole family, and met them often. The mchawi married a third wife, who, as long as I knew her, appeared to be perfectly content and happy; but then, people say that she shares her husband's tastes. Be all this as it may, Ndalawisi — such is the man's name — had undoubtedly *le physique de l'emploi*: bloodshot eyes, lantern-jaws, and a large mouth with protruding yellow fangs and visible gums.

All the men who have been pointed

out to me as corpse-eaters have the same type of visage, and it is quite possible that many an innocent man owes his evil reputation only to the fortuitous shape of his face.

Weird and frightful legends have been woven by folklore around these creatures. One thing, however, is certain: natives, when brought in contact with corpses and putrefaction, do not feel the same horror that we do. A bright, intelligent young fellow once asked me, in a matter-of-fact way, if I had never tasted a corpse. To my indignant protest, 'The smell alone is sufficient to drive a man away,' he replied, 'No, the smell is very pleasant!' And on another occasion I was asked quite seriously if, among the many 'tinned stuffs' brought into the country by Europeans, there is not also tinned human meat.

This total indifference to the smell of putrefaction and the contact with it had fostered awful customs among the Sakalawas on the southwest coast of Madagascar before the French government stopped, or tried to stop, them by legislation. Corpses were kept exposed for weeks above-ground before burial, the length of the period of exposure depending upon the rank of the individual. Even when you were camped a mile away from the village, the odor, when the wind blew your way, made a continued stay impossible. Dead chiefs were carried in state from village to village for months, and in each village were kept exposed for weeks on a wooden platform; Bacchanalian revelries went on as long as the visit lasted, and it was a common thing for the young men, at the height of the festivities, to go and stand under the platform and rub all over their bodies the liquid matter which oozed from the corpse and trickled through the planks.

Not only the dead, but death itself, seems not to inspire the Sakalawas with

any terror. Their burial rites are of the merriest, and anybody unacquainted with the customs of that nation would be convinced, on first witnessing the approach of a funeral cortège, with its gay music, its bullock-cart decorated with bunting, shining pieces of metal, and small mirrors, that it was a nuptial party. Again, suicide by one of the many deadly poisons that abound in every thicket of that island, where, as in Ireland, venomous snakes do not exist, is resorted to quite as a matter of course, on the least provocation, even by children when they have been scolded by their parents.

Nearly all natives, including most of the Mohammedan tribes, are, with the exception of the Somali and the warrior castes of the Nilotic tribes, passionately addicted to drink. There is much truth in what has been written: that the whole population of Tropical and Subtropical Africa is drunk after sunset. Many kinds of fermented liquor exist, some of which are very palatable, as, for instance, the honey-beer of the Wataweta, or a kind of champagne that the Wabena produce out of the sap of a bamboo, which, curiously enough, refuses to yield its precious liquid when it is transplanted from its own country. At the time of year when this sap is collected, both men and women drink it to excess, until they fall down senseless near their fires. I have been shown in Ubena many little children who had been badly burned because their mothers had collapsed too close to the fire, and many grown-up persons who, being unable from drunkenness to crawl back into their huts, had been shockingly mutilated by hyenas.

Pombe—beer made either from bananas or from maize and millet—is the curse of the African native. Entirely unable as he is by constitution to resist temptation, he drinks as long as the state of his finances and the existing pro-

visions permit. It has always seemed to me as if the effects of intoxication on a native were different from what they are on a European. They may be similar when he gets hold of whiskey; but they undoubtedly differ in cases of drunkenness produced by pombe. In a native who has got drunk on pombe, the effect is none the less violent because it is less apparent in the beginning. Its climax is reached some twenty-four to thirty-six hours after the libation has ceased, and manifests itself in a nervous irritability which often leads to disastrous consequences. Some individuals in this state, although sober to all appearances, become a grave danger to their neighbors. It was in this condition, as I have been informed on good authority, that the Police Askaris in a certain East African colony committed all those wanton acts of cruelty which created such a sensation in Europe a few years before the war. One need not go very far, perhaps, to recover the recipe of the famous drink of the Assassins.

It is probable that the shortness of memory, with which most natives are afflicted to quite a remarkable degree as regards things which do not touch them directly, is due in part to this racial vice and in part to the abuse of the elixirs mentioned above. This deficiency of memory is a palpable evil, not, I think, sufficiently recognized as such by those who employ natives, and is the source of many mistakes and accidents that are attributed to culpable neglect or evil intent. The very tone of voice in which a native says, 'Nimesahau' (I have forgotten), implies that, for him at least, to forget is a conclusive excuse, which precludes all possibility of guilt and desert of reproach. Very frequently they do not remember what they have said a few minutes before; they will give you half a dozen different names in succession for the same moun-

tain or river, and look quite surprised when, glancing at your notebook, you tell them that they have given you an entirely different name a little earlier in the day. This weak memory, added to the difficulty which, like Darwin's Aborigines of the Terra del Fuego, even comparatively civilized negroes have in 'understanding the simplest alternative,' is the chief obstacle that travelers encounter to getting correct information. And yet, — another anomaly, — African negroes are the greatest linguists on earth.

It has happened to me, not once only, but repeatedly, that I have come among a tribe accompanied by men who had never heard its idiom; and, before a month was over, they were, without a single exception, able to converse fluently with the inhabitants, and that even when that particular language differed from their own as much as does English from Italian.

But not that only; although I speak very indifferent Swahili, — a language which it is very easy to learn to speak badly, and almost impossible for a European to learn to speak faultlessly, — new servants who entered my employ learned to speak it in a few weeks simply by my talking to them. That they learned it from me was quite evident from the fact that they acquired all my mistakes! This facility in learning new languages is, perhaps, connected with the extraordinary mimetic power of natives, which Darwin also mentions with regard to Kaffirs as well as Fuegians and Australians.

Besides their facility in learning new languages, negroes also have a remarkable gift for communicating with each other by signs. I have often been astounded to notice how all the inhabitants of a village, including the children, were able to converse fluently with a deaf-mute. A few signs with the lips and the fingers were sufficient to convey

the meaning of a long sentence, and the mute did not seem to be in the least inconvenienced by his inability to enunciate words.

It would appear as if, in the different colonies of East and Central Africa, very few natives belonging to the households of Europeans speak the latter's language. This apparent ignorance, however, is open to doubt. It seems curious that 'boys' who are not supposed to understand a word of English or Portuguese should constantly be caught listening to their employers' conversation; and that vital secrets, exchanged between two Europeans, in the presence of natives who, when addressed directly in their master's language, reply only with a vacant stare, should, within twenty-four hours, inevitably become public property. Natives are as inquisitive as they are incapable of keeping a secret. The latter is a fortunate evil. Were negroes able to hold their tongues, there would not be a white man alive in Africa to-day.

Of course, the inaccuracies in the statements of negroes are, in the majority of cases, due to deliberate lying. But sometimes they are unpremeditated and unintentional.

It is extremely difficult to find, in native statements, the line of demarcation between deliberate falsehood, lapse of memory, and a congenital inability to distinguish accurately between the real and the unreal. They all lie, all, without a single exception, though in various degrees, and they themselves know and sometimes admit it; and I have met one, at least, who expressed to me, with apparently genuine feeling, his regret for this hereditary defect. The average native does not appear to see any fundamental difference between reality and imagination — a point of view for which, if they only knew it,

they could find a measure of justification in the writings of more than one philosopher.

For their lies, they have the funniest excuses. Some time ago I missed one of my men, and when I inquired after him, I got, from a lad named Mohammad, the answer: 'He has gone into the forest to dig for medicine.'

'What is the matter with him?' I asked.

'He has great pains in his head and stomach.'

Sometime later, Wasi — that was the absent man's name — came back, carrying firewood, and when I asked him why he had not told me that he was ill, he was very much surprised. There was absolutely nothing the matter with him. I then soundly rated Mohammad for telling such lies, when my head-boy interfered by saying in a conciliatory tone, 'He did not lie, master. He said it only to make conversation.'

Native logic runs in grooves different from ours, often in an exactly contrary direction. When I listen to their arguments, I am often reminded of Leonard da Vinci's famous reversed drawing of the castle of Amboise. On one occasion, one of my boys told me that another boy had told him something, which, although a matter of small importance, he was not supposed to communicate to others. I taxed this other boy with having betrayed my confidence, but he flatly denied having spoken. I confronted them both, and a friendly dispute ensued, which led to no result. I then said to the boy who, according to the other, had spoken without leave, 'Why are you not angry with Soliman for telling such a lie about you?' To which he smilingly replied, 'No! I am not angry! Why should I be angry? He lied! If he had spoken the truth, *then* I should be angry.'

(A further paper by Mr. Coudenhove will appear later.)

KNIGHTS AND TURCOPOLIERS

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

HE came out of the Strada Mezzodi running, shoulders back, gloves and cane held bosom-high in his clenched fists, like an athlete's corks, the whole body of the man pulsing and glowing from the ascent of that precipitous slot. Came out into the Strada Reale, and brought up against me with a squashing thump that left us limp and uncertain of the future.

He took off his cap and mopped his swiftly sloping forehead with the heel of his hand — an original and unforgettable gesture. There he was, unchanged and unchangeable, a knotty sliver of England, exactly the same, save for the Naval Reserve uniform, as when, some nine years before, I had seen him barging his way into the shipping office in North Shields, to sign off articles, for he was going away home to Newcastle, to get married.

There he was, ready-witted as ever, for he demanded with incredible rapidity of utterance what the h—— I thought I was doing, and recognized me even as he asked. He was, for all his doekskin uniform and characteristically shabby lace and gloves, the same scornful, black-browed, hook-nosed truculent personality. Small, yet filling the picture like bigger men by reason of his plunging restlessness, his disconcerting circumlocution of body, he vibrated before me, even now, an incarnate figure of interrogation. He found breath and voice, and shook my hand in a limp, lifeless fashion that convey-

ed an uncanny impression of its being his first timorous experiment in hand-shaking — another peculiar and paradoxical by-product of his personality.

He turned me round and propelled me back along the Strada Reale. He said the man I wanted to see at the Base Office was away playing polo, and I could see him in the morning. He asked where my baggage was; and when I told him, he said the Regina was the worst hotel in town and there was a room vacant next to his in the Angleterre. He turned me suddenly into the entrance hall of a vast structure of stone, where in the cool darkness diminished humans sat in tiny chairs and read the news-telegrams at microscopic notice-boards. An ornate inscription informed me that this place had been the auberge of the Knights of the Tongue of Provence; but he said it was the Union Club. He examined a row of pigeonholes and took out some letters.

We sallied forth into the afternoon sunlight again, and he hurried me along toward the Piazza de San Giorgio. A captain and two commanders passed, and I saluted, but my companion spun round a corner into the declivity called the Strada San Lucia, and muttered that his salutes were all over and done with. Scandalized, yet suspecting in my unregenerate heart that here lay a tale that might be told in the twilight, I made no reply. Another turn into the fitly named Strada

Stretta, no more than a congregation of stone staircases largely monopolized by goats with colossal udders and jingling bells, and we hurtled into the archway of an enormous mediæval building whose iron gate shut upon us with a clang like a new-oiled postern.

And as we ascended the winding stone stairs there came down to us a medley of persons and impressions. There were far gongs and musical cries pierced by a thin continuous whine. There was a piratical creature, with fierce eyes and an alarming shock of upstanding black hair, who wielded a mop and stared with voracious curiosity. There came bounding down upon us a boy of eleven or so, with brown hair, a freckled nose, and beautiful gray eyes. There descended a buxom woman of thirty, modest and capable to the eye, yet with a sort of tarnish of sorrowful experience in her demeanor. And behind her, walking abreast and in step, three astounding apparitions, — Russian guardsmen, — in complete regalia, blue and purple and bright gold, so fabulous that one stumbled and grew afraid. Mincingly they descended, in step, their close-shaven polls glistening, their small eyes and thin long legs giving them the air of something dreamed, bizarre adumbrations of an order gone down in ruin and secret butchery to a strangled silence.

A high, deep, narrow gothic doorway on a landing stood open, and we edged through.

I had many questions to ask. I was reasonably entitled to know, for example, the charges for these baronial halls and gigantic refectories. I had a legitimate curiosity concerning the superb beings who dwelt, no doubt, in mediæval throne-rooms in distant wings of the château. And above all I was wishful to learn the recent history of Mr. Eustace Heatly, sometime second engineer of the old S.S. Dolores, late

engineer lieutenant, and now before my eyes tearing off his coat and vest and pants, and bent double over a long black coffin-like steel chest, whence he drew a suit of undeniable tweeds. But it was only when he had abolished the last remaining trace of naval garniture by substituting a cerise poplin cravat for the black affair worn in memory of the late Lord Nelson, and a pair of brown brogues for the puritanical mess-boots of recent years, that Heatly turned to where I sat on the bed and looked searchingly at me from under his high-arched, semi-circular black eyebrows.

He was extraordinarily unlike a naval officer now. Indeed, he was unlike the accepted Englishman. He had one of those perplexing personalities that are as indigenous to England as the Pennine Range and the Yorkshire Wolds, as authentic as Stonehenge; yet, by virtue of their very perplexity, have a difficulty in getting into literature. There was nothing of the tall, blond, silent Englishman about this man, at all. Yet there was probably no mingling of foreign blood in him since Phœnician times. He was entirely and utterly English. He can be found in no other land, and yet is to be found in all lands, generally with a concession from the government and a turbulent band of assistants. His sloping simian forehead was growing bald, and it gleamed as he came over to where I sat. His jaws, blue from the razor, creased as he drew back his chin and began his inevitable movement of the shoulders that preluded speech. He was English, and was about to prove his racial affinity beyond all cavil.

‘But why get yourself demobilized out here?’ I demanded, when he had explained. ‘Is there a job to be had?’

‘Job!’ he echoed, eyebrows raised, as he looked over his shoulder with apparent animosity. ‘Job! There’s a *fortune* out here! See this,’

He dived over the bed to where his uniform lay, and extracted from the breast-pocket a folded sheet of gray paper. Inside was a large roughly penciled tracing of the Eastern Mediterranean. There was practically no nomenclature. An empty Italy kicked at an equally vacuous Sicily. Red blots marked ports. The seas were spattered with figures, as in a chart, marking soundings. And laid out in straggling lines, like radiating constellations, were green and yellow and violet crosses. From Genoa to Marseilles, from Marseilles to Oran, from Port Said and Alexandria to Cape Bon, from Salonika to Taranto, those polychromatic clusters looped and clotted in the sea-lanes, until the eye, roving at last toward the intricate configuration of the Cyclades, caught sight of the Sea of Marmora, where the green symbols formed a closely woven texture.

'Where did you get this?' I asked, amazed; and Heatly smoothed the crackling paper as it lay between us on the bed. His shoulders worked and his chin drew back, as if he were about to spring upon me.

'That's telling,' he grunted. 'The point is, do you want to come in on this? These green ones, y' understand, are soft things, in less 'n ten fathom. The yellows are deeper. The others are too big or too deep for us.'

'Who's us?' I asked, beginning to feel an interest beyond his own personality.

He began to fold up the chart, which had no doubt come by unfrequented ways from official *dossiers*.

'There's the skipper and the mate and meself,' he informed me; 'but we can do with another engineer. — Come in with us!' he ejaculated; 'it's the chance of a lifetime. You put up five hundred, and it's share and share alike.'

I had to explain, of course, that what he suggested was quite impossible. I

was not demobilized. I had to join a ship in dock-yard hands. Moreover, I had no five hundred to put up.

He did not press the point. It seemed to me that he had simply been the temporary vehicle of an obscure wave of sentiment. We had been shipmates in the old days. He had never been a friend of mine, it must be understood. We had wrangled and snarled at each other over hot and dirty work, and had gone our separate ways ashore, and he had rushed from the shipping-office that day in Shields and never even said good-bye ere he caught the train to Newcastle and matrimony. Yet here now, after nine years, he abruptly offered me a fortune! The slow inexorable passage of time had worn away the ephemeral *scoria* of our relations and laid bare an unexpected vein of durable esteem. Even now, as I say, he did not press the point. He was loath to admit any emotion beyond a gruff solicitude for my financial aggrandizement.

While we were bickering amiably on these lines, the high, narrow door opened, and the buxom woman appeared with a tea-tray. She smiled and went over to the embrasured window, where there stood a table. As she stood there, in her neat black dress and white apron, her dark hair drawn in smooth convolutions about her placid brows, her eyes declined upon the apparatus on the tray, she had the air of demure sophistication and sainted worldliness to be found in lady prioresses and mother superiors when dealing with secular aliens. She was an intriguing anomaly in this stronghold of ancient and militant celibates. The glamour of her individual illusion survived even the introduction that followed.

'This is Emma,' said Heatly, as if indicating a natural but amusing feature of the landscape; 'Emma, an old shipmate o' mine. Let him have that

room next to this. Anybody been?’

‘Yes,’ said Emma in a soft, gentle voice, ‘Captain Gosnell rang up. He wants to see you at the usual place.’

‘Then I’ll be going,’ said Heatly, drinking tea standing, a trick abhorred by those who regard tea as something of a ritual. ‘Lay for four at our table to-night, and send to the Regina for my friend’s gear. And mind, no games!’

He placed his arm about her waist. Then, seizing a rakish-looking deer-stalker, he made for the door, and halted abruptly, looking back upon us with apparent malevolence. Emma smiled without resigning her pose of sorrowful experience, and the late engineer lieutenant slipped through the door and was gone.

So there were to be no games. I looked at Emma, and stepped over to help myself to tea. There were to be no games. Comely as she was, there was no more likelihood of selecting the cloistral Emma for trivial gallantry than of pulling the admiral’s nose. I had other designs on Emma. I had noted the relations of those two with attention, and it was patent to me that Emma could tell me a good deal more about Heatly than Heatly knew about himself. Heatly was that sort of man. He would be a problem of enigmatic opacity to men, and a crystal-clear solution to the cool, disillusioned matron.

And Emma told. Women are not only implacable realists, they are unconscious artists. They dwell always in the Palace of Unpalatable Truth, and never by any chance is there a magic talisman to save them from their destiny. Speech is their ultimate need. We exist for them only in so far as we can be described. As the incarnate travesties of a mystical ideal, we inspire ecstasies of romantic supposition. There is a rapt expression on the features of a woman telling about a man.

Duty and pleasure melt into one suffusing emotion and earth holds for her no holier achievement. And so, as the reader is ready enough to believe, there were no games. Apart from her common urbane humanity, Emma’s lot in life, as the deserted wife of a Highland sergeant deficient in emotional stability, had endowed her with the smooth efficiency of a character in a novel. She credited me with a complete inventory of normal virtues and experiences, and proceeded to increase my knowledge of life.

II

The point of her story, as I gathered, was this. My friend Heatly, in the course of the years, had completed the cycle of existence without in any degree losing the interest of women. I knew he was married. Emma informed me that they had seven children. The youngest had been born six months before. Where? Why, in the house in Gateshead, of course. Did I know Gateshead? I did. As I sat in that embrasured window and looked down the thin, deep slit of the Strada Lucia, past green and saffron balconies and jutting shrines, to where the Harbor of Marsamuscetto showed a patch of solid dark blue below the distant perfection of Sheina, I thought of Gateshead, with the piercing East Coast wind ravaging along its gray, dirty streets, with its frowsy fringe of coal-staithes standing black and stark above the icy river, and I heard the grind and yammer of the grimy street-cars striving to drown the harsh boom and crash from the great yards of Elswick on the far bank. I saw myself again hurrying along in the rain, a tired young man in overalls, making hurried purchases of gear and tobacco and rough gray blankets, for the ship was to sail on the turn of the tide. And I found it easy to see the small two-story house half-way

down one of those incredibly ignoble streets, the rain, driven by the cruel wind, whipping against sidewalk and window, the front garden a mere puddle of mud, and indoors a harassed, dogged woman fighting her way to the day's end, while a horde of robust children romped and gorged and blubbered around her.

'Seven,' I murmured, and the bells of a herd of goats made a musical commotion in the street below.

'Seven,' said Emma, refilling my cup.

'And he's not going home yet, even though he has got out of the navy,' I observed with tactful abstraction.

'That's just it,' said Emma, 'not going home. He's gone into this salvage business, you see. I believe it's a very good thing.'

'Of course his wife gets her half-pay,' I mused.

'She gets all his *pay*,' accented Emma. 'He sends it all. He has other ways — you understand. Resources. But he won't go home. You know, there's somebody here.'

So here we were coming to it. It had been dawning on me, as I stared down at the blue of the Marsamuscetto, that possibly Heatly's interest for Emma had been heightened by the fact that he was a widower. Nothing so crude as that, however. Something much more interesting to the high gods. Between maturity and second childhood, if events are propitious, men come to a period of augmented curiosity fortified by a vague sense of duties accomplished. They acquire a conviction that, beyond the comfortable and humdrum vales of domestic felicity, where they have lived so long, there lie peaks of ecstasy and mountain-ranges of perilous dalliance. I roused suddenly.

'But now he's out of the navy,' I remarked.

'You must n't think that,' said

Emma. 'He is n't that sort of man. I tell you, she's all right.'

'Who? The somebody who's here?'

'No, his wife's all right as far as money goes. But there's no sympathy between them. A man can't go on all his life without sympathy.'

'What is she like?' I asked, not so sure of this.

'Oh, I'm not defending him,' said Emma with her eyes fixed on the sugar-bowl. 'Goodness knows I've no reason to think well of men, and you're all alike. Only, he's throwing himself away on a — Well, never mind. You'll see her. Here's your room. You can have this connecting door open if you like.'

'Fine,' I said, looking round, and then walking into a sort of vast and comfortable crypt. The walls, five feet thick, were pierced on opposite sides as for cannon, and one looked instinctively for the inscriptions by prisoners and ribald witticisms by sentries. There was the Strada Lucia again, beyond a delicious green railing; and behind was another recess, from whose shuttered aperture one beheld the hotel courtyard, with a giant tree swelling up and almost touching the yellow walls. I looked at the groined roof, the distant white-curtained bed, the cupboards of black wood, the tiled floor with its old, worn mats. I looked out of the window into the street, and was startled by an unexpectedly near view of a saint in a blue niche by the window, a saint with a long sneering nose and a supercilious expression as she looked down with her stony eyes on the Strada Lucia. I looked across the Strada Lucia, and saw dark eyes and disdainful features at magic casements. And I told Emma that I would take the apartment.

'You'll find Mr. Heatly in the Café de la Reine,' she remarked gently; 'he's there with Captain Gosnell.'

But I wanted to see neither Heatly

nor Captain Gosnell just yet. I said I would be back to dinner, and took my cap and cane.

III

After wandering about the town, gazing upon the cosmopolitan crowd that thronged the streets, and musing upon many things, — upon deserted wives and deserting husbands, and their respective fates, — I approached the Libreria, and saw Heatly seated at a table with two other men, in the shadow of one of the great columns. Just behind him a young Maltese kneeled by a great long-haired goat, which he was milking swiftly into a glass for a near-by customer. Heatly, however, was not drinking milk. He was talking. There were three of them and their heads were together over the drinks on the little marble table, so absorbed that they took no notice at all of the lively scene about them.

There was about these men an aura of supreme happiness. In the light of a match-flare, as they lit fresh cigarettes, their features showed up harsh and masculine, the faces of men who dealt neither in ideas nor in emotions, but in prejudices and instincts and desires. Then Heatly turned and saw me, and further contemplation was out of the question.

IV

Of that evening and the tale they told me, there is no record by the alert psychologist. There is a roseate glamour over a confusion of memories. There are recollections of exalted emotions and unparalleled eloquence. We traversed vast distances and returned safely, arm in arm. We were the generals of famous campaigns, the heroes of colossal achievements, and the conquerors of proud and beautiful women.

From the swaying platforms of the Fourth Dimension we caught glimpses of starry destinies. We stood on the shoulders of the lesser gods, to see our enemies confounded. And out of the mist and fume of the evening emerges a shadowy legend of the sea.

By a legerdemain which seemed timely and agreeably inexplicable, the marble table under the arcade of the Libreria became a linen-covered table in an immense and lofty chamber. We were at dinner. The ceiling was a gilded framework of paneled paintings. Looking down upon us from afar were well-fed anchorites and buxom saints. Their faces gleamed from out a dark and polished obscurity, and their ivory arms emerged from the convolutions of ruby and turquoise-velvet draperies. Tall candelabra supported colored globes, which shed a mellow radiance upon the glitter of silver and crystal. There was a sound of music, which rose and fell as some distant door swung to and fro; the air still trembled with the pulsing reverberations of a great gong, and a thin whine, which was the food-elevator ascending in dry grooves from the kitchen, seemed to spur the fleet-footed waiters to a frenzy of service. High cabinets of dark wood stood between tall narrow windows housing collections of sumptuous plates and gilded wares. On side tables heaps of bread and fruit made great masses of solid color, of gamboge, saffron, and tawny orange. Long-necked bottles appeared reclining luxuriously in wicker cradles, like philosophic pagans about to bleed to death.

At a table by the distant door sits the little boy with the freckled nose and beautiful gray eyes. He writes in a large book as the waiters pause on tip-toe, dishes held as if in votive offering to a red Chinese dragon on the mantel above the boy's head. He writes, and looking out down the en-

trance, suddenly laughs in glee. From the corridor come whoops and a staccato cackle of laughter, followed by a portentous roll of thunder from the great gong. The boy puts his hand over his mouth in his ecstasy, the waiters grin as they hasten, the head waiter moves over from the windows, thinking seriously, and one has a vision of Emma, mildly distraught, at the door. Captain Gosnell, holding up the corner of his serviette, remarks that they are coming, and studies the wine-list.

They rush in, and a monocled major at a near-by table pauses, fork in air over his fried sea-trout, and glares. In the forefront of the bizarre procession comes Heatly, with a Russian guardsman on his back. The other two guardsmen follow, dancing a stately measure, revolving with rhythmic gravity. Behind, waltzing alone, is Mr. Marks, the mate. Instantly, however, the play is over. They break away, the guardsman slips to the floor, and they all assume a demeanor of impenetrable reserve as they walk decorously toward us. They sit, and become merged in the collective mood of the chamber. Yet one has a distinct impression of a sudden glimpse into another world — as if the thin yet durable membrane of existence had split open a little, and one saw, for a single moment, men as they really are.

And while I am preoccupied with this fancy, which is mysteriously collated in the mind with a salmi of quails, Captain Gosnell becomes articulate. He is explaining something to me.

It is time Captain Gosnell should be described. He sits on my left, a portly, powerful man, with a large red nose and great baggy pouches under his stern eyes. It is he who tells the story. I watch him as he dissects his quail. Of his own volition he tells me he has twice swallowed the anchor. And here

he is, still on the job. Did he say twice? Three times, counting — well, it was this way.

First of all, an aunt left him a little money and he quit a second mate's job to start a small provision store. Failed. Had to go to sea again. Then he married. Wife had a little money, so they started again. Prospered. Two stores, both doing well. Two counters, I am to understand. Canned goods, wines and spirits on one side; meats and so forth on the other. High-class clientèle. Wonderful head for business, Mrs. Gosnell's. He himself, understand, not so dusty. Had a way with customers. Could sell pork in a synagogue, as the saying is.

And then Mrs. Gosnell died. Great shock to him, of course, and took all the heart out of him. Buried her and went back to sea. She was insured, and later, with what little money he had, he started an agency for carpet-sweeping machinery. Found it difficult to get on with his captain, you see, being a senior man in a junior billet. As I very likely am aware, standing rigging makes poor running gear. Was doing a very decent little business too, when — the war. So he went into the Naval Reserve. That's how it all came about. Now, his idea is to go back, with the experience he has gained, and start a store again — merchandising in his opinion, is the thing of the future. With a little money, the thing can be done. Well!

But it was necessary to have a little capital. Say five thousand. So here we were.

A bad attack of pneumonia with gastritis finished him at Dover. Doctor said if he got away to a warmer climate, it would make a new man of him. So a chat with a surgeon-commander in London resulted in his being appointed to a mine-layer bound for the Eastern Mediterranean. Perhaps I

had heard of her. The Ouzel. Side-wheeler built for the excursionists. Started away from Devonport and took her to Port Said. Imagine it! Think of her bouncing from one mountainous wave to another, off Finisterre. Think of her turning over and over, almost, going round St. Vincent. Fine little craft for all that. Heatly here was Chief. Marks here was Mate. It was a serious responsibility.

And when they reached Port Said, they were immediately loaded with mines and sent straight out again to join the others, who were laying a complicated barrage about fifty miles north. Four days out, one day in. It was n't so bad at first, being one of a company, with constant signaling and visits in fine weather. But later, when the Ouzel floated alone in an immense blue circle of sea and sky, they began to get acquainted. This took the common English method of discovering, one by one, each other's weaknesses, and brooding over them in secret. What held them together most firmly appears to have been a sort of sophisticated avoidance of women. Not in so many words, Captain Gosnell assures me, but taking it for granted, they found a common ground in 'Keeping in the fairway.' Marks was a bachelor, it is true, but Marks had no intention of being anything else. Marks had other fish to fry, I am to understand.

I look at Marks, who sits opposite to me. He has a full round face, clean-shaved, and flexible as an actor's. His rich brown hair, a thick, solid-looking auburn thatch, suddenly impresses me with its extreme incongruity. As I look at him, he puts up his hand, pushes his hair slowly up over his forehead, like a cap, revealing a pink scalp, rolls the whole contrivance from side to side, and brings it back to its normal position.

More for comfort than anything else,

Captain Gosnell assures me, for nobody is deceived by a wig like that. What is a man to do when he has pretty near the whole top of his head blown off by a gasometer exploding on the Western Front? There's Marks, minus his hair and everything else, pretty well buried in a pit of loose cinders. Lamp-post blown over, lying across him. Marks lay quiet enough, thinking. He was n't dead, he could breathe, and one hand moved easily in the cinders. Began to paddle with that hand. Went on thinking and paddling. Soon he could move the other hand. Head knocking against the lamp-post, he paddled downward. Found he was moving slowly forward. Head clear of the lamp-post. Gritty work, swimming, as it were, in loose ashes. Hands in shocking condition. Scalp painful. Lost his hair, but kept his head. Suddenly his industriously paddling hands swirled into the air, jerking legs drove him upward, and he spewed the abrasive element from his lips. He had come back. And had brought an idea with him. Before he went into the army, Marks was second officer in the Marchioness Line, afflicted with dreams of inventing unsinkable ships and collapsible life-boats. Now he came back to life with a brand-new notion. What was it? Well, we'd be having a run over to the ship bye-and-bye and I would see it. It could do everything except sing a comic song.

'We had been relieved one evening,' Captain Gosnell observes, 'and were about hull down and under, when I ordered dead slow for a few hours. The reason for this was that, at full speed, we would reach Port Said about three in the afternoon, and it was generally advised to arrive after sunset, or even after dark. Besides this, I set a course to pass round to the east'ard of a field we had laid a week or so before, instead of to the west'ard. This is a

simple enough matter of running off the correct distances, for the current, if anything, increased the margin of safety. We were making about four knots, with the mine-field on the star-board bow, as I calculated, and we were enjoying a very pleasant supper in my cabin, which had been the passenger saloon in the Ouzel's excursion days — a fine large room on the upper deck, with big windows, like a house ashore. The old bus was chugging along, and from my table you could see the horizon all round, except just astern, which was hid by the funnel. Nothing there, however, but good salt water, and the Holy Land a long way behind. It was like sitting in a conservatory. The sea was as smooth as glass, with a fine haze to the south'ard. This haze, as far as I could judge, was moving north at about the same speed as we were going south, which would make it eight knots, and in an hour we would be in it. I mention this because it explains why the three of us, sitting in a cabin on an upper deck, saw the battleship all together, all at once, and quite near. We all went on the bridge.

'Now you must understand,' went on Captain Gosnell, 'that the subject of conversation between us while we were at supper was money. We were discussing the best way of getting hold of money, and the absolute necessity of capital after the war, if we were to get anywhere. This war, you know, has been a three-ringed circus for the young fellows. But to men like us it has n't been anything of the sort. We have a very strong conviction that some of us are going to feel the draft. We are n't so young as we used to be, and a little money would be a blessing. Well, we were talking about our chances — of salvage, prize-money, bonuses, and so forth. Our principal notion, if I remember, that evening,

was to go into business and pool our resources. For one thing, we wanted to keep up the association. And then, out of the Lord knows where, came this great gray warship heading straight —'

Captain Gosnell paused and regarded me with an austere glance. Mr. Marks and Heatly were listening and looking at us watchfully. And over Mr. Marks's shoulder I could see the three officers with their polychromatic uniforms gleaming in the soft orange radiance of shaded lamps.

'You understand what I mean?' said Captain Gosnell. 'We stood on the bridge watching that ship come up on us, watching her through our glasses, and we did not attach any particular importance to her appearance. When we saw the Russian ensign astern, it did not mean a great deal to us. She was as much an anomaly in those terrible waters as a line-of-battle ship of Nelson's day. That was what staggered us. An enormous valuable ship like that coming out into such a sea. Suddenly the value of her, the money she cost, the money she was worth, so near and yet so far, came home to us. I had an imaginary view of her, you understand, for a moment, as something I could sell; a sort of fanciful picture of her possibilities in the junk line. Think of the brass and rubber alone, in a ship like that! And then we all simultaneously realized just what was happening.' I had my hand stretched out to the whistle-lanyard, when there was a heavy, bubbling grunt, and she rolled over toward us as if some invisible hand had given her a push. She rolled back to an even keel and began pitching a very little. This was due, I believe, to the sudden going astern of her engines, coupled with the mine throwing her over. Pitched a little, and, for some extraordinary reason, her forward twelve-inch guns were rapidly elevated as if some insane gun-

ner was going to take a shot at the North Star before going down. From what we gathered later, things were going on inside that turret which are unpleasant to think about. There was that ship, twenty-five thousand tons of her, going through a number of peculiar evolutions. Like most battleships, she had four anchors in her bows, and suddenly they all shot out of their hawse-pipes and fell into the sea, while clouds of red dust came away, as if she was breathing fire and smoke at us through her nostrils. And then she began to swing round on them, so that, as we came up to her, she showed us her great rounded armored counter, with its captain's gallery and a little white awning to keep off the sun. And what we saw then passed anything in my experience on this earth, ashore or afloat. We were coming up on her, you know, and we had our glasses so that, as the stern swung on us, we had a perfectly close view of that gallery. There were two bearded men sitting there, in uniforms covered with gold lace and dangling decorations, smoking cigarettes, each in a large wicker chair on either side of a table. Behind them the big armored doors were open and the mahogany slides drawn back, and we could see silver and china and very elaborate electrical fittings shining on the table, and men in white coats walking about without any anxiety at all. On the stern was a great golden two-headed eagle, and a name in their peculiar wrong-way-round lettering which Serge told us later was Fontanka. And they sat there, those two men with gray beards on their breasts like large bibs, smoking and chatting and pointing out the Ouzel to each other. It was incredible. And in the cabin behind them servants went round and round, and a lamp was burning in front of a large picture of the Virgin in a glittering frame. An icon. I can assure you,

their placid demeanor almost paralyzed us. We began to wonder if we had n't dreamed what had gone before, if we were n't still dreaming. But she continued to swing and we continued to come up on her, so that soon we had a view along her decks again, and we knew well enough we were n't dreaming very much.

'Her decks were alive with men. They moved continually, replacing each other like a mass of insects on a beam. It appeared, from where we were, a cable's length or so, like an orderly panic. There must have been five or six hundred of them climbing, running, walking, pushing, pulling, like one of those football matches at the big schools, where everybody plays at once. And then our whistle blew. I give you my word I did it quite unconsciously, in my excitement. If it had been Gabriel's trumpet, it could not have caused greater consternation. I think a good many of them thought it *was* Gabriel's trumpet. It amounted to that almost, for the Fontanka took a sort of slide forward at that moment and sank several feet by the head. All those hundreds of men mounted the rails and put up their hands and shouted. It was the most horrible thing. They stood there with uplifted hands and their boats half-lowered, and shouted. I believe they imagined that I was going alongside to take them off. But I had no such intention. The Ouzel's sponsons would have been smashed, her paddles wrecked, and we would probably have gone to the bottom along with them. We looked at each other and shouted in sheer fury at their folly. We bawled and made motions to lower their boats. I put the helm over and moved off a little, and ordered our own boat down. The fog was coming up and the sun was going down. The only thing that was calm was the sea. It was like a lake.

Suddenly, several of the Fontanka's boats almost dropped into the water, and the men began to slide down the falls like strings of blue and white beads. She took another slide, very slow but very sickening to see.

'I fixed my glasses on the superstructure between the funnels, where a large steel crane curved over a couple of launches with polished brass funnels. And I was simply appalled to find a woman sitting in one of the launches, with her arms round a little boy. She was quite composed, apparently, and was watching three men who were working very hard about the crane. The launch began to rise in the air, and two of the men climbed into her. She rose, and the crane swung outward. We cheered like maniacs when she floated. In a flash the other man was climbing up the curve of the crane, and we saw him slide down the wire into the launch.

'By this time, you must understand, the other boats were full of men, and one of them was cast off while more men were sliding down the falls. They held on with one hand and waved the other at the men above, who proceeded in a very systematic way to slide on top of them, and then the whole bunch would carry away altogether and vanish with a sort of compound splash. And then men began to come out of side-scuttles. They were in a great hurry, these chaps. A head would appear, and then shoulders and arms working violently. The man would be just getting his knees in a purchase on the scuttle frame, when he would shoot out clean head-first into the sea. And another head, the head of the man who had pushed him, would come out.

'But don't forget,' warned Captain Gosnell, 'that all these things were happening at once. Don't forget that the Fontanka was still swarming with men, that the sun was just disappearing, very

red, in the west, that the ship's bows were about level with the water. Don't forget all this,' urged Captain Gosnell, 'and then, when you've got that all firmly fixed in your mind, she turns right over, shows the great red belly of her for perhaps twenty seconds, and sinks.'

Captain Gosnell held the match for a moment longer to his cigar, threw the stick on the floor, and strode into the room, leaving me to imagine the thing he had described.

V

And these three, in their deftly handled and slow-moving launch, with their incredible passengers, the woman with her arms round a little boy, were the first to board the Ouzel. Captain Gosnell had stopped his engines, for the sea was thick with swimming and floating men. They explained through Serge, who had climbed down the crane, — a man of extended experience in polar regions, — that they were officers in the Imperial Russian Army, entrusted with the safe-conduct of the lady and her child, and therefore claimed precedence over naval ratings.

That was all very well, of course; but the naval ratings were already swarming up the low fenders of the Ouzel, climbing the paddle-boxes and making excellent use of the ropes and slings flung to them by the Ouzel's crew. The naval ratings were displaying the utmost activity on their own accounts; they immediately manned the launch, and set off to garner the occupants of rafts and gratings. Even in her excursion days, the Ouzel had never had so many passengers. Captain Gosnell would never have believed, if he had not seen it, that five-hundred-odd souls could have found room to breathe on her decks and in her alleyways. All dripping sea-water.

Captain Gosnell, leaning back on the

maroon-velvet settee and drawing at his cigar, nodded toward the talented Serge, who was now playing an intricate version of 'Tipperary,' with many arpeggios, and remarked that he had to use him as an interpreter. The senior naval officer saved was a gentleman who came aboard in his shirt and drawers and a gold wrist-watch, having slipped off his clothes on the bridge before jumping; but he spoke no English. Serge spoke 'pretty good English.' Serge interpreted excellently. Having seen the lady and her little boy, who had gray eyes and a freckled nose, installed in the main cabin, he drew the captain aside and explained to him the supreme importance of securing the exact position of the foundered ship; 'in case,' he said, 'it was found possible to raise her.'

And when we got in, and transferred the men to hospital, and I had made my report, they gave me no information to speak of about the ship. I don't think they were very clear themselves what she was to do, beyond making for the Adriatic. As for the passengers, they never mentioned them at all, so of course I held my tongue and drew my conclusions. Serge told me they had been bound for an Italian port, whence his party was to proceed to Paris. Now he would have to arrange passages to Marseilles. He took suites in the Marina Hotel, interviewed agents and banks, hired a motor-car, and had uniforms made by the best Greek tailor in the town. We were living at the Marina while ashore, you see, and so it was easy for us to get very friendly. Heatly, there, was soon very friendly with the lady.

'No,' said Captain Gosnell with perfect frankness in reply to my look of sophistication, 'not in the very slightest degree. Nothing of that. If you ask me, I should call it a sort of — chivalry. Anybody who thinks there was ever anything — er — what you suggest —

has no conception of the real facts of the case.'

This was surprising. It seemed to put Emma in an equivocal position, and my respect for that woman made me reluctant to doubt her intelligence. But Captain Gosnell was in a better position than Emma to give evidence. Captain Gosnell was conscious that a man can run right through the hazards of existence and come out on the other side with his fundamental virtues unimpaired. They all shared this sentiment, I gathered, for this lovely woman with the bronze hair and gray eyes; but Heatly's imagination had been touched to an extraordinary degree. In their interminable discussions concerning their future movements, discussions highly technical in their nature, because investigating a sunken armored warship is a highly technical affair, Heatly would occasionally interpret a word, emphasizing the importance of giving her a fair deal.

'But she never reached Marseilles. They were two days off Malta when an Austrian submarine torpedoed the French liner and sank her. They did not fire on the boats. And our lady friend found herself being rowed slowly toward a place of which she had no knowledge whatever. Serge told us they were pulling for eighteen hours before they were picked up.'

'And she is here now?' I asked cautiously.

'Here now,' said Captain Gosnell. 'She usually comes down here for an hour in the evening. If she's here, I'll introduce you.'

VI

She was sitting on a plush lounge at the extreme rear of the café, and when I first set eyes on her, I was disappointed. I had imagined something much more magnificent, more alluring, than this. In spite of Captain Gosnell's

severely prosaic narrative of concrete facts, he had been unable to keep from me the real inspiration of the whole adventure. I was prepared to murmur, 'Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?' and so on, as much as I could remember of that famous bit of rant. One gets an exalted notion of women who are credited with such powers, who preserve some vestige of the magic that can make men 'immortal with a kiss.' Bionda, in a large fur coat and a broad-brimmed hat of black velvet, had cloaked her divinity, and the first impression was Christian rather than pagan. 'A tired saint,' I thought, as I sat down after the introduction and looked at the pale bronze hair and the intelligent gray eyes.

She had a very subtle and pretty way of expressing her appreciation of the homage rendered by these diverse masculine personalities. Her hands, emerging from the heavy fur sleeves, were white and extremely thin, with several large rings. She had nothing to say to a stranger, which was natural enough, and I sat in silence watching her. She spoke English with musical deliberation, rolling the *r*'s and hesitating at times in a choice of words, so that one waited with pleasure upon her pauses and divined the rhythm of her thoughts. She preserved in all its admirable completeness that mystery concerning their ultimate purpose in the world which is so essential to women in the society of men. And it was therefore with some surprise that I heard her enunciate with intense feeling, 'Oh, never, never, never!' There was an expression of sad finality about it. She was conveying to them her fixed resolve never to board a ship again. Ships had been altogether too much for her. She had been inland all her life, and her recent catastrophes had robbed her of her reserves of fortitude. She would remain here in this island. She sat staring at the marble

table as if she saw in imagination the infinite reaches of the ocean, blue, green, gray, or black, forever fluid and treacherous, a sinister superficies beneath which the bodies and achievements of men disappeared as into some unknown lower region.

Women have many valid reasons for hating the sea; and this woman seemed dimly aware of a certain jealousy of it — that alluring masculine element which destroys men without any aid from women at all. Her faith in ships had not suffered shipwreck, so much as foundered.

They were all agreed. Serge was of the opinion that, if they recovered a tenth of the bullion which her husband, who had a platinum concession in the Asiatic Urals, had consigned to his agent in Paris, there would be enough for all. Serge, in short, became the active spirit of the enterprise. He knew how to obtain funds from mysterious firms who had quiet offices down secluded alleys near Copthall Court and Great St. Helens, in London. He made sketches and explained where the stuff was stowed, and, presuming the ship to be in such and such a position, what bulkheads had to be penetrated to get into her. He obtained permission to accompany the Ouzel on her four-day cruises, and they never had a dull moment. He brought water-colors along, purchased at immense expense from the local extortioners, and made astonishing drawings of his hosts and their excursion steamer. He sang songs in a voice like a musical snarl — songs in obscure dialects, songs in indecent French, songs in booming Russian. He danced native Russian dances, and the click of his heels was like a pneumatic calking-tool at work on a rush job. His large, serious face, with the long, finely formed nose, the sensitive mouth, the sad dark eyes suddenly illuminated by a beautiful smile, the innumerable tiny criss-cross

corrugations above the cheek-bones which are the marks of life in polar regions, fascinated the Englishmen. Without ever admitting it in so many words, they knew him to be that extremely rare phenomenon, a leader of men on hazardous and lonely quests. Without being at all certain of his name, which was polysyllabic and rather a burden to an Anglo-Saxon larynx, they discovered his character with unerring accuracy. From the very first they seem to have been conscious of the spiritual aspect of the adventure. They listened to the tittle-tattle of the hotel bars and the Casino dances, and refrained from comment. The scheme grew in their minds and preoccupied them. Mr. Marks and Heatly spent days and nights over strange designs, and Heatly himself worked at the bench in the port alleyway, between the paddle-box and the engine-room, constructing mechanical monstrosities.

But as weeks went by and Serge continued to communicate with Paris and London, it became clear that he was not at all easy in his mind. Some people say, of course, that no Russian is easy in his mind; but this was an altruistic anxiety. He judged that it would be best for them to get on to Paris, where Bionda had relatives and he himself could resume active operations.

And so they started, this time in a French mail-boat bound for Marseilles. Our three mine-sweepers saw them off. And Captain Gosnell, as we walked up the Strada Stretta and emerged upon the brilliant Strada Reale, was able to convey a hint of the actual state of affairs.

'She knew nothing,' he said. 'She was still under the impression that there would always be an endless stream of money coming from somebody in Paris or London. She was, if you can excuse the word, like a child empress. But there was n't any such stream. Serge

and the others had a little of their own; but hers was mostly in an ammunition chamber on B deck in a foundered warship, along with the bullion, bound to the Siberian Bank. She was n't worrying about money at all. She was wishing she was in Marseilles, for her experiences on ships had n't given her a very strong confidence in their safety. And Serge was anxious to get her to Paris, to her relatives, before what money she had ran out.'

Suddenly she gathered up her gloves and trinkets and said she must be going. She had worked hard that day and was tired. We rose and, as if by preconcerted arrangement, divided into two parties. It was the general rule, I gathered, that the gentlemen who had acted as her bodyguard for so long should undertake this nightly escort. We filed out into the deserted square, and the last view we had of them was the small fur-clad figure tripping away up the empty and romantic street, while over her towered the three tall soldiers, looking like benevolent brigands in their dark cloaks.

As we turned toward the Grand Harbor, Captain Gosnell remarked that, if I cared to come, they could show me something I had probably never seen before. We descended the stone stairs leading to the Custom House Quay. To see them diving with long strides down those broad, shallow steps, the solitary lamps, burning before dim shrines high up, lighting their forms as for some religious mystery, they appeared as men plunging in the grip of powerful and diverse emotions. The captain was plain enough to any intelligence. He desired money that he might maintain his position in England — a country where it is almost better to lose one's soul than one's position. Mr. Marks, beneath the genial falsity of a wig, concealed an implacable fidel-

ity to a mechanical ideal. Heatly, on the other hand, was not so easily analyzed as Emma had suggested. He appeared the inarticulate victim of a remote and magnificent devotion. He gave the impression of a sort of proud disgust that he should have been thus afflicted.

So we came down to the water, and walked along the quay until we hailed a small, broad-beamed steamer, very brightly lighted but solitary, so that Captain Gosnell had to use a silver whistle that he carried, and the shrill blast echoed from the high ramparts of the Castle of Sant' Angelo.

A boat came slowly toward us, and we went aboard. She was a strange blend of expensive untidiness. Great pumps and hoses, costly even when purchased second-hand, lay red and rusty and slathered with dry mud about her decks. We descended a foul ladder through an iron scuttle leading to the one great hold forward. The 'tween-decks were workshops, with lathes, drills, and savage-looking torch-furnaces. Things that looked like lawn-mowers afflicted with elephantiasis revealed themselves on inspection as submersible boring-heads and cutters that went down into inaccessible places, like marine ferrets, and did execution there.

In the centre, however, suspended from a beam, was the masterpiece. It would be vain to describe the indescribable. It resembled in a disturbing way a giant spider with its legs curled semicircularly about its body. A formidable domed thing, with circular glass eyes set in it, and a door as of a safe or the breech-block of a gun. From this protruded a number of odd-looking mechanisms, and below it, flanked by caterpillar belts, on which the contrivance walked with dignity upon the bed of the ocean, were large, sharp-bladed cutters, like steel whorls.

While I gazed at this, endeavoring to

decide how much was reality and how much merely excited imagination, Mr. Marks went down and proceeded to set a ladder against the side of the machine. He grasped wheels and levers, he spoke with vehemence to Heatly, who ran to a switchboard and encased his head in a kind of listening helmet. Then Mr. Marks climbed nimbly through the aperture and drew the door to with a click. A light appeared within, shining through the enormously thick glass, and showing a fantastic travesty of Mr. Marks moving about in his steel prison. Captain Gosnell indicated the triumphant perfection of this thing. They were in constant telephonic connection with him. He could direct a bright beam in any direction, and he could animate any one or all of the extraordinary limbs of the machine. Suppose a ship lay in sand shale, mud, or gravel. He could dig himself under her, dragging a hawser which could be made fast to a float on each side. He could fasten on to a given portion of the hull, drill it, cut it, and in time crawl inside on the caterpillar feet. He had food, hot and cold drinks, and oxygen for two days. He could sit and read if he liked, or talk to the people on the ship. And quite safe, no matter how deep. Wonderful!

I dare say it was. It was a fabulous-looking thing, anyhow, and as Mr. Marks, moving like a visible brain in a transparent skull, started and stopped his alarming extremities, it struck me that humanity was in danger of transcending itself at last. It was soothing to come up on deck again and see Sant' Angelo in the moonlight like the backcloth of an Italian opera. It was a comfort to hear that one of the men, who ought to have been on duty, was drunk. Perhaps he had found the machinery too powerful for his poor weak human soul and had fled ashore to drown the nightmare of mechanism in liquor. One could imagine the men-at-arms, whose

duty it was to watch from those stone towers, slipping out of some newly invented corselet with a jangle and clang, and stealing away in an old leather jerkin, only half laced, to make a night of it.

Not that there was anything fundamentally at odds with romance in this extraordinary adventure into deep waters, I mused, as I lay in my vast chamber that night. Knights in armor, releasing virgin forces of wealth buried in the ocean. Heatly was moving about in the next room, smoking a cigarette.

'What does she do for a living?' I asked.

He came and stood in the doorway in his pajamas. He blew a thread of tobacco from his lips.

'She keeps a tea-shop near the Opera House,' he said. 'We don't go there; knowing her as we do, it would n't be the right thing.'

'But I can, I suppose,' I suggested.

'Yes, you can, I suppose,' he assented from somewhere within his room.

'You don't object, of course?' I went on.

The light went out.

VII

Wedged in between Lanceolotte's music-shop and Marcus's emporium of Maltese *bijouterie* I found a modest door and window. In the latter was a simple card with the word TEAS in large print. Below it was a samovar, and a couple of table centres made of the local lace.

'Can I go upstairs?' I asked the little boy with the gray eyes and freckled nose; and he smiled and nodded with delightful friendliness.

'Then I will,' I said; and he rushed up in front of me.

There was nobody there. He cleared a table by the low window. Across the street was the broad and beautiful facade of the Opera House. The an-

nouncement board bore the legend 'Tonight — Faust.'

'You want tea?' said the boy, with a forward dart of his head, like an inquisitive bird.

I nodded.

'Toast?'

I nodded again. 'I thought you were at the hotel,' I remarked.

'Only in the evenings,' he explained, lifting his tray. 'You want cakes, too?'

I nodded again, and he seemed to approve of my catholic taste. A low voice said, 'Karl!' and he hurried down out of sight.

I was sitting there munching a bun and enjoying some really well-made tea (with lemon), and watching a number of cheerful well-dressed people emerging from the theatre, when something caused me to look round, and I saw the face of Bionda just above the floor. She was standing at a turn in the stair, regarding me attentively. I rose, and she came on up.

'I thought,' she said without raising her eyes, 'that I had seen you before. Have you everything you wish?'

'Everything except someone to talk to,' I said.

She raised her eyes with a serious expression in them. 'I will talk if you wish,' she said gravely.

'Do sit down,' I begged.

I wished to sit down myself, for the window was low. She complied.

'I am a friend of Mr. Heatly,' I went on.

Her face lighted up. 'He is a very nice man,' she said, laughing. 'He likes me very much. He told me he was going to look after me for the rest of my life. He makes me laugh very much. You like him?'

'I used to be on the same ship with him,' I said; 'years ago, before he was married.'

'Ah, yes, before he was married. I see. Now you go on a ship again?'

'When she arrives from Odessa.'

'From —' She looked hard at me. 'Perhaps there will be news, if she comes from Odessa.'

'Maybe.' (She sighed.) 'You have had no news, then, since the Revolution?'

'Nothing. Not one single word. In there, it is all dark. When your ship comes, there will be passengers, no?'

'Ah, I could n't say,' I replied. 'We must wait. If there are any, I will let you know.'

'Thank you.' Her gaze wandered across the street. 'They have finished the play. What do you call when they sing — before?'

'A rehearsal, you mean.'

'Yes. Well, they have finished. There is Mephistopheles coming out now.' She nodded toward a tall gentleman in tweeds, who was smoking a cigarette and swinging a cane on the upper terrace. 'He waits for Margarita. There she is.'

A robust creature emerged, putting on long gloves, and the two descended to the sidewalk. Bionda laughed.

'Does Margarita usually walk out with Mephisto?' I asked.

'Oh, they are married,' she informed me with a whimsical grimace, 'and very happy.'

'What are you?' I demanded abruptly. 'Not a Slav, I am sure.'

'Me? No, I am a Bohemian,' she said.

'How appropriate! How exquisitely appropriate!' I murmured.

'From Prague,' she added, sighing a little.

'An enemy?' (She nodded.) 'But if you will only consider yourself Czechoslovak —' I suggested.

She made a gesture of dissent and rose. 'Let me know when your ship comes in,' she said; and I promised.

Three young naval lieutenants in tennis undress came up the stairs and

called for tea. The little boy came up to take their order, and I paid him and went out.

Our intimacy increased, of course, as the days passed, and I began to wonder whether or not I too was about to pass under the spell and devote my life to the amelioration of her destiny. If my ship went back to Odessa, I would be the bearer of messages, an agent of inquiry seeking news of a dim concessionnaire in the Asiatic Urals. I made extensive promises, chiefly because I was pretty sure my ship would probably go somewhere else — Bizerta or Tunis.

The simple sailor man in time develops a species of simple cunning, to protect himself from being too oppressively exploited. But it is practically impossible to rid a woman of the illusion that she is imposing upon a man. Even Emma thought it well to warn me of my danger. She heard rumors about that woman. Where had she got the money to start her tea-shop, eh? And when all the officers had gone home, where would she get customers? And so on.

These questions did not preoccupy Bionda herself, however. She was sad, but her sadness was the inevitable result of delightful memories. Her life had been full and animated; and it was only natural, since fate had left her stranded on a pleasant island, that she should indulge her desire for retrospect before rousing to do herself full justice in the new environment. The possibility of regaining the wealth that had been lost did not seem to interest her at all. She never spoke of the expedition of Captain Gosnell and his fellow adventurers. It seemed doubtful at times whether she understood anything at all about it. A shrug, and she changed the subject.

And then one day I was stopped by two of the Russian officers as they came

down the hotel stairs, and they told me they had received their orders at last. They were to report at Paris.

'We sail to-morrow for Marseilles,' said one; and his great spur jingled as he stamped his foot to settle it in the high boot. With much difficulty he made known their hope that I would give Madame any assistance in my power when her other friends were gone. I agreed to this with alacrity, since I myself would probably be a thousand miles away in a few weeks' time. And the little boy? Yes, I would look after him, too.

It was the Saturday night before my ship arrived (she came in on Monday, I remember) that I joined Captain Gosnell and his lieutenants at the Café de la Reine. They were exceedingly yet decorously drunk. They were to sail the next morning. They had adjourned to a small ante-room of the café, and through a closed glass door an amused public could obtain glimpses of the orgy. Captain Gosnell's austere features had grown gradually purple; and though he never became incoherent, or even noisy, it was obvious that he had reached another psychic plane. And so there may have been a significance in the grandiose gesture with which he raised a glass of champagne and murmured, —

'To Her, whom we all adore, who awaits — awaits our return. Our mascot. May she bring us luck!'

He sat down and looked in a puzzled way at the empty glass. He gradually drank himself sober, and helped me to get the others into a cab. Mr. Marks, his wig over one eye, snored. Heatly began to sing in the clear night, —

'Wide as the world is her Kingdom of power.'

The cab started. As they turned the corner I heard the high, windy voice still singing, —

'In every heart she hath fashioned her throne;
As Queen of the Earth, she reigneth alone' —

And then silence.

Next morning, after Early Mass, as we walked slowly up the *rampe* and came to a pause on the ramparts of the Lower Barracca, I was curious to discover whether this departure of her champions would make any authentic impression upon her spirits.

'Suppose,' I was saying, 'we had a message from Odessa, that your husband had arrived. And suppose he sent for you? Or that he had reached Paris and wanted you there?'

'Oh, I should go, of course. It would be like life again, after being dead.'

Here was a fine state of affairs! We were all ghosts to her, phantoms inhabiting another shadowy world, cut off from life by an immense, pitiless blue sea. Compared with that distant and possibly defunct concessionaire in the Asiatic Urals, we were all impalpable spectres! Our benevolence had about as much conscious significance for her as the sunlight upon a plant. I did not speak again until the little steamer, with a croak of her whistle, passed out between the guns of the harbor-mouth and began slowly to recede across the mighty blue floors, a great quantity of foul smoke belching from her funnel and drifting across the rocks. And then I mentioned casually what was happening — that those men were bound upon her affairs, seeking treasure at the bottom of the sea, devoted to an extravagant quest.

She made no reply. The steamer receded yet further. It became a black blob on the blue water, a blob from which smoke issued, as if it were a bomb which might explode suddenly with a tremendous detonation, and leave no trace. But Bionda's eyes were not fixed upon the steamer. She was gazing musingly upon the great cannon frowning down from the further fortress. And after a while she sighed.

'Like life, after being dead!' she murmured again.

It was as if she had forgotten us. She was like a departed spirit, discontented with the conveniences and society of paradise, who desires to return, but dreads the journey. And it became an acute question, whether at any time she had achieved any real grasp of her position. Had she ever realized how she had inspired these men to unsuspected sentiments and released the streams of heroic energy imprisoned in their hearts? Did she suspect even for a moment how

she had engaged their interest, monopolized their time, established herself in defiance of all the rules of life in the midst of their alien affection? Did she know or care how they toiled and suffered, and perhaps sinned, for her? Did she ever imagine herself as she was, not resting on the inert earth, but reclining in comfort on the taut and anxious bodies of men?

Or one may put the question this way — Does any woman?

'SOMETIMES WE HARDLY WANTED YOU'

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

SOMETIMES we hardly wanted you,
 Our days together were so rare:
 Hill-tops, brook-hollows, and the blue
 Castles of windless sunny air;
 Camp-fires by certain secret springs,
 Green trails that only we could trace —
 Love made us misers of these things.
 And you, still wandering in space,
 Little and lone and undiscerned —
 We did not know we needed you.

Strange! — For your bright warm self is burned
 Into our hearts, till all that blue
 Of morning, and pearl-mist of night,
 Wind, water, sun, — those secret ways, —
 Mean You; our youth and lovely light,
 Our laughter and our length of days!

THE NAME OF THE LORD

BY MILTON O. NELSON

I

My earliest memories go back to the time when I was the youngest of a family of six in an unbroken row of boys on a southern Wisconsin farm a mile and a half long. Father was a man of long plans and wide vision; and in that vision was a group of six farms occupied by thrifty farmers, all bearing his surname, all members of the Methodist Church, all honoring their father and their mother, each an honor to his church and a blessing to the land which the Lord their God had given them. This vision accounts in part for the size of the farm on which I was born. The family was later increased by the addition of three daughters, and these in their measure increased the size of the vision.

Father was of the Pilgrim Father type as nearly as American conditions permitted in the period covered by his life — 1817 to 1898. At the age of eighteen he had persuaded his father to move from the ancestral farm in the Highlands of the Hudson out into the new West. This migration was only as far as Brockport, New York, a region then considered quite westerly by people of the lower Hudson. But seven years later father gathered together the portion of the family goods that fell to him, and took his journey into the land of his own great dreams, staking out a government claim in the big timber near the little town of Milwaukee. This event was four years before Wisconsin was admitted to the Union.

Two years later, to his cabin and clearing in the big woods he brought as his bride a Rochester schoolmistress twenty-one years of age, the child of Methodist parents. Nine years later, finding themselves in a community uncongenial and irreligious, they, with their accumulated substance and four little sons, migrated again — this time to the farm where I was born. Their settling here was largely determined by the fact that not far away, and just across the Illinois line, was a Methodist society, which had given the name of 'Christian Hollow' to the section about it.

This church being too far away for our convenient attendance, Methodist preaching service was set up in father's cabin. Here, also, the first public school in our neighborhood was opened, with mother as teacher. When the public schoolhouse was built, a year or two later, it was made larger by a few square feet than the community thought necessary, because of father's offer to give \$100 for such an enlargement, on condition that religious meetings be permitted in the building.

Wherever father halted in his pilgrimages, 'there builded he an altar unto the Lord'; and wherever mother spread the table, thither came presently the Methodist circuit-rider. In both of father's Wisconsin homes his house was the first Methodist preaching-place in the community; and on both farms Methodist camp-meetings were held, to

which both father and mother devoted unstinted time and provision.

Of the Methodist society in our neighborhood, father was made class leader, which office in those days carried with it the authority and responsibility of vice-pastor. He also was superintendent of the Sunday School. These being the days before Sunday-School helps, the exercises consisted chiefly of committing to memory Scripture and the Methodist catechism. I have but the faintest memory of father's method of officiating; but his way of drilling the Ten Commandments into the mind of a child could hardly be excelled. It ran like this: —

'Thou shalt not take the name, thou shalt not take the name, of the Lord thy God in vain, of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless, that taketh his name in vain, that taketh his name in vain.'

The commandment given for the day's advance lesson was repeated by the school in concert, and the drill was made cumulative; the school reviewing each Sunday, in this double-barreled fashion, all the commandments previously committed. This solemn drumming, drumming in the ears of the children added not a little, I suppose, to the weight and authority of the Scriptures: But the children of our family were more impressed, I think, by the morning and evening worship in the home. To us small folk on this large farm, the greatest item in the business of farming was family prayers. At least, this was the only portion of the day's programme that might not be omitted, or at least shifted about to suit circumstances.

This service consisted of a chapter from the Bible read by father, two verses of a hymn, led by mother, followed by a prayer by father. Evening worship consisted of a hymn led by mother and a prayer by mother. We all

knelt in prayer. No meal was ever begun without a blessing being asked. So, according to this programme, the whole family came together formally into the presence of the Almighty five times a day. Besides this, there were the individual morning and evening prayers at the bedside.

Morning worship immediately preceded breakfast. The salt pork fried, the gravy made, the potatoes drained, and all set back on the stove to keep warm; the big stack of buckwheat cakes on the hearth covered to prevent their cooling off — these are a well-defined memory of the morning programme. Then father sat down with the big Bible in his lap, and mother with the baby in her lap; the circle of children came to order, and worship wholly occupied the next ten or fifteen minutes. It was never hurried and never perfunctorily done. Though father's prayers were much the same from day to day, they were not seldom varied to cover the spiritual needs of some of us delinquent children, particularly the youngest pair of boys — the 'little boys,' as father designated us.

The chastening rod was an established institution in our home. It was not a vulgar gad, but a sprout of that ancient and honorable rod spoken of in the Scriptures as being so wholesome and necessary to the spiritual upbringing of the children of Israel. It was rarely applied without a preparatory lecture, in which father's eyes would usually fill with tears, or threaten to. But whipping was not so dreaded by us two small offenders as the process of being 'carried to a throne of grace' on the wings of father's petitions. In these pleadings father's voice would often tremble, his throat choke, and pauses in the prayer, painful beyond telling, would occur. It did sometimes seem to me that a big man like father ought not to take advantage like that of a little

fellow, right in the presence of the whole family — quite an audience in our home. Our whippings, however, were always mercifully private; except that brother Willett and myself, commonly committing our sins by two and two, answered for them in pairs. But these devotional floggings did have their designed and desired effect on our daily behavior. One would go pretty steadily for a few days on the strength of such a holy grilling.

The section in which our farm lay was then a region of 'oak openings,' about equally divided between woods, scrub brush, and prairie land—a little too rolling for the best farming, but reasonably fertile. Our section faced toward the south on the beautiful rolling prairies of northern Illinois; and to the east and north undulated away in scrub-covered hills, which we called 'barrens,' down to the heavy hardwood timber that spread eastward from the valley of the Pecatonica River—a muddy, twisting, sluggish stream. Much of this region, being not yet under plough, offered good pasturage in the grazing season to the settlers' small herds of cattle.

After the morning milking, the farmers turned their herds into the fenced highway, gave them a run in the desired direction by the aid of dogs or boys, and left them to find their way to the 'commons,' as we called these unfenced lands. There the cattle kept together fairly well in the lead of the bell cow, as they grazed and roamed throughout the day, sometimes joining with one or more of the neighbor herds. In the evening, children from each household were sent to find and fetch them home.

These children usually fell in with each other and hunted in groups, searching this way or that, as the habitual movement of the herds at the time might determine. We would thus trail

the cattle through groves and brush-land, looking for fresh marks in the cowpaths, stopping to listen for the bells, and determining by their tone which was Crosby's, which La Due's, which Nelson's, which Beedy's, and which Ballinger's. Sometimes the herd would shift their feeding-grounds for the day by the space of a mile or more. Sometimes the cows, well fed, and not being such heavy milkers as to feel an urge toward the milking-yard, would be found in the high brush, standing stock-still, with mute bells. On occasions like these the children would often wander till nightfall, coming home tired and sleepy, to tired, sleepy men-folk, forced to sit up late and add the work of milking to an already overworked day.

Among these little cow-hunters were girls of nine or ten years and boys of four or five. Rarely did children above the age of twelve go after the cows, if there were younger ones to send. A child old enough to wear shoes in summer was considered rather mature to send for the cows.

These herds commonly consisted of not more than a dozen cattle, young and old; and, fortunately for us, each herd separated easily from the flock on the way home, as they passed the cow-yards where they belonged. But should an animal stray, and fail to come up with the herd at night, it was a serious matter. Not seldom it happened that it was never seen again. It was therefore one of our greatest cares to know that the herd we brought home was intact.

Our schoolhouse stood at the junction of two roads, in an acre plot set off from the corner of a cultivated field. Here, a highway running east and west was joined by one running south. A half-mile south on this road father had built, in the spring of 1865, a temporary cow-pen to serve as a milking-yard. Here our cattle were penned at night,

and from here driven, after the morning milking, to the schoolhouse corner and sent running east. The country to the west was more difficult ground for cow-hunting, and so long as pasture was good to the east, we were careful to keep our cows from 'going west.'

II

It was about three o'clock of a July afternoon, I being then aged 'five, going on six,' that, sitting at my desk in the schoolhouse, I saw through the open door, a red-roan steer come trotting down the east road and into the schoolhouse yard. It was our big three-year-old. My hand shot up.

'Teacher,' I said, 'it's our steer. He's strayed. Can me and Orill be excused to drive him home?'

At her prompt assent, we seized our straw hats and tin lunch-pails, and ran out. I rushed to block the west road, while Orill ran to the east. It was comparatively easy to head the animal into the lane going south, for he seemed himself to have chosen to travel that way.

Now, impounding in a roadside pen on the prairie a three-year-old steer of the type prevailing in Wisconsin in the year 1865, gone astray from his herd and nervous with nostalgia, was a problem serious enough for a cowboy much beyond five years of age; though at the time I was not aware of the fact. My plan of campaign was based on the presumption that, reaching the yard, the steer would go directly into it. Then I would rush up behind him and put up the bars, and there he would be caught and safely held till we should bring the rest of the herd from the commons in the evening. In the event that the steer ran past the bars, I would duck under the fence, run through the field on the east of the road, and head him off, while Orill, with lifted club and

voice, would bar his retreat to the north. Seeing himself thus outwitted, and fairly trapped, the steer would lower his horns and tail and enter the yard.

Now, though I must at this time have been a fairly well-seasoned cowboy, with a year or more of cow-punching to my credit, this was the first major operation in cowboy strategy of which I had had immediate command. I knew enough of the functioning of a steer's brain to know that the chances of yarding the brute were at least not all in my favor. By this time the steer was trotting down the south road, and we had much ado to keep up with his swift gait.

Hot, excited, and blown, we reached the cow-pen, the bars of which were invitingly down. But the steer did not see the yard at all. He ran beyond it, then slowed his speed a little. I ducked into the cornfield to the east of the road, and, by hard running, overhauled and headed him back. Back he ran, again past the bars, but Orill's club and cries turned him.

Now thoroughly flustered by his predicament, the steer headed at me on the run, while I, dancing, yelling, and swinging my dinner-pail, halted him again. But instead of charging back upon Orill, he wheeled to the west and, rising, vaulted the old rail-fence, and coming down with a crash, bounded off into a forty-acre field of green and waving wheat.

As he came down on the broken fence, I, bursting with hot and baffled rage, shouted, 'God damn you!'

All I remember further as to that steer is how he looked as he triumphantly headed westward, trailing down the slope through the waving wheat, spoiling valuable grain.

I was dazed, terrified at what I had done. I had said the very wickedest possible swear-word. I had taken the name of God in vain. I had never be-

fore used such words, or even entertained them for use. No one of our family had in their lives done so wicked a thing. And to add woe to wickedness, I had said this in the presence of Orill Huntley, son of godless parents. I remember putting my head down on a rail of the fence and crying, and Orill's coming up to comfort me.

'It ain't bad to say it just once,' he said. 'It's when you say it all the time that's wicked.'

But I refused to be comforted by such sophistry. Father's theology contained no such modifying clause. It could not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance. I believed myself to be the chief of sinners, all unaware that this untaught lad was telling me a great life-truth.

When, finally, I had dried my eyes, I solemnly charged Orill never to tell on me, and he as solemnly promised. Thus temporarily calmed, I went about the day's business with a leaden lump beneath the bosom of my little hickory shirt. I remember no more of the week's occurrences except that I kept my secret well.

But Sunday brought torment. I rode in the farm wagon with the family to the Sunday service, as a condemned criminal rides on his coffin to the gallows. I had pictured to myself the scene that would occur in Sunday School. We would repeat the Third Commandment in concert: 'Thou shalt not take the name, thou shalt not take the name, of the Lord thy God in vain, of the Lord thy God in vain'—and at the close father would turn to me and say, 'Did you ever take the name of the Lord thy God in vain?' and I had fully determined within myself to answer up with what promptness and firmness I could muster, 'No, sir.'

What else could one do? Could one say, to his own confusion, before the assembled congregation, 'Yes, sir, I swore

at the steer when he jumped over the fence'? Such a thing was unthinkable. There was but one way of escape from the dilemma, and that was boldly to lie my way out. Nor would this have been the first time I had found a lie a very present help in trouble.

Before the exercises began, as I was sitting in fear and trembling, down the east road came a wagon with the whole Huntley family in it. They were coming to Sunday School. Orill would be with them, of course, and when father would put his awful question, 'Did you ever take the name of the Lord thy God in vain?' and I answered, 'No, sir,' Orill would rise and in a loud voice would say, 'Yes, you did! You swore at the steer when he jumped over the fence!'

For about the space of one mortal, interminable minute, 'the fear of death encompassed me and the pains of hell gat hold upon me.' I had never before, nor have I since, experienced such refinement of terror as I suffered then. Punishment of that quality after death would be sufficient penalty for any mortal sin in the category.

But the wagon passed. It was not the Huntleys' wagon at all. The Huntleys had never attended our Sunday School. Father did not ask us to repeat any of the commandments that day; nor, of course, was the awful question asked. It did not occur to me then that there was not the remotest possibility that father would ask such a question. I went home relieved and reprieved, but not pardoned. I carried my dark secret safely but heavily for what seem to me to have been long years, during which period I entertained for a time the fear that I had committed the 'unpardonable sin.'

It never occurred to me then that my determination to add bold and willful lying to profanity was the only really wicked act of the whole sad affair. But

had I known it well, I doubt not that I should have been willing to assume the risk of lying in order to escape the punishment that would probably have been meted out to me, had my fault been discovered. What that punishment might have been I had reason later to guess, from the ill luck that befell brother Willet some two years after.

One evening, when Willet, coming from school, was being badgered beyond endurance by some bullying neighbor boy, he turned on his tormentor and told him to 'go to hell.' The report of this dreadful lapse flew on swift wings to our parents' ears. Then the wheels of industry on our farm stopped stock-still. There was a star-chamber session in the West Room — father and mother in prayer with the little culprit, asking God for mercy and pardon for him; and following this, sentence passed on him by father, without mercy or pardon. One of the items of the sentence was that Willet must read nothing for two weeks but the Bible and the Methodist hymn-book. But the peak of the punishment was reserved for the class-meeting on the following Sunday.

At these class-meetings the lay members were waited on in turn by the class leader and asked to 'testify.' Each rose in his seat and gave his religious experience for the week last past, and usually added his hopes and good resolves for the week to come — all spoken in a more or less formal and solemn way, as if a punishment were being endured in the process. The leader advised, commended, rebuked, or encouraged, as the case might require, then passed on to the next victim.

When father came to his little shamed and penitent boy, he prefaced his call for a testimony by the general information to the house that Willet had been

a very wicked boy that week, but he hoped he had asked the Lord to forgive him.

Willet did not respond to the call to testify, but hid his burning face in his arms on the school-desk and kept silence. Willet was nine years old. Mother made no interference. I wonder she did not. But from what I learned later of her tender heart, she must have suffered anguish for her sinful little son during this inquisitorial torture; and knowing her, later, so well, I wonder that some good angel had not sent blaspheming me to her on that ill-starred summer day, to weep my sin out in her gentle arms instead of on a fence-rail.

The terrible conscientiousness of a parent, which could stir up such storm and stress of soul in a child's young life, may seem beyond any justification. But looking back now over a half-century of the world as it is, I am convinced that freedom from the habit of irreverence may be cheaply bought, even at that. Indeed, I came to that conclusion before I was a grown youth.

Ten years or so after my adventure in profanity, I was sent on an early morning errand to the house of a neighboring farmer. A group of rough young men were in the kitchen, waiting for breakfast. It was the very hour when father, in our home, was praying in the midst of his children. One of the men had on his knee a prattling child, evidently struggling with his first coherent speech. There was loud laughter and great merriment among the men. A girl of about fourteen years called to her mother in the next room, —

'Maw, O maw! come hear baby! Oh, ain't he cunnin'?'

The baby was practising the same high explosive I had used when the steer jumped over the fence.

ITS TWO LITTLE HORNS

BY FRANCES THERESA RUSSELL

IF a dilemma would be content to wear only one horn, innocent adventurers into the field of debate and argument would be less dangerously beset by the beast of embarrassing alternatives. Then, for instance, when a college professor catches sight of a fellow traveler, wantonly strayed from the royal road of reason and distressingly impaled on the right horn of a logical dilemma, — labeled 'What Do Students Know?' — he will not feel called upon to precipitate himself, as a gratuitous exercise in agility, on the left horn, inscribed 'What Do Teachers Know?' There is, to be sure, a safe agnostic front between these two perilous projections, called 'What Does Anybody Know?' But that is a place of unprofitable repose and affords no scope for mental gymnastics.

Such opportunity was offered, however, by the gyrations of Professor Boas, for the play of the intellectual muscles of a certain group of spectators, that I am recording this latter reaction for the entertainment of yet other beholders who may be interested.

This morning I carried the *May Atlantic* into my classroom and read to my aspiring essay-writers this accepted article, as a sample of how to do it. Quite on their own initiative, the young neophytes discovered that in many respects it was rather an object-lesson on how not to do it. So promptly was the horn of contention pounced upon, so thick and fast came the responses, from Sophomore and Senior, from lads and lassies, that my position demanded all

the tact of the Speaker of the House. Perhaps the total effect can best be conveyed in the form of a colloquy by the members of the class, with the author of 'What Do Teachers Know?' as the object of the inquiries. The general impression was somewhat as follows: —

Question. 'The writer says, "The ancients were interested in interpreting facts, not in accumulating them." How could they interpret what they had not accumulated and therefore did not have?'

Answer. Silence.

Question. 'If "intelligence is insensitive to mere facts, and reacts only to ideas," where does it get the ideas to react from? What is an idea but a deduction from two or more facts?'

Answer. Silence.

Question. 'If "artichokes and chameleons and Yale and the date of the battle of Lexington have very little place in the production of understanding and intelligence and critical power," what has?'

Answer. 'A benevolent and humanistic skepticism, and a willingness to weigh and balance, to expound and elucidate, are all that is needed.'

Question. 'But what is there to be skeptical about but facts? What is there to put in the balance and weigh? What to expound and elucidate about?'

Answer. Silence.

Question (from a demure maid in the back row). 'Does n't Professor Boas seem to have a good many facts at his command, and use them pretty freely in this very anathema against them?'

Answer. 'They speak for themselves.'

Question. 'Socrates is eulogized for his "sublime ignorance." Was it honest-to-goodness ignorance or a sublime assumption of it?'

Answer. Silence from the Oracle, broken by a modest voice from over by the window. 'Seems to me I read somewhere that the Socratic method was simply the wise man's pretense of an ignorance that longed for enlightenment, and that "on this baited hook were caught the unwary whose pretense was to a wisdom when they had it not."'

Question. 'In what "mysterious way" does information come when it is needed?'

Answer (from a sad Sophomore). 'Sometimes, in my case anyhow, through chagrin and bitterness, by first having my ignorance exposed.'

Question. 'The Ph.D. is rebuked for writing a treatise on something that nobody had ever thought of before. What would be its value if somebody had thought of it before and done it?'

Answer. Silence.

Question. 'In that connection, if nobody ever did an unthought-of thing, what would become of pioneering and progress? Who would be in the van and blaze the trail?'

Answer. Silence.

Question. 'When did the Ph.D. candidate begin being ignorant of everything else in order to write his dissertation?'

Answer (from an irreverent youth next the radiator). 'Since no credit is given him for the eighteen or twenty years of education from the kindergarten through the Master's degree, he must have risen right up from his cradle to "bore, face downward, into his problem, while the world floated by in clouds, and he as unaware as a lamprey of logarithmic functions." He could have had no more information or culture to start in with than a Hottentot.'

Question. 'Even if a field can be "melancholy," by permission of the pathetic fallacy and in spite of Ruskin, how can it be "evasive"?'

Answer (from the end-man). 'By disregarding mere facts.'

Question. 'All these English courses that are listed as a waste of time and money — does any one student have to swallow them all? And if anyone did have a honing to know about, say, the Bible, or Johnson and his circle, or Celtic poetry, or the American Novel, why should it be forbidden him? Are they not all honorable subjects? If one consumes his beef and bread, can't he add a salad, an entrée, or a dessert?'

Answer (from the teacher). 'If he has a good digestion and a sharp appetite, he may go right through the whole menu, with impunity and profit, from cocktail to cheese and coffee. Nay, for the elect there are still cakes and ale, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth.'

Question. 'If to one who has been in the army "the university seems as a kingdom of shadows where ghosts teach living men," do the professors who were in the army seem like ghosts, and the students who never left home, like living men?'

Answer. Silence.

Question (from a Sophomore). 'If the cynical Seniors have found out there is "nothing in it," why don't they pass the word down and stave off some of this stampede toward halls of learning? Most failures don't keep on being more and more popular, as the colleges seem to be doing.'

Answer (from a strangely cheerful Senior). 'Pure maliciousness. They like to see more silly flies walk into the same spider's web.'

Question (from the teacher). 'The grand climax of the wholesale indictment before us is one on which you should be able to testify. So far as your own experience goes, is it true that "the

Freshmen are keen, eager, and hungry," and "the Seniors disillusioned, cynical, and fed up?"

Answer. (Concourse of expressive grins from the class; remark from an incorrigibly joyous Junior.) 'When I was a Freshman and herded with the big first-year classes, my hunger was mainly for my dinner or a fight, and I was as keen and eager as the rest of the bunch to jump at the sound of the closing bell. *We* never allowed any professor to run over the hour.'

The courteous innuendo of his conclusion reminded me that our own gong had sounded forty seconds before, and I speedily turned the rascals out, commending them to the next dose of frothy and venomous facts with which they were being fed up *ad nauseam*. And as I prepared to measure out another sickening spoonful for my own helpless victims, I thought of Strunsky's fallacy-puncturing observation in

his 'The Everlasting Feminine,' that any statement whatever made about Woman is true. So is any generalization about students and professors. Some Freshmen are indeed wonderfully keen and eager; others are an incredible miracle of sodden stupidity and indifference. Some Seniors are flaccid and unstrung; others are just being keyed up to concert pitch. Some teachers are — anything you like; others are everything you do not like. Accordingly, when it comes to students *versus* teachers, or facts *versus* ideas, or information *versus* intelligence, or summer *versus* winter, or food *versus* fresh air, the dialectician may well take a cue from the canny Ruggles girl, confronted with a choice between hard *versus* soft sauce, and take 'a little of both, please.'

For in the logical realm there remaineth classification, interpretation, and discrimination, of parent facts and progeny ideas; and the greatest of these is discrimination.

WILLIAM JAMES AND HIS LETTERS

BY L. P. JACKS

I

For William James the 'facts' of chief importance in the universe were *persons*. He began his thinking from that end. Among those who have earned the name of philosopher there is none whose philosophy is a more sincere and complete expression of his own personality. The kites that he flew were all anchored in himself. His philosophy is, in fact, himself writ large. This in a

sense is true of all philosophers, though they are not always aware of it; but James knew it and accepted it as one of his guides to the meaning of Truth. His 'will to believe' is fundamentally nothing else than the *right* to be yourself, and to express yourself in your own way, without entangling your freedom in alliances with those big classifications or abstractions which reduce man-

kind to the dead levels of thought, action, and character. Or, to put it from the other side, the Universe that he interprets is just the same kind of high-spirited, restless, inconsistent, adventurous, unaccountable being that each man who has attained to self-knowledge finds within his own breast. Against the idea of the Universe as a Big Institution, 'governed' by a system of inviolable law, — the idea which has become so dear to those who are bewitched by the catchwords of modern science, — James reacted with the strongest aversion; and the reason for the reaction lay in his temperamental inability to live in such a world himself, or to conceive that any free spirit would be at home under its cast-iron conditions. Writing to Theodore Flournoy in 1895, the year before the publication of *The Will to Believe*, he says, 'I do hope [your daughters] are being educated in a thoroughly emancipated way, just like true American girls, with no laws except those imposed by their own sense of fitness.' There are those, perhaps, to whom a statement such as this will appear as heralding a general disrespect for the Ten Commandments. The best answer to their fears is the picture of James revealed in these letters. It is the picture of a very perfect gentleman, of a finely tempered ethical nature, of a large and tender heart, and of personal loyalty raised to the highest power.

Perhaps the greatest service rendered by James to the spiritual life of his age is that he makes philosophy interesting to everybody. Whatever the merits of his doctrine may be, — and that is a question into which the present writer does not propose to enter, — there is not a doubt that philosophy in his hands is always something that 'makes a difference,' a vitally important exercise, which no man who would live a full life can afford to neglect. Its problems are not mere themes for discussion, but

critical points in the battle of life. His work, in consequence, has given an immense impetus to philosophic study all over the world. What the number of his actual disciples may be cannot of course be said, though it is probably very large; but that he has raised philosophic study to a higher level of importance, increased the number of those who pursue it, and conferred a new zest upon the pursuit, is beyond question. There are few professors of the subject who do not owe him a heavy debt for redeeming it from the dullness and futility into which it was otherwise falling.

And the secret of his influence is unmistakable. Long before these letters appeared, readers of his works were conscious of being in contact with a mind whose insight was the direct outcome of the breadth and depth of its human sympathy. That impression is now confirmed. Thanks to the admirable selection that has been made of the letters, and to the unobtrusive skill with which they have been woven together, the reader has now a clear apprehension of the man whose personality he had dimly felt or imagined in his published works. The effect is almost as if James's philosophy had been visibly acted on the stage. We see how inseparably connected the man and the doctrine were. The only doubt that remains is as to which is the text and which the commentary.

It is not as 'a disinterested spectator of the universe' that James addresses himself to the great problems that concern us all. On the contrary, the force of his appeal springs precisely from the profound and living interest that he took in the universe, and especially in that part of it which consists of his fellow men. He appears before us, not as a 'spectator' at all, but as an actor in the drama of life; and we see that his philosophy is merely his 'action' con-

tinued and rounded off on a higher plane. Disinterestedness is here replaced by the interest which not only discovers truth but embodies it in personality, thereby endowing it with a power and vitality which impartial cold-bloodedness is doomed forever to miss. This is as it should be. All doctrines that have moved the world have originated in the same way.

II

Philosophers who believe they can explain the universe should first read these letters, and then ask themselves if they can explain that particular item of the universe which went, while he lived among us, and which still lives on, under the name of William James. Of course, all of us who have been trained in philosophy, or even have dabbled in it, think we can explain why 'individuals' must exist, or (to use a phrase of the schools) why 'the One must differentiate itself into a Many.' But if anybody asks us *how* many a self-respecting One should differentiate itself into, we are sadly at a loss. For some reason that is very obscure to us, the 'One' that is revealed in human life has differentiated itself into about two thousand million individual souls. But why so many, no more and no less? Would not the One have got through this business of differentiating itself into individual men and women just as successfully, if the number of them had been half as large, or even if there had been no more than ten or a dozen of us all told? Nor would our difficulties be at an end, even if we got the two thousand millions satisfactorily accounted for. For we should then have to explain why William James happened to be one of them. Anybody else might have taken his place without making any difference to the total, or to the theory. But a great difference would have been made

to the world. The truth is that, until we have explained why individuals are who they are, and not somebody else, we have explained nothing. All that we can say of each is, in the last resort, 'by the grace of God he is what he is.' And we say it with peculiar emphasis and fervor when William James is the name before us.

The philosophy of William James took its rise in the question raised by the last paragraph. He was himself, if one may say so, flagrantly unique, and his uniqueness was manifest in nothing so much as in the power he possessed of discerning the disguised or hidden uniqueness of other people, and, indeed, of every single thing, great and small, which the universe contains. He was intensely alive to the queerness of things, and to those inalienable qualities in men and women which make each one of them an astonishment and a portent. Once, speaking to him of the men who were going into a certain profession, I said, 'They all appear to be *lopsided* men.' His answer was: 'My dear fellow, did you ever meet a man who was not lopsided?' This uniqueness of the man, displaying itself most of all in his recognition of uniqueness in everybody else, is what makes these letters of James an admirable introduction to his philosophy. His problem, so to speak, is incarnate in his own person, and it is suggested by his attitude to his correspondents.

Deeply interesting it is to observe the wide variations in the tone, the style, the matter of the letters, according to the correspondent whom James is addressing. Among collections of letters recently published several could be named off-hand which serve only to reveal the uniformity of the writer's own personality. But these letters reveal also the personalities of those to whom they are addressed. They introduce us effectively, not only to William

James, but to his circle of friends. After a little practice you can put your hand over the name at the head of the letter and, reading a few sentences, make a shrewd guess as to the man, or woman, he is addressing. And, of course, in revealing his correspondent, James reveals himself far more clearly than if he wrote from the egocentric position. Unconsciously he acted in his correspondence on the principle, which is the rule of all fine and chivalrous spirits, of 'so helping others to affirm their personalities as to affirm one's own at the same time.'

In this way the letters become an introduction, not only to James's Pragmatism, but to his ethics and to his religion: for in spite of his own hesitations on the point, or perhaps in consequence of them, there can be no doubt, save to those whose minds are obsessed by narrow definitions, that he was a profoundly religious man. To recognize the uniqueness of one's neighbor, and to concede him his rights as a unique individual, is at the same time to proclaim the doctrine of Free Will by putting it into action as the law of our human relationships — the one form in which freedom can never be overthrown.

In this connection, it is not without significance that one of the closest friendships revealed by these letters is that which subsisted between James and the most formidable of his philosophical opponents — Josiah Royce. One has only to look at the photograph in which they are presented together, to realize that these two high-souled antagonists welcomed each other's presence in the universe. In the view of James, the form of philosophy was essentially dramatic — no monologue of a solitary sage, but a partnership of reciprocally interacting minds, each bringing its own contribution in response to some definite need of the hu-

man spirit, and deriving enrichment of meaning from its contact with the others. Behind them all he saw the 'will to believe,' or the will to disbelieve, as the case might be; and, though his perception of this often irritated opponents in their attitude toward him, its effect upon his attitude toward them was to raise his toleration to the point of positive sympathy.

'It's a will-to-believe on both sides,' he wrote to Charles H. Strong in 1907. 'I am perfectly willing that others should disbelieve: why should not you be tolerantly interested in the spectacle of my belief? . . . Meanwhile, I take delight, or *shall* take delight, in any efforts you may make to negate all superhuman consciousness, for only by these attempts can a satisfactory *modus vivendi* be established.' Here, no doubt, the severe logician will detect an inconsistency. Why should the thinker who desires his own work to prevail extend a warm welcome to another thinker who says the flat opposite? Only a sportsman can answer the question, though his answer, when given, will be quite unintelligible to the mere logician. The sportsman desires to win, but if he is a true sportsman, he will be glad rather than sorry when the crew that steps into the competing boat is as highly trained as his own. This, too, is inconsistent. By no device of logical ingenuity can you reconcile your desire to win with your preference for an opponent who has a fair chance of beating you. It is a paradox which James discovered in philosophy, and which he thoroughly enjoyed. He was a great master in things appertaining to the sportsmanship of the Spirit.

'He looks more like a sportsman than a professor,' said one of his pupils. To which we may add that he looked what he was, and that it would be good for philosophy if more of its professors looked like him.

III

Both from the tone and from the substance of these letters it is abundantly evident that for James the critical things of life were the personal relations. More than once he says so, *totidem verbis*. 'Ideality is only to be found in the personal relations.' 'The best things in life are its friendships.' One can imagine him subscribing without much hesitation to the saying of William Blake: 'The general good is the plea of the scoundrel, the hypocrite and the flatterer. He who would do good, let him do it in minute particulars.' From this saying the distance is not great to the following sentences from a letter to Mrs. Henry Whitman: 'Let us all be as we are, save when we want to reform ourselves. The only unpardonable crime is that of wanting to reform *one another*.' His rejection of the conceptual mode of arriving at truth is here reflected in his distrust of regimentation as a means of arriving at good conduct. For a striking passage, which reveals his inner mind on this subject, take the following from another letter to the last-named correspondent: —

'As for me, my bed is made: I am against bigness and greatness in all their forms, and with the invisible molecular forces that work from individual to individual, stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monuments of man's pride if you give them time. The bigger the unit you deal with, the hollower, the more brutal, the more mendacious, is the life displayed. So I am against all the big organizations as such, national ones first and foremost; against all big successes and big results; and in favor of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way — under-dogs always,

till history comes, after they are long dead, and puts them on the top.'

Had James lived ten years longer and witnessed the war, and the hideous confusion sequent upon it to which the blundering blindness of the 'big organizations' has brought the world, he would not have found it necessary to add, as he does, that his words on this subject would probably be 'quite unintelligible to anybody but myself.' The truth they tell is precisely what the war and its after-effects have made intelligible to everybody. We see, on the one hand, the big organizations, 'especially the national ones,' everywhere confronted by problems with which they are wholly incapable of coping; attempting to govern the action of forces which are intrinsically beyond human control both in their vastness and in their infinite complexity; while, on the other hand, the *pretense* of coping with them surrounds the whole operation with an atmosphere of make-believe and mendacity, which not only discredits government as such, but demoralizes the character of the politician and of the citizen who follows him. In the attempt to keep up this fiction, on which the very life of the big organizations depends, the politics of the world, both national and international, become, for the most part, a mere struggle for power among those who are ambitious to sit in the seats of the mighty; and to this struggle the real interests of mankind, which government is supposed to serve, are sacrificed wholesale.

Against the regimental mode of thought which, beginning in the realms of speculative philosophy, ends by staging this fatal force on the boards of history, William James was, by both temperament and conviction, a rebel. For ages past our civilization has been obsessed by the notion that man is a being whose first and outstanding need is the need *to be governed*. But we have

only to read over the first essay in *The Will to Believe* to satisfy ourselves that this is precisely the conception of man which James challenges from the outset. The first need of man is the need to be *taught* and not the need to be governed. *Au fond* man is an ungovernable being, who, in the last resort, submits to no law 'save that which is imposed by his own sense of fitness.' There is no such thing as 'keeping him in his place,' for the simple reason that his life consists in the process of moving out of his place and finding a new one, in obedience to a creative impulse which it were a sin to deny and a crime to restrain.

That this is the position to which the doctrine of 'the will to believe' ultimately leads up is, I think, abundantly clear from the passage I have just quoted from the *Letters*. At this point James's 'Humanism' and his 'Americanism' are two names for the same thing. Unlike his brother Henry, his heart was always with the American rather than the European type of civilization, and the root of his preference, so far as it was the result of reflection, lay in the fact that America gives to 'the molecular forces' a wider freedom to play their part.

'My dear Mack,' he writes to his brother-in-law, 'we "intellectuals" in America must all work to keep our precious birthright of individualism, and of freedom from these institutions. Every great institution is perforce a means of corruption — whatever good it may also do.'

And again, to Miss Frances R. Morse, 'God bless the American climate, with its transparent, passionate, impulsive variety and headlong fling. . . . God bless America in general. . . . Talk of corruption! We don't know what the word corruption means at home, with our improvised and shifting agencies of crude pecuniary bribery, compared with

the solidly entrenched and permanently organized corruptive geniuses of monarchy, nobility, church, army, that penetrate the very bosom of the higher kinds as well as the lower kinds of people in all the European States (except Switzerland) and sophisticate their motives away from the impulse to straightforward handling of any simple case.'

These words were written more than twenty years ago. How far America may still deserve the blessings which James here invokes upon her is not for the present writer to say. But that the war and the sequel to the war have left the 'great institutions' of Europe more exposed than ever to capture by sinister forces hardly admits of a doubt. Even the League of Nations, designed by its first authors for the express purpose of countering these forces, seems, at the present moment, to be in no little danger of yielding to them. What, indeed, would James have said about this well-meant effort to cure 'the big organizations' of their inherent vices by creating a yet bigger one, which shall include them all? There is nothing in these letters to indicate that he would have blessed it. That he was a lover of peace is, of course, evident enough; and if further proof is needed, it can be found in his *Moral Equivalent for War*. But in this matter, as in so many others, we should have found him, I imagine, with the molecular forces and against the big organizations.

IV

To the present writer William James appears as the forerunner of a time when Education will have become the primary concern of mankind and Government secondary, when 'light' will be esteemed more highly than 'power' — an order which reverses their relative positions at the present moment. From his whole view of the universe, and of

man as a creative element within it, it follows that the problem of developing the unused energies of the human mind is of far greater importance than that of controlling by regulative systems the energies that are now in operation. Indeed, we may say that the second problem, on which all our political activities are now centred, will be solved only in so far as we approach to a solution of the first. By giving to men the largest scope and opportunity to develop as free creative individuals, we establish the only conditions under which personal, social, and national morality can flourish. Right relations between man and man, between nation and nation, are impossible on any other terms.

The whole group of doctrines which centre round 'the will to believe' need, therefore, to be restudied in the light of the history of the last ten years. In the conception of a 'block universe,' against which James never ceased to lift up his voice, will be found the parent and prototype of all the stereotyped systems, whether of social order or of religious thought, which successive seekers after power have sought in vain to impose upon a rebellious world, thereby diverting the forces that are needed for the education of mankind into a struggle for the mastery, which moves forever in a vicious circle and whose principal fruit is misery and disaster.

By his own confession, James left his work incomplete; he felt that he had built 'only one side of the arch.' The completion will come when a mind arises sufficiently powerful to correlate the pragmatic principle with the great movements of human history now in progress. There is little danger that his teachings will be forgotten; the march of events will continue to bring them to mind; and though the form in which he left them may be altered, the spirit that inspired them will live on and play an

ever-increasing part in moulding the civilization of the future. William James is probably the best contribution America has so far made toward establishing the final community of mankind. But it will not be a community after the type of any of the 'big organizations' now in existence.

I may be reminded that what we are here concerned with is not the teaching, but the man. For answer, I would repeat that the two are essentially one. In revealing that unity, Mr. Henry James has shown us his father as he essentially was, has paid a tribute to his memory than which none could be more fitting, and at the same time has made a contribution of great importance to the literature of his native land. The picture that he has presented reinforces at all points the essential values of the life and work of William James, and leaves upon those who knew him the impression of a living portrait.

In the well-known sermon of Phillips Brooks, named 'The Candle of the Lord,' there are a few sentences that seem to me to sum up the man as he is here presented to us, and perhaps I may be forgiven for quoting them at length.

'There is in a community a man of large character, whose influence runs everywhere. You cannot talk with any man in all the city but you get, shown in that man's own way, the thought, the feeling of that central man who teaches all the community to think, to feel. The very boys catch something of his power, and have something about them that would not be there if he were not living in the town. What better description can you give of all that than to say that that man's life was fire, and that all those men's lives were candles that he lighted, which gave to the rich, warm, live, fertile nature that was in him multiplied points of exhibition, so that he lighted the town through them?'

IN THE SHADOW OF FANEUHI

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

TOWARD evening the wind died away to a little breeze from the southeast; barely enough to fill the sails of the schooner and ruffle gently the calm surface of the sea. Banks of cloud, gold-rimmed and flushing in the sunset, were piled above the horizon, and beneath them loomed a purplish blur of land — the skyline of Huahine, first of the Leeward Islands.

I was stretched on the after-deck, listening to the faint lap and gurgle of water under the counter. The sound of subdued laughter came from the fore-castle, breaking a murmur of voices speaking softly in the native tongue. The ship's bell sounded twice, seemed to hesitate, and rang twice again. A sailor in dungarees and a ragged straw hat came aft to replace the helmsman, who yawned as he stepped aside from the wheel, stretching huge bare arms in a gesture of relief. I noticed for the first time that he was of a type rarely seen in the islands to-day: a hand's-breadth taller than what we count a tall man; superbly proportioned on a giant scale, and light-skinned as a Sicilian or Catalan.

The white man beside me looked up with a scowl. He was a lean and bilious gentleman, with eyebrows that twitched unpleasantly when he spoke, and the air of perpetual discontent that goes with a dyspeptic mouth. I used to wonder why the directors had selected him for his task — the collection of Polynesian material for the cases of an American museum.

'Have a look at that boy,' he re-

marked; 'I've collected in a good many parts of the world, but I never had to deal with such people as these Kanakas. They're liars and thieves, every one of them, and that overgrown rascal Teriario is the worst of the lot. He took me in for a while — I was quite warmed up over his yarns of a burial-cave at Opoa.

'I was sent here to get together a lot of weapons and bowls and ornaments — genuine old stuff. Nowadays it is all stowed away in the burial-caves; there must be hundreds of them scattered through the islands, but if you think it is easy to find one, try it some day! I don't want to carry away bones — the French government won't allow that; all I want is the ethnological stuff and measurements of a series of old skulls. Living specimens don't prove much, because the modern native is saturated with white blood. Even among the natives the secrets of the burial-caves are closely guarded; I discovered that after I'd wasted three months without getting on the track of one. By that time everyone on the beach knew what I was after, and that I was offering a thousand francs to the man who would show me what I wanted to see. Then one morning Teriario knocked at my door, shaky and bleary-eyed at the end of a seven-day spree. He speaks a little English.

'His proposition was simple: for a thousand francs down and another thousand when the job was finished to my satisfaction, he would show me the burial-cave at Opoa — the biggest of

them all, he claimed. We were to run down to Raiatea by different boats, and while I waited at Uturoa, he would go ahead to see that the coast was clear, bring out and hide all the stuff he could carry, and return to take me around the island by night in his canoe. I had to swear not to give him away.

'Jackson gave me a line on the boy. I said I was considering him for a guide to help me explore the interior of Raiatea. Yes — he knew the island well; people lived near Opoa; chiefs since heathen times. Well, I took a chance. I waited at Uturoa and finally Teriiaro came to tell me that he had failed; years before, he had known the cave, but now he could n't find it — perhaps a landslide had blocked it up. I was put out; he had taken my money and made a fool of me; but I raised such a row about my thousand francs that, when we got back to Tahiti, he persuaded old Jackson — Ah, here's Jackson now.'

A thin old man in pajamas was coming aft. His eyes of faded blue regarded the world with a glance at once kindly and cynical; a short curved pipe — so permanently affixed that it seemed as much a part of him as his nose — protruded through the curtain of a white moustache. The manager of the Atoll Trading Company was known to remove his pipe, now and then, in order to knock out the ashes and fill it; and presumably it did not remain in his mouth when he slept; but at other times it was to be seen in place, trailing a blue wisp of smoke, and lending to his utterances — pronounced between teeth forever held apart by a quarter-inch of hard rubber — an individual quality. Old Jackson is a person of considerable education, and probably the most successful trader in eastern Polynesia; and he knows more of the native life than is considered good for a white man. As he sat down carefully

beside me, settling his back against the rail, the collector rose to go below. The trader smiled behind his moustache.

'Still croaking about his thousand francs, eh?' he said, when the other was gone. 'Teriiaro paid that long ago — I lent him the money myself. I fancy he's been telling you what a lot of thieves and liars the natives are — a conclusion based on a single experience. No doubt he's right — the native does n't differ very much from the rest of us. But Teriiaro, though he does drink a bit, is not a bad boy; I've known his grandfather for twenty years, and you won't come across a finer old chap. The men of the family were hereditary high priests at Opoa for centuries, and the missionaries still suspect the old man of dabbling in heathenism. The boy was probably lying when he told this collector person he could n't find the cave; he admitted as much to me when he asked me to lend him the money to make good his advance. I'll give you his side of the story as he told it to me that day; you can believe what you like — the native yarn, at any rate, is the more entertaining of the two.

'From the time of his birth, Teriiaro lived at the mouth of the valley of Opoa, — at the foot of Faneuhi, the sacred mountain, — in the house of his grandfather, Matatua. There is not a drop of white blood in the family, which is of the highest aristocracy, as natives go; you've seen the boy — a much bigger man, and lighter-colored, than the run of them. Before the missionaries came, Opoa, on the island of Raiatea, was the holiest place in the Eastern Pacific: Oro, the war-god, was born there, and human sacrifices were brought from distant islands to be slain before the platform of rock in the grove of ironwood trees. When a high chief died, his body, embalmed by rubbing with cocoanut oil and the juices of

herbs, was laid on the *marae* for the ceremonies which would admit his spirit to *Rohutu Noanoa* — the Sweet-Scented Heaven. After that, the corpse was borne, secretly and by night, far into the recesses of the valley, to a cave known only to the few who were its guardians. Nowadays the forest has grown thick about the neglected *marae*, and the natives fear the place as the haunt of evil spirits, saying that the hunter of a wild pig or gatherer of firewood who sets foot on that ground will be afflicted with a palsy, or break out with loathsome sores like those of a leper.

‘Matatua, the grandfather of Teriario, is a wizard of great repute among the people. They believe that he can foretell the future, invoke the spirits of the dead, and lay spells which cause those who incur his displeasure to sicken and die. He alone on the island can subdue the fury of the fire in the *Umuti*, and by the power of his incantations pass unharmed — with those to whom he gives leave — over the white-hot stones. The missionary at Uturoa, to whom Matatua is a thorn in the flesh, came once to view this fire-walking; but he could make nothing of it and said that it was devil’s work — that Matatua was an unholy man, to be avoided like the devil himself. Nevertheless, the people still come from great distances to consult Matatua — though secretly, for fear the missionary might hear of it.

‘During the boyhood of Teriario, there were times of year when strange visitors came to the old man’s house — gray-haired men of stately carriage and slow speech. No one could say whence they came, and the boy — dozing on his mat — could hear them until far into the night, speaking with his grandfather in an old language he could not understand. Sometimes, when the talking was finished, they passed quietly

out into the darkness; sometimes the boy fell asleep, and awoke at daybreak to find them gone and Matatua sleeping heavily in his corner. Once, when the moon was in its last quarter and he could see dimly, he rose as they went out and followed secretly until he saw them disappear in the forest where the skulls lie by the *marae*; but fear overcame him then, and he turned back. On those nights, fishermen on the barrier reef saw awesome things: glowing masses of flame, like pale comets, rushing down the mountainside; fitful glares on the tree-tops, as of fires suddenly fed and as suddenly extinguished; and sometimes, if the night breeze blew strongly from the land, they heard the faint deep throb of drums.

‘As Teriario grew older, his grandfather began to tell him stories of the old days: of forays against distant islands; of heroes, chiefs, and magic *omore* — short club-like spears, fashioned by wizards and hardened in fires kindled at the ever-burning oven of Miru. The names of these *omore*, together with legends of the warriors who bore them, have lived from generation to generation in the islands — handed down in traditions like those of Excalibur, or the magic sword of Roland.

‘Once the old man took the boy with him, far up into the valley, to gather herbs. At a place where three great *miro* trees grew apart from the rest of the forest, Matatua led the way to the base of a cliff. Directing his grandson to bind dry cocoanut fronds for a torch, he moved aside a thin slab of stone, disclosing a passage into the bowels of the mountain. Presently they stood in a lofty cavern, its ceiling lost in shadows that advanced and retreated in the flickering torchlight. From niches about the rocky walls looked out the skulls of men long dead; on the dry sandy floor, in ordered rows, lay

the gigantic figures of chiefs, bound with wrappings of delicately plaited cinnet; and beside each dead warrior was his polished omore of ironwood. And Matatua led the way from one to another, telling the names of men and of the clubs they had borne, and reciting their deeds in the poetic words of other days.

'In this way, Teriiaro came to know of the Sacred Cave of Opoa. On account of a woman, he left the house of his grandfather and came to Tahiti. Tetua was her name — she lived in the district of Opoa and her pretty face caught the fancy of Teriiaro. Her family was of the lowest class of society — the *Manahune*, whom some believe to be the descendants of an aboriginal race, smaller and darker-skinned than the Polynesian immigrants. Matatua sternly forbade the match — the gulf between the families was too great. But Teriiaro was no longer a child, and one night he and the girl stole away to Uturoa by canoe, and took passage on a schooner to Papeete.

'I heard their story when he came to my office asking for work. As it chanced, I needed an extra hand to unload copra, and for a time he and Tetua got on happily enough. Then the boy began to run wild, wandering about at night with drunken companions and sleeping wherever the rum overcame him. The girl used to stop me on the streets, her eyes swollen with tears, and ask if I could n't do something to keep her husband straight.

'I got tired of it, finally, and put him aboard a schooner trading through the Paumotu. Hard work and clean living soon made a man of him; but when he returned to Papeete, the story was always the same. It was at the end of one of these spree that he heard of the collector and made up his mind to rifle the Opoa burial-cave.

'Had such a proposal been made to him when he first arrived in Tahiti, he would have dismissed the idea with horror. But he had been a long time in Papeete and had heard white men, whose wisdom he had no reason to doubt, ridicule the old beliefs — calling them heathen nonsense, fit only to deceive the ignorant. The offer of money in advance was an irresistible temptation; he spent the thousand francs on drink and dresses for Tetua, before his departure for the Leeward Group.

'The collector stopped in Uturoa, as they had agreed, while Teriiaro went on to the house of his grandfather. The old man received him gravely, saying that he had done well to come home, for reports of his bad habits in Tahiti had reached Raiatea. If he suspected the object of Teriiaro's visit, he gave no sign, and the boy began to fancy, with a faint new-born contempt, — even here, in the shadow of Faneuhi, the sacred mountain, — that, after all, white men were right. But he pretended interest when Matatua spoke of a desire to initiate him in the wisdom of the ancients, and suggested that he leave home no more.

'On the third morning the old man launched his canoe, telling his grandson that he was obliged to make a trip to Tevaitoa, on the far side of the island, where he owned land. There was copra to be weighed and sold — he might be gone a week. Teriiaro stood on the beach until the canoe had rounded a distant wooded point. His chance had come.

'It was still early when he started on his journey inland. The grass was still damp with dew; the air was cool, and fragrant with the scent of *pua* blossoms. He was thinking of the things he would buy with the second thousand francs: a new guitar, bright with pearl inlay, which would mark him as a man

of substance among his friends; the long-coveted watch with a luminous dial; a pair of shoes for Tetua, the kind with high heels, such as the half-caste girls in Papeete wear. His feet were as nimble as his thoughts; he glanced up, and the three great miro trees, stately and sombre as in the days of his boyhood, stood before him. The rest of the story I can tell you only as he told it to me.

‘When he had bound torches of dried cocoanut frond, he walked toward the base of the cliff, where years before his grandfather had shown him the entrance of the cavern. As he drew near the place, he saw a thing that made him pause. There, on a great rock, — glaring at him and seeming to oppose his passage, — was a lizard far larger than any known in the islands to-day. “Ah,” thought the boy, in half-terrified bravado, “does my grandfather leave the king of all the lizards to guard his dry bones when he is away?” But when he cast a stone at the lizard, it vanished, and in its place stood an old man with hair as white as coral long bleached in the sun. His eyes were terrible to see; they held the eyes of Teriario with a strange power, causing his courage to melt away, and the strength to flow from his limbs. Then the life went out of him, and he knew no more until he became aware of a beating in his brain — a sound which changed to the throbbing of a great drum.

‘When his eyes opened he saw what chilled his blood. There was the marae with its row of skulls, lighted from either side by torches which seemed trees aflame. On the platform of rock lay a shapeless thing, like an unhewn log, wound about with fine cinnet and decked with tufts of red feathers. At the foot of the marae was gathered a company of tall old men, dressed in the fashion of the ancient days, and in their

midst one knelt by the Ofai Tuturu — the Praying-Stone — intoning a solemn chant. It seemed to Teriario that the priest was offering up something that lay before him. At times he paused in his chanting, and held up both hands toward the image on the marae. Then the drums thundered and the flame of the burning trees seemed to leap up with redoubled brightness. Moving his head a little, the boy saw that the offering was the dead body of a man; and at that moment the priest plucked out an eye and held it above his head, while the drums throbbed louder and deeper than before, and the huge torches, which seemed never to be consumed, sent flames leaping to the tops of the ironwood trees.

‘As full consciousness returned to him, Teriario realized with a sudden pang of terror that his hands and feet were bound, and that two silent men, with axes of dolerite in their hands, stood over him. Was he destined to lie where the body of that other man lay now — an offering to the feathered and shapeless god? He nearly swooned at the thought; and when he felt himself seized and lifted by many hands, his senses left him for the second time.

‘A blinding light awakened him — the morning sun, shining through a familiar doorway, was full on his face. Filled with wonder and relief, he glanced about. There in the old corner, sleeping peacefully on a mat, lay Mata-tua, his grandfather. Teriario began to hope that he had only dreamed a strangely vivid and terrifying dream; but presently he noticed on his arm a loop of cinnet, tied in a curious manner; and as he puzzled over this, a disquieting memory came back to him — a saying of his grandfather that in heathen days a victim destined for sacrifice was thus distinguished.

‘Stealthily and in haste he launched his canoe and paddled away from the

place to which he would never dare return. In Uturoa he heard a story that did not lessen his terror: a fisherman of Tevaitoa had gone alone in his canoe to the reef, and no man had seen him since. There had been lights on the reef that night, — other fishermen, doubtless, from farther up the coast, — but no trace of this man or his canoe remained. So Teriiaro was not sorry when the schooner for Tahiti came; he neither slept nor ceased to glance behind him until he landed on the Paapeete beach.'

Old Jackson peered at me as he finished his improbable tale. The moon was up, and in its clear light I could

see the wrinkles about his eyes and the gleam of white eyebrows and moustache. His pipe had burned out; I watched him fumble for a moment before he took it from his mouth with an air of sudden resolution. Without a word, he filled it from an enormous rubber pouch and replaced it hastily between his teeth. When the tobacco was burning, he spoke again.

'You know what a row this collector made,' he said; 'the boy was so badly scared that I advanced the money myself to avoid a fuss. Teriiaro is a first-rate hand on a schooner, but he's not keen on making this Raiatea trip — watch him to-morrow, and you'll see that he won't set foot ashore.'

CARMILLA'S TEACHER

BY LEONORA PEASE

I

'Is teacher gone by de school?' asked Carmilla anxiously of the big boy sweeping the steps that led up from the cement walk, where Carmilla stood, to the level of the sunny oblongs of windows in the old-fashioned house of the three Miss Shannons.

The big boy stopped sweeping.

'Is de green teacher gone?' pursued Carmilla, referring to Miss Shannon of the green gown.

'Dunno,' he answered, looking down on Carmilla reflectively. 'The brown teacher's went.'

'Is de blue one?'

'Yep, she's went, too.'

Across the square, from the windows

opposite, Marian had just flung impatiently behind her, 'Hurry up, mamma, and comb my hair — there's the blue Miss Shannon going.'

At a quarter to eight, five mornings out of the week, the brown Miss Shannon walked west up the square to the Avenue, where the car ran north; at eight o'clock, the blue Miss Shannon walked west up the square to the Avenue and the car going south; and at eight-fifteen, the green Miss Shannon walked east past the end of the square to the schoolhouse.

Carmilla herself lived east, over the other side of the school and the car-tracks, on which the cars went clanging

and banging and whizzing under the school's east windows, and from which most of the teachers alighted mornings. From this squatty and grimy locality Carmilla escaped, across the strip of asphalt drive, to the cement walk and the steps down which the green Miss Shannon was awaited, to the brilliant plot of grass and new-blown elms of the square, to the red and yellow tulips set out in their bed to welcome the spring. If some whimsical gardener had set Carmilla, in slim green dress and round red-and-yellow hat, down among them, she would have made a flaunting little human tulip. Instead, in her little faded cotton slip, with mop of dark hair over forehead and neck, black eyes big and sad, Carmilla was an appealing small waif of a child as she waited there by the flower-bed for her teacher.

Theresa Steffanelli, now breathlessly accosting the big boy, 'Is teacher gone by de school?' was in better harmony with the color-scheme. Her bright-blue sweater over a scarlet skirt, plump pink cheeks under an outstanding crop of dark hair tied with a flaring bow of red ribbon, made a brilliant splotch against the gray of the walk. The splotch became a streak as Dominic appeared panting behind Theresa, in his green sweater banded with red; and Jassamine, following, contributed the yellow of her long, overhanging sweater. A little farther along the walk, Angelo, in startling new green pants (fastened with some uncertainty by safety-pins to his shirt), bore down upon the common goal, and Mary formed a drab tail in her washed-out print gown. As she perched herself on the green Miss Shannon's lowest step, Mary explained demurely, 'I dot a sweat-uh, but I not dot it on now.' Marian, flying from across the square, in white apron, her bright fluffy curls contrasting with Jassamine's black tresses slicked back from the parting to the two buttons of coiled pigtails,

came in time for the flutter and swirl in the bevy of children, which announced the green Miss Shannon descending the steps.

At the moment, in her green dress, fair hair coiled high on her head, and smiling face, the green Miss Shannon might have been mistaken for spring. The old-fashioned houses of the old-fashioned square were so near the school that she had no more need of a hat this morning than had the Italian women of the neighborhood, or Theresa, Carmilla, and Jassamine. Like a breeze of spring, she blew the bambinos before her with a 'Now see who can get to the corner first.'

Another bit of brightness came up with the green Miss Shannon from the rear and caught step — 'de teacher by Room 15,' whose house was around the corner of the square. Snappy black eyes and satiny black hair in buns over her ears, thin beau-catcher curl glued in the middle of her forehead, well-powdered nose, modish one-piece blue taffeta gown above her trim, pointed French-heeled boots, the young Miss O'Callahan seemed to be protesting, 'Teachers are not going to be frumps any longer.' Miss O'Callahan was on her second-year salary, but she lived at home, and managed by charge accounts to keep her clothes paid for, and to squeeze out five dollars for her Grade Teachers' Association — more than some did. She was an intelligent young woman, and twice as good a teacher as she looked.

Walking over from the car on the Avenue, and nearing them from behind, were Miss Fletcher, tall and fair, grammar grade, Miss Marie DeMar, stout and dark, primary, both inconspicuously and economically dressed, and Miss Jarvis, domestic science, well attired. Miss Jarvis was a 'special,' and on higher salary. Teachers of domestic science had originally put in more time

at Normal School, but now went through in the same time as the elementary teachers, and their superior rank had begun to grind on the elementaries. The elementaries had subsisted on meagre pay until the war, when their unexpected exodus from the classroom brought an alarmed and speedy but cautious increase in their salaries, with more generous raises for the higher-paid groups. It seemed an established idea that they should be the lowest paid in the service.

'But if the manual-training men get more pay, why should n't the domestic-science women?' an apologist might begin.

'Yes, of course, and the singing, and all the other specials — What I want to know is, what is the matter with the grade teachers? Who works harder than we do?' an elementary would muster spunk to ask; a query that could not get itself answered, and the thing went on grinding.

'My kid sister,' Miss O'Callahan was saying, on their walk through the morning sunshine to the schoolhouse, 'says she'll never be a teacher — not on your life. My father wants her to go to Normal, but she says she's going to business college.'

'Just what my niece declares,' joined in Miss Fletcher. 'She thinks it's enough to look at me.'

'I wish I could do anything else,' the green Miss Shannon threw in wistfully, 'but teach school.'

The remark would not have been noticed from another speaker; but the green Miss Shannon, — she of the smiling eyes and cheering word, never ailing or complaining or indignant or critical, — from the reformer's point of view the most dangerous of optimists!

'You too?' the stout, dark teacher said. She was herself not unaware of the irony of things, but temperamentally humorous and profoundly patient.

'Say, if anything should separate you two from the service,' Miss O'Callahan protested, 'what's to become of me, and Miss Polonski, and the rest of us sweet young things? We think we know the game when we come out of Normal, but we can't stand long before our classes without running to you to ask what's the next move.'

'So I've observed,' Miss Fletcher rejoined, as they went in at the teachers' entrance, and on to the office key-board to take down their keys.

Speeding down the hall with her bright troop, the green Miss Shannon espied the diminutive Salvadore Delmonico, contrary to rules, waiting at the door of Room 16. His small body was agitated by an emotion beyond his present expression in English, as he poured out, 'Teacher — de big boy come — teacher, de big boy he go by de desk — de big boy he swipe all de marbles on you — he runs away — runs down dat way —'

The marbles! That treasured collection, held in trust. For every marble that went thump, thump, thump on the floor in school-time, custody in that safe repository, the right-hand drawer of teacher's desk; but at the end of the term, restoration. Now many pairs of big dark eyes of rightful owners will watch the progress of recapture. And the nine cents, ah, the nine cents of Theresa, entrusted to teacher's care yesterday and forgotten — what of that? And the soul of the big boy — should it not be rescued from such a pitfall?

'Down dat way,' into the boys' basement, in pursuit, hurries teacher; gets wind of one Pasquale Pappa, hales him into Room 16 ere the nine o'clock gong strikes. What of the marbles, Pasquale Pappa? What of the nine cents?

Pasquale looks accusingly upon Salvadore.

'Yes, I was bring de waste-basket

last night by de sweepers. I see him,' pointing at Salvatore, 'swipe de marble out de teacher's desk, an' he give me one an' I drop it back. I tell him if he do dat, de teacher'll holler on him.'

'I wants my mudder,' screams Salvatore, 'my mudder, my mudder, my mudder!'

The game is up. But the marbles, who has the marbles? 'Rafael has de marble.' — 'No, teacher, Salvatore give de marble.' — 'Who else has the marbles?'

Here they stand in a row — Michael, Tony, Joseph, Rafael, Dominic, Jaspar. — 'Teacher, Salvatore give de marble.' — 'Where are they now?' — Lost, gamed, given, swiped — scattered. And the money, the nine cents?

'No, teacher, I did n't rob de moneys on youze. It's a sin to rob de moneys on de teacher.' His father Salvatore can deceive, his mother he can hoax, 'de teacher' he cannot. 'Where is the money?' It is at home hidden in 'my mudder's' sweater pocket. 'Go home and get it.' Emanuel, the largest boy in the grade, conducts him.

II

Two new dark little boys come in and present paper slips to teacher. Already she has fifty-three bambinos for the forty-eight seats. A fiction prevails in school-circles (obtained from averages) of forty-eight pupils to a room, and a pleasantry of forty-two to a room. But there are the elastic small chairs.

'What is your name?' John Scully? That's an Irish name,' laughs the green Miss Shannon.

'Yes, yes,' says John; for only 'yes, yes' can he say.

'But you're not Irish,' the nice teacher jokes.

'Yes, yes.'

'You're Italian.'

'Yes, yes.'

'How do you spell it? Ah, "Sculle,"' reads the green Miss Shannon. 'Paul Brosseau. You're a little French boy, are n't you?'

'No, ma'am — Catholeek.'

Max brings a note: —

'DEAR TEACHER,

All of your children are hitting my Maxie on the way home. I want that stopped. I'll tell the principal. And they make noses on him. I want that stopped. Another thing, they always take his things, and I want that stopped.

Your loving

MRS. ROSENBERG.'

The Italian parents cannot write notes, not so much as excuses for tardiness. The laggards are many. They must be punished; they must learn the sorry fate of the sluggard; they shall not sing with the others; they shall sit in a row on low chairs back of the teacher till the singing is over. 'They sing at me,' the culprits complain, and weep. They sing at them, 'A birdie with a yellow bill,' and point and shake their forefingers. 'Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy head?' They sing at them, 'Tick-tock, tick-tock, clocks are saying,' and at 'Then comes school and — don't — be — late,' 'Dey shakes deir fingers on me,' Anthony says, and weeps more.'

Will he be sitting on this little mourning bench to-morrow? No, he will come early, and stand up by his seat and sing and point and shake his finger at the woeful mites who will be sitting as now he is sitting. The joy of singing shall be his, and the fun of being a make-believe car of the six make-believe trains in the room, seven cars long, and the first child is an engine. Arms touching shoulders in front, imitative feet shuffling, left hand for a whistle, right hand rings the bell, off goes the train: —

'Chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu,
I am a chu-chu train;

Blow the whistle, ring the bell,
 Now we'll start again.
 Chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu,
 See how fast I go.
 When I come to bridges,
 Then I'm — very — s-l-o-w.'

Now they are standing very straight, as the green Miss Shannon is standing, right-hand fingers outspread, three fingers stiff, two curved, left forefinger ready to be the captain:—

'Five little soldiers standing in a row.
 Three stood up straight and two — just so.
 Along came the captain, and, what do you think?
 Up they all jumped as quick as a wink.'

They hit the *t*'s and the *n* and the *k* at the end of the words, as the green Miss Shannon shows them. If some do not, they sing it again. It is just as in the phonics lesson, which comes after the singing. The phonics lesson consists of making sounds, after the manner of beasts, birds, and insects which have preceded them up the scale of being, even as the green Miss Shannon makes sounds: sounds of the English tongue, associated with symbols of the English language. A disguised drill, vivified by the green Miss Shannon, carried along with enthusiasm — but interrupted.

Emanuel and Salvadore reappear. The morals lesson is allowed to fit the occasion. Nobody has yet instructed teacher to put the morals lesson at a certain time on the programme. Salvadore brings to teacher a bright new dime. No tears, no nine cents; only a bright new dime. Teacher looks upon the dime, upon Salvadore, upon Emanuel. Emanuel is Jewish, and does not know the Italian words Salvadore talked to his father. Is it that teacher has another time demanded the dime for the yarn used in the weaving of the doll rug, for the paste, for the crayons, what not? Salvadore shall have the dime for his teacher. Ah, that was teacher's slip. Now Peter shall take

back the new dime and make inquiries of the father, and Salvadore shall sit in Room 16 until Peter returns, and shall read his lesson.

Salvadore does not wish to read his lesson. He loves to sing, he loves to draw, he does not love to read. He has lost his book. Phena too has forgotten her book. Dominic has torn his. Jasparr has chewed the corners off his. Concetti's is very dirty. Carmilla's is a maze of loose pages, which she carefully keeps in order and reads like a public speaker turning the pages of his manuscript. Teacher has found another book for Salvadore to read from, and Phena may sit with Marian, whose book, carefully covered with brown cambric, is clean and untorn. Teacher looks with bright eyes on Marian, and speaks glad words of her book. But the rest may not 'make nice their books like teacher says.' They get them 'off my big brudder,' or 'by de principal,' and never were they as Marian's.

'Yiz can buy dem off de candy woman,' volunteers Theresa.

'Yiz! What should you say?' reminds teacher.

With a little toss of her head, 'Youze,' Theresa corrects herself. So continuously does teacher struggle to break the mould of environment.

Rosie finds the picture-lesson page for Salvadore — the picture of many bugs. 'Who sees a new word? Salvadore?' — 'Teacher, I know — bug.' Last year teacher must *not* tell the new word; the new word was sacred to phonics. This year the principal says teacher *must* tell the new word. No, the word is not 'bug.' It is what bees say. 'What are bees?' — 'They are fairies,' says Phena, looking at the picture. They have wings. 'Who has been to the country?' Tony. Everybody points to Tony. 'Tony wuz by de country.' But neither does Tony know bees from fairies.

So teacher tells and Marian reads. Carmilla listens and reads just as Marian has read. 'Now read the last sentence, Carmilla.' Carmilla must read from the top, swiftly, with a little hum, till she comes to it. 'Do you like to make honey?' she reads glibly, and looks up to find that teacher's eyes have the little jokes in them. Like Salvatore, Carmilla cannot fool teacher. Now Salvatore will read: —

"Bugs, bugs, little bees. Do you like to fly sunshines? You are busy little bees to make moneys for me. Do you like to make moneys?" Money means something to Salvatore, honey does not.

Down falls Jimmie's marble, thump, thump, thump, rolling on the floor to teacher. Teacher says, 'Um! Another lovely marble I have for my collection.' Carmilla sees that teacher looks with bright eyes upon the marble. It must be that teacher likes the beautiful marble. Carmilla has no beautiful marble to give to teacher, but she has the glass pendant she found in the alley, which Jaspar offered to trade for two marbles. The glass pendant is a fine thing to have, to make rainbows by — still, she would like to give teacher the beautiful marbles.

Now comes Peter back with the nine cents for Theresa. The father 'says like this' to teacher for Salvatore — 'Teacher shall close him up in a dark room.' The suggested punishment not being in accord with modern methods, teacher is wondering what she shall do with Salvatore and with Salvatore's class. Teacher has asked for kindergarten material for Room 16, to keep busy half the tiny restless folk, while the other tiny restless folk read; but no kindergarten material has come for teacher; for different things has teacher asked in vain. Five rooms use the scissors, and it is not now the turn of Room 16. Salvatore's class go to the board

and make 'two hills,' which is an *n*, and 'three hills,' which is an *m*, while the first-reader class read about the 'Shearing of the Sheep.'

'Oh, I know a sheep, teacher,' exclaims Joseph. 'We got one by our house.'

'Are you sure you have a sheep, Joseph?'

'No, teacher, he got no sheep. He got a dog. I seed it, teacher.'

Jassamine's reading of the 'Ba, ba, Black Sheep' is a sort of free translation into understandable language: —

'One for de fahder,
One for de mudder,
And one for de little boy dat's lame.'

Teacher can use the rest of the twenty minutes' reading period implanting in the minds of the A Class an idea of a 'master,' a 'dame,' and a 'lane.' But after starting this same class in the first lesson of the book, beginning, —

Ply the spade and ply the hoe,
Plant the seed and it will grow, —

teacher's enthusiasm must be invincible. One child had indeed indicated a dim, associated notion of a hoe. 'It's what you sprinkles water wid, teacher.' Teacher did not write the book, or adopt it as the standard reader for the schools; teacher's business is to teach it.

As the C Class do not use the book, their reading lesson, of teacher's devising, is more flexible. 'Stand,' teacher says, and shows the word printed on a card. At the first lesson no one moves, and teacher lifts a child to his feet. Then a few have learned and show the other children by actions. 'Sit,' 'Run,' 'Jump.' So they work at the English vocabulary until recess.

The substitute in Room 14, — Beginning First, — an experienced higher-grade teacher, is trying to get her flock into ranks in the hall. The green Miss Shannon goes to her assistance.

'They can't understand you,' the

substitute teacher explains, in comic dismay. 'You have to lift them out of their seats and carry them into the coat-room. Then someone's hat is lost. "Boo-hoo-hoo. I wants my mudder." Where is his hat? Oh, where? "Why here's his hat," some little smart thing says. Put it on. Then — Well, I'm not coming back here to-morrow.'

The stout, dark teacher, farther up the hall, has come to say a friendly word to the substitute.

'You should hear our superintendent speak out in meeting,' she rejoins, and imitates him pompously. "'All children are alike susceptible. If our children are not as proficient as in other districts, it is the fault of the teacher.'"

'I would n't want better entertainment,' the substitute comments, 'than to watch some of these superintendents teach school a while. I should start them in your district.'

They laugh, and being merry, the stout, dark teacher goes on to tell them what her loyal Phena has just now imparted to her. 'I hearn a kid say youze fat,' tells Phena. 'Youze is n't fat.'

Their laughter is cut short by the recess bell, and the substitute signals her despair to the green Miss Shannon, on hall duty, as the lines of wriggling, bobbing, evasive bambinos advance upon Room 14. Irrepressible are the bambinos. Twice must teacher speak to Theresa for whispering while teacher is telling the story of 'The Three Bears.' Carmilla tells the story after teacher, while Theresa whispers.

'Do you want me to pin this on you?' teacher reminds Theresa, and shows the big red-paper tongue. Theresa for a little while then does not whisper to Carmilla and Jassamine and Angelo and Peter. But soon again, —

'Come here, Theresa,' says teacher. With reluctant steps Theresa complies. There she stands in the corner, with the red tongue pinned on. Yes, before now

has the red tongue been wet with tears.

They dramatize the Three Bears. Marian is Golden Locks, Peter is the big 'fah-der' bear, Becky is the middle-sized 'mudder' bear, Dominic is the 'littlest' baby bear. They draw the Three Bears. There is writing, spelling, dismissal of the B and C classes, calisthenics, games, sight-reading from the dilapidated sets of books furnished by the Board, — books, pages, parts missing, — doubling up in seats, skipping pupils who draw blanks. — Noon.

Teacher sees the lines out, locks the door, and races for the penny-lunch room. The teachers volunteer to help serve the swarms of children, as at this hour the employees paid by the Board are swamped. Carmilla comes for the bowl of soup, the glass of milk, the sandwich — The pennies to pay for them? That is the green Miss Shannon's secret. When Carmilla first came to Room 16, she was thinner than now, and whiter. The green Miss Shannon watched, wondered; then one morning Carmilla fainted. Teacher sent quickly for the school doctor. Carmilla was under-nourished, the school doctor said. Teacher brought a bowl of soup from the penny-lunch room. Yes, soup was all the medicine Carmilla needed. The school nurse went to where Carmilla lived — the father dead, the mother all day away at the laundry; in the evening the nurse went and showed Carmilla's mother how better to prepare the scanty fare. But for the green Miss Shannon and the penny lunch and the flower-bed in the square, little Carmilla —

It was a breathless, spinning noon hour for the green Miss Shannon, stopped short by the gong, watching the lines of children flowing up the stairs and halls and into Room 16 again, closing the door. 'What have you there in your desk, Tony?' — 'Nudding.' — 'Yes, teacher, he have. He swipe some-

thing off de peddler.' What should a head of cabbage be doing in Tony Appa's desk? 'Where did you get that, Tony?' — 'I buyed it for two cent off de peddler.' — 'No, teacher, he never did. We seed him swipe it off de peddler.' Witnesses go with Tony to restore the cabbage to the peddler, while the room is at work constructing the cardboard house and furniture of the Three Bears.

A bambino comes from the substitute teacher in Room 14, and teacher goes with him, only for a little while. A man, a strange man, opens the door and looks on them with sharp eyes, and goes away. Rosie stands up.

'Teacher,' Rosie bursts out as the green Miss Shannon returns, 'a man comes by us and he looks on us.'

'How did he look?'

'My God, I don't know. You better stay in here.'

Teacher 'looks on Rosie,' but Carmilla does not know what teacher is thinking. She is thinking of the strange things Rosie says, and is remembering about Rosie and the Christmas party. The day of the Christmas party Rosie came to school much too early, and when she saw the green Miss Shannon approaching, ran to her and asked when it would be time for the Christmas party to begin.

'Not yet. After a while.'

Then at recess Rosie asked again.

'Not yet. After a while.'

And at noon, and between times, when would it be time for the Christmas party to begin?

'Not yet. After a while.'

More and more incredulous and suspicious of teacher's assurances Rosie was growing. Time dragged to afternoon recess, lessons going on as usual. It was proper to rebuke and caution teacher as Rosie herself had been rebuked and cautioned; yet with restraint.

'I'm afraid you lie some, teacher; it's an awful sin.'

But how should Rosie reinstate herself after the party, which came off after all, in the kindergarten room, with a trimmed tree, and candy and red apples from teacher, and games and singing.

'O teacher, youze so lovely to us by your party,' said Rosie; 'just like a mudder.'

'Yes, just like a mudder,' agreed Joseph.

'Yes, teacher,' Dominic hesitated; 'but so many childrens and no fah-der?'

III

Again Carmilla does not know. Why is teacher smiling? But she likes to look on teacher when she smiles, and when the little jokes are in her eyes, and upon her green dress. Carmilla is a sort of small moon to teacher's sun. Carmilla goes on with the construction lesson, cutting and pasting the table on which are to stand the three bowls of broth of the Three Bears.

But this is not all of school, what they have been doing to-day. No — no. Sometimes the superintendent comes. Then they all sit up very straight, just as the green Miss Shannon stands. They do not whisper, not even Theresa. She will certainly have the red tongue pinned upon her if she whispers before the big, prim, sad man who is the superintendent. Sometimes the smart young man in the office — he must be smart because he is the principal — comes in swiftly and goes out swiftly. Sometimes the man who does not wear his coat comes in and looks at the fixture on the wall (which is a thermostat) and goes out again. Sometimes the lady in the pretty dress and beads, — a black one on each side and a green one in the middle, like an eye, three of them on a chain, — comes in briskly and smiles at teacher, and sits in the chair, and the bambinos

all stand and sing for teacher, blow out lights with their breath, and step up and down the scale and choose songs; and the bead lady tells them how nicely they sing, and talks a minute to teacher, and goes out briskly.

Sometimes, after teacher takes out all the drawings they have done, strings many along the blackboards, and puts many in a pile on her desk, the lady with the gray hair comes in slowly and looks at the drawings, and Carmilla, who is a monitor, and Marian, who is a monitor, and Antonio and Peter pass papers and crayons, and the children draw for teacher, and the lady with the gray hair tells teacher that the drawings are good, and goes out slowly.

Sometimes the young lady in the gym suit looks in, for whom they go to the gym; and the young lady in the gym suit sits and plays at the piano, and for teacher they march and skip and swing on the big swings and rings, as they have practised with teacher for the gym lady; and then with teacher and the gym lady they play the games.

Yes, all of these come sometimes and go sometimes. But teacher always stays. But what Carmilla does not know is that these folk, every one, and the teacher above in the domestic-science kitchen, and the teacher below in the manual-training shop, and the teachers three blocks off in the Mann Technical High School, are all much more important and dignified figures than her teacher, with much more important and dignified salaries.

It is true that, in the meetings of teachers, where Carmilla does not go, there is talk — admirable talk — of teacher's service and devotion and self-sacrifice and indispensability; and the big, prim, sad man who is the superin-

tendent says that the only part anyone else has in the system is to help teacher. But the stout dark primary teacher and the tall fair grammar teacher and the green Miss Shannon, who no longer care for words, and the young Miss O'Callahan and Miss Polonski, who never will care for words, reflect that they who would help should ask, not always tell, the doers what to do, and they question why teacher's must always be the lowest place. Carmilla does not know that the green Miss Shannon, and the blessed ones like her, are growing rarer and rarer. She is conscious in her small soul, as are the simple foreign folk about her, that the one who knows her, and who is her light and hope, is her teacher — Carmilla's teacher.

On the way home with teacher, across the strip of asphalt drive, along the cement walk toward the tulip-bed, Carmilla opens her little grimy fist, disclosing the two bright glass marbles traded by Jaspar for the pendant that makes rainbows. Wiggly coils of colors inside the crystal spheres, tiny rainbows imprisoned, the marbles wink up at Carmilla. Almost does the little fist close again on their shimmer.

'Here, teacher. Here's two marbles for you.'

'O Carmilla — for me! Thank you, dear. Um, two such nice marbles.' The little jokes are in teacher's eyes. 'But you know Miss Shannon cannot have any marbles except those that go thump, thump, thump —' Now the little jokes are in Carmilla's eyes, too. 'You keep them, Carmilla. Mind you hold tight.' She bends down and closes the little fist over the gleaming bits. There is a sweet and tender light in the eyes of Carmilla's teacher.

DOMESTIC SUPERSTITIONS

BY RALPH BARTON PERRY

I

SUPERSTITIONS are perpetuated mainly in the church and the home, because whatever is said out loud in either place is intended to edify those who hear it. Parents and other adult members of the family belong to the priestly caste. It is their business to preach the doctrine and to be ostentatiously on their good behavior. Like their colleagues of the church, they feel the strain and find it necessary to enjoy stolen hours of unfrocked relaxation, which they spend with others of the profession who are pledged not to betray them. There are so many whom circumstance has placed in this position, but who feel unequal to its duties, that there is a widespread tendency to centralize the work of edification in the boarding-school, where it can be done by paid experts. As yet, however, this relief is too expensive to be generally enjoyed, and it still falls to the common lot of the adult to work, to pay taxes, and to officiate in the home.

Edification breeds superstition simply because fictions having sentimental value have to be preferred to facts. In the home this begins with the myths of Santa Claus and fairyland, and ends with the myth of the Perfect Gentleman and the Perfect Lady. In the home, as in the church, there are ecclesiastical as well as doctrinal superstitions — that is, superstitions having the function of protecting the prestige of the authorities. In the case of the home these superstitions have to do particu-

larly with the pure benevolence, exemplary rectitude, and perfect manners of the parents. This idealized, fictitious parent may vary to any degree from the real parent. His activities off the stage, the friends with whom he associates there, and even his past history, are constructed and recast to fit the rôle of paragon which he assumes in the domestic drama.

Despite the weakness of his position otherwise, the adult member of the home enjoys this great advantage, that he fixes its superstitions in the form which they finally assume. He utilizes the experiences, deeds, and shrewd comments of the children, but puts his own interpretation on them. It is the adult who tells the story — sometimes, from motives of pride or retaliation, to other adults of rival domestic establishments; sometimes, for purposes of edification, to one of the children. In either case the moral that adorns the tale becomes its dominant feature, and it is the adult saga-maker who points the moral. He enjoys this advantage at his peril, however. For he is the most defenseless victim of his own eloquence. His rivals do not believe him because they possess prior domestic superstitions of their own. The children are protected by their inattention, levity, and worldly wisdom. But he himself hears himself so often, and takes himself so seriously, that he is like to become the only thoroughly orthodox adherent of his own teaching. It is in the hope of

opening the eyes of the domestic adult, and enabling him to resist this insidious process of auto-suggestion, that these words are written.

There is, for example, a widespread belief that the mother, or wife, or resident aunt, or other domestic adult female, is the lover and champion of the home. Man is supposed to be a natural vagrant, only with great difficulty prevented from spending his idle time wandering from club to club, or from hole to hole on the golf-links. Woman, on the other hand, is supposed to be by nature the nostic or homing animal. Domestic dynamics, in short, are commonly explained as a resultant of the centrifugal force of the male and the centripetal force of the female. This is doubtless the more edifying view of the matter, because it idealizes what circumstance has decreed to be necessary. Since livelihood falls to the lot of the male and homekeeping to the lot of the female, it is prettier to suppose that the deepest passion of the one is the love of outdoors, and of the other the love of indoors; just as it would be prettier to suppose that a man compelled to earn his living as a night-watchman was by nature a nocturnal animal.

The facts, however, do not agree with this edifying view of the matter. The greatest day in the history of a privileged woman is the day of her Coming Out. From that day forth she wages a more or less ineffectual struggle to stay out. On the other hand, the greatest hour in a man's day is the hour when he sets his face toward home. Every day, through hours of work, he is sustained by the same bright vision, which he derives from romantic fiction, or from his own creative imagination. He sees himself joyfully greeted by a household, no member of which has anything else to do, or any other wish, save to make him comfortable. They have all indulged themselves to their hearts'

content earlier in the day, and now it is his turn to be indulged. It is understood that he, and *he alone*, is tired. Any attentions or amiability on his part are gratefully appreciated, but they are not demanded, or even expected, of him. After dinner, there is a certain comfortable chair waiting for him in an accustomed spot near a reading-lamp. The contour of the upholstery is his perfect complement. He fits himself to the chair, reaches for the evening paper, and then experiences the purest rapture of domestic bliss. It consists in a sense of being 'let alone,' of snugness, relaxation, and a hovering protection. But, like all ecstasies, it is essentially indescribable.

This is man's sustaining vision. It is only a vision, but, like all visions, it shows where the heart lies.

Now, why is it only a vision? Because it leaves out approximately seventy-five per cent of the facts. All the other members of the household are tired, also, and are as conscious of having acquired merit and earned indulgence as is the male wage-earner. Each, like the adult male, forms his own conception of the end of a perfect day by the simple method of opposition. The children, having spent most of the day in a restrained posture on a school-bench, incline to riot. The woman, having spent the day indoors, desires to go out; and having seen no one during the day except the postman, the milkman, and the iceman, desires to associate more extensively with her kind. She, too, has been sustained during the day by a vision — children tucked in bed, her husband fired with social zeal, best clothes, a taxicab, a meal *prepared by somebody else*, and then a dance or the theatre, friends, gayety, and late to bed! Hence, while for the man the symbol of home is the armchair, for the woman it is the dressing-table. When the inward-bound man and the outward-bound woman

meet on the threshold at the end of the day, then indeed is the ligature of matrimony strained!

What might or will be the case under a different social organization it is impossible to predict. The present domestic motivation is doubtless a more or less artificial pressure-effect of circumstance. Men work all day in order to be able to go home; women, in order to be able to leave home. Men are standing outside, looking in; women, inside, looking out. In both cases the force of inclination is equal and opposite to the force of circumstance. Thus the day of the man and the day of the woman and the day of the children culminate discordantly; and at the only hour when the family is united in the flesh it is divided in spirit. Somebody must spend the 'free' evening virtuously and patiently doing something that *he* does not want, or else everybody must spend it in a joint debate that nobody wants. Possibly, in some future time, men and women will both work at home and go out to play; or will both go out to work and spend the evening in adjoining armchairs. Even then one does not see one's way clear about the children.

As it stands, then, man is the lover and champion of the home. To him it is a haven, a place of refuge, and an opportunity of leisure. Woman is the custodian and curator of the home. It is her place of business. 'Woman's place is in the home' is not a description of female human nature, but a theory regarding the division of labor, or a precept, coined and circulated by men who want homes and need women to create them.

This corrected view of the home-sentiments throws a new light on certain habits of life which might be supposed at first to contradict it. There is, for example, man's well-known addiction to clubs. It is popularly supposed that he resorts to these places in order to get

away from home. Quite the contrary. He goes to his club because his club is the nearest approximation to his ideal of home that is available. It is more homelike than home. A man's club does not exist for the promotion of social life, but for the purpose of avoiding it. It is essentially a place where the upholstery is deep, where one can read newspapers and eat, and where one is safe from intrusion. In other words, a man goes out to his club only from fear of having to go farther out.

Or, consider the popular view that women are more religious than men. The real point seems to be that women are more inclined than men to *go to church*; which is a very different thing. Sunday is related to the week as the evening to the day. For a man, therefore, it is a day at home; and for a woman, a day out. A man's idea of Sunday is to surround his house with barbed-wire, lock and barricade the doors and windows, disconnect the telephone, put on his slippers and an old suit, and then devote the day to reading the paper and 'puttering.' A woman's idea of Sunday is to have everything cleaned and polished up, including the children; everybody in best clothes; and then have half of her friends in in the afternoon, and visit the other half in the evening. Now it is not difficult to see which programme and mood most easily accommodates itself to public worship. If you are all dressed up and socially inclined, what can be more natural and agreeable than going to church? And if you are down cellar, in old clothes, building bookshelves out of a packing-box, what can be more impossible?

According to the orthodox superstition, woman, as inwardly bent on religion and the home, is the natural conservative. She is regarded as the instinctive exponent of established things — of convention, authority, and the

moral code. As a matter of fact, being more or less rigidly subjected to these things, her heart is set against them. Only men are really shocked; women pretend to be, because men would be still more shocked if they did n't. Men, who have had the making of laws, have a real respect for them; women publicly observe them, but secretly regard them as little better than a nuisance. It is the same opposite play of inclination and circumstance that has been observed in the narrower sphere of the home. Men, being placed by circumstance in positions of hazard and exposure, long for security; women, being accustomed to security, long for freedom and adventure.

II

But to return to our domestic superstitions. The most distinctive and highly developed domestic art is scolding. The orthodox belief is that scolding is a sort of judicial censure administered from motives of the purest benevolence. If there is a tone of anger in it, that is supposed to be righteous indignation, or the voice of offended justice, the scolder being for the moment the mouth-piece of the categorical imperative. Scolding is conceived to be a duty peculiar to the home because of the relation of guardianship in which one member of the family stands to another. Thus one is one's child's keeper, or one's wife's, or one's husband's, but not one's neighbor's.

Now, what are the facts? Among animals, where motives are more unashamed, scolding is a mode of threat or attack. It is a manifestation of enmity. There is no reason for supposing it otherwise in the case of the domestic life of man. Statistics would undoubtedly reveal an almost perfect correlation between the frequency and intensity of scolding and the parent's threshold of

irritability — the latter depending on conditions of age, digestion, fatigue, temperamental irascibility, and personal idiosyncrasy.

Why should scolding be peculiar to the home? Not because the home is dedicated to benevolent admonition, but because the family circle provides perpetual, inescapable, intimate, and unseasonable human contacts. Individuals of the same species are brought together in every permutation and combination of conflicting interests and incompatible moods. There is no other grouping of human beings which provides so many stimuli for the combative instinct. When this instinct is aroused among the children, it is called quarrelsomeness, and is greatly deprecated by adults. When it is aroused in the adult himself, it assumes the more or less sublimated form of scolding. It flourishes in the home because it is both aroused and protected there. Scolding provides a reputable method of venting spleen when other outlets are stopped by law and convention. In the home, scolding can be indulged in with impunity so long as it does not arouse the neighbors. Its victims are defenseless; and the corporate pride of the family seals the mouths of its members, so that a decent reputation may be preserved before the world. It is this conspiracy of silence and regard for appearances that has created the fiction of the happy fireside choir, where all voices carol in perpetual unison.

There would be no merit in this exposure, did it not serve to bring to light the real disciplinary value of home life, which consists, not in the eloquence and light of admonition, but rather in the aggravation of social experience. An individual who learns how to live cheerfully, or even how to live at all, in a home, finds little difficulty in living with his fellows anywhere else. The scolding of children teaches them not so

much the error of their ways, as a practised skill in getting on with irritable adults, many of whom they will meet in real life later on. Perhaps the most superb manifestation of domestic life is the magnanimity of children — their swift forgetfulness of injury and their indulgence even of those human weaknesses of which they are themselves the victims. Both children and adults, con-sorting with one another in every combination of age and sex, in every condition of health, at every hour of the day, and in a great variety of moods and temperaments, exhaust the whole repertory of human relations and *learn how to live together*. The best name for this is patience. It is the lack of this which distinguishes the bachelor, the maid, the orphan, and in some degree the only child.

In the family, as elsewhere, example is said to be better than precept. The idea is that the child, carefully noting the heroic or saintly qualities of the father, mother, or resident aunt, — those qualities particularly celebrated in domestic song and story, — models his action closely thereon, and so of his own accord grows in wisdom and in favor at the same time that he grows in stature. But the observed results are so unlike this as to justify suspicion that here, too, we have to do with a superstition. And such is, indeed, unhappily the case. While it is doubtless true that the exemplar is better than the preceptor, in the family, at least, there is no ground for believing that example *works* any better than precept. What the child gives particular attention to in the domestic adult is the genial weakness, the human errancy, the comic relief, the discomfiture of dignity. He carefully notes that his father smokes and swears, and puts his feet on the table; and that his mother or resident aunt eats candy, uses slang, and puts her elbows on the table. He thereupon does these things

himself, not because he is imitating a model, but because, having an inclination to do them anyway, he takes advantage of the fact that his monitor is for the moment disarmed.

It is not that the child is indifferent to example, but that he finds his examples elsewhere. The domestic adult is not in his line at all. He would as soon think of imitating him as the domestic adult himself would think of imitating the Emperor of Japan or the Grand Llama of Thibet. He has his own pantheon and hierarchy of heroes in the real world outside. These are sometimes adults, more often the elders of his own tribe. In any case they are free from that odor of sanctity and strained posture of edification which disqualify the domestic adult. It should be added that this discontinuity, though it may prevent emulation, does not hinder, but rather promotes, a certain shrewd, critical observation; so that a child may find himself presently cultivating the complementary opposite of certain types of character that have been peculiarly familiar to him in his domestic environment.

III

Many minor superstitions arise from domestic myopia. The intensity and the close propinquity of the domestic drama exaggerates all its values, both positive and negative. The normal genius of childhood is mistaken for individual distinction; and its normal limitations for individual delinquency. Within the family all children are remarkable; generic traits disappear from view altogether. The parent who will laugh heartily at a cartoon depicting the characteristic greediness, cruelty, truancy, disobedience, noisiness, irresponsibility, and general barbarism of a fictitious boy or girl, will at once stiffen into apprehensive sobriety when his own child betrays the least of these weak-

nesses. Viewing human life as a whole, he observes that children grow and outgrow, and that mischievous children have been known to spend their adult years outside the penitentiary; he may even recollect that he had a fault or two himself in early years; but as regards his own children, every offense is a crime, every evil a calamity, and every incident a crisis. His only salvation lies in frequent, unannounced visits to other families.

IV

We have finally to examine a fundamental superstition relating to the seat of domestic authority. In so far as the feudal principle, or the theocratic principle, or the autocratic principle, or the plutocratic principle, survives here and there, owing to the conservatism of the home, the father does manage to retain some semblance of authority. But patriarchy is on its last legs. There is little to it now but outward form and old court ritual. The father still gives his name to the family, sits at the head of the table, and — oh, yes, pays the bills! But there is more service than authority in the second and third of these prerogatives, since someone has to carve, and it is the making rather than the paying of bills that really counts. Of course, he can still tyrannize over the family by making himself so disagreeable that he has to be bought off; but in a family anybody can do that. It is not a power that attaches to the male parent as such. As father, he is still the titular monarch, and that is about all. If he were formally to abdicate, it would not alter the actual balance of domestic forces in the least.

Meanwhile, it is to be feared that he to some extent exploits the pathos of his fallen greatness, and wrings from the feelings of his wife, children, or sister-in-law various minor concessions affecting his comfort. Nothing can ex-

ceed the scrupulousness with which appearances are preserved in public. He still takes the curb when the family uses the sidewalk, and is the last to enter and the first to leave a public or private conveyance. But to one who knows life as it is, the irony and bathos of the modern age are summed up in two spectacles: Kaiser Wilhelm chopping wood at Amerongen, and the paterfamilias washing dishes in the pantry.

If the father has fallen from authority, who has superseded him? The mother? Not at all. The popular impression to that effect has no basis except the fact that the power of the mother has increased *relatively* to that of the father. But this is due to the fall of the father rather than to any notable rise of the mother. No, the new domestic polity is neither the patriarchy nor the matriarchy, but the *pediarchy*.

That the children should encroach upon, and eventually seize, the authority of the parents is not so strange as might at first appear. After all, it is only the domestic manifestation of the most characteristic social and political movement of modern times, the rise, namely, of the proletarian masses. Within the family the children constitute the majority, the unpropertied, the unskilled, and the unprivileged. They are intensely class-conscious, and have come to a clearer and clearer recognition of the conflict of interest that divides them from the owners and managers. Their methods have been similar to those employed in the industrial revolution — the strike, passive resistance, malingering, restriction of output, and, occasionally, direct action.

Within the family, as in the modern democracy, the control is by public opinion. It is government of the children, by the children, and for the children. But this juvenile sovereignty is exercised indirectly rather than directly. The office-holders are adults, whose

power is proportional to their juvenile support. The real (though largely unseen and unacknowledged) principle of domestic politics is the struggle for prestige among the adults. Some employ the methods of decadent Rome, the *panem et circenses*; others, the arts of the military hero or of the popular orator. But all acknowledge the need of conciliating the juvenile masses.

The power of juvenile opinion is due, not merely to its mass, and to the boldness and unscrupulousness with which it is asserted, but to its reinforcement from outside. It is more than a domestic movement: it is an interdomestic movement. The opinion of the children is thus less provincial than that of domestic adults. It has, furthermore, a force which it derives from its more intimate contact with the main currents of history. The domestic adult is in a sort of backwash. He is looking toward the past, while the children are thinking the thoughts and speaking the language of to-morrow. They are in closer touch with reality, and cannot fail, however indulgent, to feel that their parents and resident aunt are antiquated. The children's end of the family is its budding, forward-looking end; the adults' end is, at best, its root. There is a profound law of life by which buds and roots grow in opposite directions.

The domestic conflict is in many of its notable features parallel to the industrial conflict; and they may be of common origin. It is natural that simi-

lar remedies should be proposed. The Taylor system and other efficiency systems have already broken down in both cases. Conservatives will propose to meet the domestic problem by higher allowances and shorter school-hours, with perhaps time and a half for overtime and a bit of profit-sharing. Liberals will propose boards of conciliation with child representation, attempts to link study and chores with the 'creative' impulses, and experiments in divided management. Radicals and domestic revolutionists will regard all such half-way measures as utterly ineffectual, because they preserve the parental system in its essentials. They will aim to consummate the revolution as soon as possible by violence, and then to bring a new order into being through a dictatorship of a sectarian minority.

This new order would be an almost exact inversion of the parental order. Whereas, under the present system, the parents are supposed to control the home for the benefit of the children, providing them with the necessities of life, and giving them work and advice for their own good, under the new system, the children would control the home for the benefit of the parents and other adults, assuming full responsibility for their living, and employing their expert services only as might be required. However difficult it may be to put such a change into effect, there is, from the adults' point of view, much to be said for it.

TWENTY-FIVE HOURS A DAY

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

IF one elects to live well out in the country, going to the opera presents serious difficulties. One can't very well go home to dress and go in town again; and if one decides to stay in town at a hotel, there is a suit-case to be packed in the morning — an operation the result of which I abhor, as I always forget something essential. On one occasion some years ago, I, like a dutiful husband, had agreed to go to the opera; and having packed my bag and sent it to my hotel, I dismissed from my mind the details of my toilet, until I came to dress in the evening, when I discovered, to my horror, that I had absentmindedly packed a colored negligé shirt instead of the white, hard-boiled article which custom has decreed for such occasions, and that several other little essentials were missing. I was quite undressed when I made this discovery; it was already late, and my temper, never absolutely flawless on opera nights, was not improved by my wife's observation that we should surely miss the overture. I thought it altogether likely and said so — briefly.

It was, as I remember, my Lord Chesterfield who observed that when one goes to the opera one should leave one's mind at home; I had gone his Lordship one better — I had left practically everything at home, and I heartily wished that I was at home, too. I shall not, I think, be accused of overstatement when I say that it is altogether probable that most married men,

if they could be excused from escorting their wives to the opera, would cheerfully make a substantial contribution to any worthy — or even unworthy — charity.

Thoughts such as these, if thoughts they may be called, surged through my head as I rapidly dressed, and prepared to dash through the streets in search of any 'gents' furnishing-goods' shop that might chance to be open at that hour. I needed such articles of commerce as would enable me to make myself presentable at the opera, and I needed them at once. It was raining, and as I dashed up one street and down another, I discovered that the difference between a raised umbrella and a parachute is negligible; so I closed mine, with the result that I was thoroughly drenched before I had secured what I needed. I have the best of wives, but truth compels me to say that when, upon my return, she greeted me with the remark that what she wanted especially to hear was the overture and that we should certainly be late, I almost — I say I *almost* — lost my temper.

Is it necessary for me to remark that we do not go to the opera frequently? It was my wife's evening, not mine; and as I sat on the side of a bed, eating a sandwich and struggling to insert square shirt pegs in round holes, to the gently sustained *motif* that we should surely miss the overture, I thought of home, of my books, of a fire of logs crackling, of my pipe, and I wondered who it was

that said when anything untoward happened, 'All this could have been avoided if I had stayed at home.'

Finally, after doing up my wife's back, 'hooking them in the lace,' I finished my own unsatisfactory toilet, feeling, and doubtless looking, very much as Joe Gargery did when he went to see Miss Havisham. But at last we were ready, and we descended to the lobby of our hotel, having in the confusion quite overlooked the fact that we should require a taxi. It was still raining, and not a taxi or other conveyance was to be had! I was quite nonplussed for the moment, and felt deeply grieved when my wife remarked that it was hardly worth while now to leave the hotel — we were so late that we should miss the overture anyway; to which I replied — but never mind specifically what I said: it was to the effect that we would go to the opera or bust.

But how? Standing at the door of the hotel, I waited my chance, and finally a taxi arrived; but quite unexpectedly a man appeared from nowhere and was about to enter it, saying as he did so, in a fine rolling English voice, 'I wish to go to the opera house.' There was no time to lose; quickly brushing the man aside, I called to my wife and passed her into the taxi; and then, turning to the stranger, I explained to him that we, too, were going to the opera, and that he was to be our guest, pushed the astonished man into the machine, told the driver to go like h—— (to drive rapidly), and, entering myself, pulled the door to and heaved a sigh of relief. We were off.

For a moment nothing was said. We were all more or less surprised to find ourselves together. I think I may say that my newly discovered friend was astonished. Something had to be said, and it was up to me. 'My name is Newton,' I said; and gently waving toward Mrs. Newton a white-kid-gloved hand,

which in the darkness looked like a small ham, I explained that Mrs. Newton was very musical and was particularly anxious to hear the overture of the opera and I was unavoidably late. I added that I hoped he would forgive my rudeness; then, remembering that I was speaking to an English gentleman, who probably thought me mad, I inquired if he was not a stranger in Philadelphia.

'Yes,' he replied, 'I only arrived in the city this evening.'

'And have you friends here?' I asked.

His reply almost disconcerted me, 'Present company excepted, none.'

'Oh, come now,' I said; 'I took you for an Englishman, but no Englishman could possibly make so graceful a speech on such short notice. You must either be Scotch or Irish; whenever one meets a particularly charming Englishman, he invariably turns out to be Scotch — or Irish.'

'Well, the fact is, I'm Scotch,' my friend replied; 'my name is Craig, Frank Craig; I'm an artist.'

'Don't apologize,' I said. 'You are probably not a very great artist. I'm a business man, and not a very great business man either, and as we are the only friends you have in the city, you shall have supper with us after the opera. Don't decline; I'm very much at home in our hotel, as perhaps you noticed. Ask for me at the door of the supper-room. Don't forget my name. Here we are at the opera house, in good time for the overture after all.'

And I passed my friend out of the taxi, and he, assuring me that he would join us at supper, went his way and we ours.

During the performance, which was miserable, I chuckled gently to myself and wondered what my Scotch friend thought of the affair and whether he would keep his appointment. The opera was late, there was the usual delay in

getting away, and it was almost midnight when the head waiter conducted my new-found guest to our table. Then for the first time we had a good look at each other, and told each other how funny it all was and how unexpected and delightful. After an excellent supper and a bottle of champagne, followed by a fine brandy, and cigars, — for I determined to do the thing well, — we grew confidential. We talked of life and of travel, and finally, of course, about books and authors.

‘Have you ever met Booth Tarkington?’ my friend inquired. I had. Did I know him? I did not. Craig had been staying with him in Indianapolis. Had I ever heard of Arnold Bennett? I had. Did I care for his books? I did. He also had been staying with Booth Tarkington in Indianapolis: in fact, Bennett and he were traveling together at the present time.

‘Bennett is doing a book for the Harpers to be called *Your United States*,’ Craig explained; and he, Craig, was doing the illustrations for it.

‘And where is Arnold Bennett now?’ I asked.

‘Upstairs, in bed and asleep, I hope.’

‘And what are you doing to-morrow?’

‘Well, Bennett is lunching with the literati of the city, and I’m going to take photographs and make sketches for our book. We are each on our own, you know.’

‘But the literati of the city,’ I repeated doubtfully. ‘That would be Agnes Repplier, of course, and Dr. Furness, and Weir Mitchell, and who else?’ We were rather shy of literati at the moment, as we still are, and I hoped these would not fail him.

Craig did n’t know; he had not been invited.

‘And after the luncheon, what next?’ I inquired.

‘Well, I believe that we are to go to

the picture-gallery of a Mr. Weednaar, with a friend who has secured cards for us. I’m not invited to the luncheon, but I’m keen to see the pictures.’

‘Very well,’ I said, ‘let me make plans for you. I tell you what we’ll do: I’ll make it a holiday; I shall get my motor in from the country, and go around with you and show you the sights. You want to see “Georgian” Philadelphia, you say — we call it “Colonial”; I know it well; I’ll be your guide, you shall take your photographs and make your sketches, and in the afternoon we, too, will go out and see Mr. Widener’s pictures, — his name, by the way, is Widener, not Weednaar, — and if I can find Harry Widener, a scion of that house and a friend of mine, I’ll get him to ask us out for lunch, and we will be there to welcome Bennett and his friend with their cards on their arrival. What, by the way, is the name of your friend to whom you owe your introduction to Mr. Widener?’

‘A Mr. Hellman of New York; a bookseller, I believe; perhaps you know him too.’

‘Perfectly,’ I said; ‘I probably owe him money at this very minute.’

With this understanding, and much pleased with each other, we parted for the night.

II

The next morning, at half-past nine, we met in the lobby of the hotel and I was presented to Arnold Bennett. I do not remember that at that time I had ever seen a photograph of him, and I was rather disillusioned by seeing a person quite lacking in distinction, dressed in ill-fitting clothes, and with two very prominent upper teeth, which would have been invaluable had he taken to whistling, professionally.

‘So you are the man,’ he said, ‘who has so captivated my friend Craig. He told me all about your escapade last

night, over the breakfast-table, and in the excitement of narration he ate my eggs.'

'No matter,' said I; 'you are going to lunch with the literati of the city; you ought not to worry over the loss of your eggs. But what is quite as important, who is giving the luncheon?'

'George Horace Lorimer,' he replied.

'Then,' said I, 'you certainly need not worry over the loss of a pair of eggs. In an hour or two you'll be glad you did not eat them, for Lorimer understands ordering a luncheon, no man better. I'm sorry for Craig, for he's lunching with me; but we shall join you during the afternoon at Mr. Widener's.'

This seemed to upset Bennett completely. 'But we are going to Mr. Weednaar's by appointment — we have cards —'

'I know, from George Hellman,' I interrupted; 'I don't need any cards. If Harry Widener is at home, we will lunch with him; if not, we will join you some time during the afternoon.'

Bennett looked at me with astonishment. He had doubtless been warned of bunco-steerers, card-sharks, and confidence men generally: I appeared to him a very finished specimen, probably all the more dangerous on that account. We left him bewildered; he evidently thought that his friend would be the victim of some very real experiences before he saw him again. As we parted, he looked as if he wanted to say to Craig, 'If you play poker with that man, you are lost'; but he did n't.

III

We Philadelphians do not boast of the climate of our city. During the summer months we usually tie with some town in Texas — Waco, I believe — for the honor of being the hottest place in the country: but in November it is delightful, and we have the finest

suburbs in the world. If it were not for its outlying districts, Philadelphia would be intolerable. But the day was fine, we were in high spirits, like boys out for a lark, which indeed we were, and I determined that our sightseeing should begin at the 'Old Swedes,' or, to give it its proper name, 'Gloria Dei,' Church, and work our way north from the southern part of the city, stopping at such old landmarks as would seem to afford material for Craig's pencil.

What a wonderful day it was! Agreeable at the time, and in retrospect delightful, if somewhat tinged with melancholy, for I chanced to read in an English newspaper not long ago of the death of my friend Craig, in some way a victim of the war. But looking back upon that day, everything seemed as joyous as the two quaintly carved and colored angels' heads, a bit of old Swedish decoration, which peered down upon us from the organ-loft of the old church about which Craig went into ecstasies of delight — as well he might, for it is a quaint little church almost lost in the shipping and commerce that surrounds it. Built by the Swedes in 1700, it stands on the bank of the Delaware, on the site of a block-house in which religious services had been held more than half a century before its erection.

Too few Philadelphians know this tiny church or attend its services: it is out of the beaten track of the tourist; but some of us, not entirely forgetful of old Philadelphia, love to visit it occasionally, and if the sermon gets wearisome, as sermons sometimes do, we can creep out stealthily and spend a few minutes prowling around the graveyard, — where interments are still made occasionally, — looking at the tombstones, on which are curiously cut the now almost illegible names of devout men and women who departed this life in faith and fear more than two centuries ago.

'But come now,' I at last had to say, 'this is our first, but by no means our best church; wait until you see St. Peter's.'

The ride from Old Swedes Church to St. Peter's has nothing to recommend it; but it is short, and we were soon standing in one of the finest bits of Colonial church architecture in America.

'Why,' exclaimed Craig, 'we have nothing more beautiful in London, and there is certainly nothing in New York or Boston that can touch it.'

'Certainly, there is n't,' I said: 'and if you were a Philadelphian and had an ancestor buried in this church or within its shadow, you would not have to have brains, money, morals, or anything else. Of course, these accessories would do you no harm, and in a way might be useful, but the lack of them would not be ruinous, as it would be with ordinary folk.' Then I spoke glibly the names of the dead whom, had they been living, I should scarcely have dared to mention, so interwoven are they in the fabric of the social, or as some might say, the unsocial, life of Philadelphia.

'And these people,' said Craig, 'do they look like other people—do you know them?'

It was a delicate question. It was not for me to tell him that a collateral ancestor was a founder of the Philadelphia Assembly, or to boast of a bowing acquaintance with that charming woman, Mrs. John Markoe, whose family pew we were reverently approaching. Craig could, of course, know nothing of what a blessed thing it is to be a member, not of St. Peter's, but of 'St. Peter's set,' which is a very different matter; but he fully appreciated its architectural charm, and as we strolled about, he observed with the keenest interest the curious arrangement of the organ and altar at one end of the church, and the glorious old pulpit and reading-desk at the other, with a quite un-

necessary sounding-board surmounting them like a benediction.

'How dignified and exclusive the square pews are!' said Craig. 'They look for all the world like the lord of the manor's, at home.'

'Yes,' said I, 'and not half so exclusive as the people who occupy them. You could have made a very pretty picture of this church crowded with wealth and fashion and beauty a hundred and fifty years ago, if you had been lucky enough to live when there was color in the world; now we all look alike.'

'I know,' said Craig; 'it's too bad.'

I could have told him a good deal of the history of Christ Church, which we next visited. It is only a short distance from St. Peter's; indeed, in the early days, Christ Church and St. Peter's formed one parish. The present structure was built in 1727, of bricks brought over from England. Architecturally, it is the finest church in Philadelphia; and so expensive was it for the congregation of two hundred years ago that, in order to finish its steeple and provide it with its fine chime of bells, recourse was had to a lottery! Indeed, two lotteries were held before the work was completed. Philadelphians all felt that they had a stake in the enterprise, and for a long time the bells were rung on every possible occasion. Queen Anne sent over a solid-silver communion service, which is still in use, and its rector, Dr. William White, after the Revolution, became the first Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States of America, having finally been consecrated at Lambeth after years of discussion as to how the episcopacy was to be carried on. So 'Old Christ,' as it is affectionately called, may properly be regarded as the Mother Church in this country. When Philadelphia was the national capital, Washington attended it, as did John Adams, and Benjamin Franklin, occasionally—perhaps not often enough.

But our time was limited and there was much to see: Carpenter's Hall, and the State House with its beautiful windows, which Craig called Palladian, and its splendid Colonial staircase, from which I was powerless to draw his attention to the far-famed Liberty Bell.

'I know all about that,' said Craig; 'I've been reading it up; but if you can tell me in what single respect an Englishman has n't just as much liberty as an American, I shall be glad to listen.'

Having forgotten to point out the grave of our greatest citizen, Benjamin Franklin, who, we love to tell Bostonians, was born in Philadelphia at seventeen years of age, we retraced our steps — if one can be said to retrace one's steps in a motor — to the Christ Church burying-ground at Fifth and Arch Streets. There, peering through the iron railing, we read the simple inscription carved according to his wish on the flat tomb: 'Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, 1790.' I have always regretted that I had not availed myself of the opportunity once offered me of buying the manuscript in Franklin's hand of the famous epitaph which he composed in a rather flippant moment in 1728 for his tombstone. The original is, I believe, among the Franklin papers in the State Department at Washington, but he made at least one copy, and possibly several. The one I saw reads: —

THE BODY
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PRINTER

(Like the cover of an old book
Its contents torn out
And stript of its lettering and gilding)
Lies here, food for worms.
But the work shall not be lost
For it will (as he believed) appear once more
In a new and more elegant edition
Revised and corrected
by
THE AUTHOR.

No doubt the plain marble slab, with the simple name and date (for Franklin needs no epitaph in Philadelphia), is more dignified, but I have always wished that his first idea had been carried out.

As we were only a stone's throw from the Quaker Meeting-House, we paid it a hasty visit, and I confessed, in reply to the question, that, often as I had passed the austere old brick building, I had never entered it before, although I had always intended to.

At last I looked at my watch — unnecessarily, for something told me it was lunch-time. We had had a busy morning; Craig had made sketches with incredible rapidity while I bought photographs and picture-postals by the score. We had not been idle for a moment, but there was more to be seen, Fairmount — not the Park; there was no time for that, and all parks are more or less alike, although ours is most beautiful; but the old-time 'water-works,' beautifully situated on the hillside, terraced and turreted, with its three Greek temples, so faultlessly proportioned and placed as to form what Joe Pennell says is one of the loveliest spots in America, and which, he characteristically adds, we in Philadelphia do not appreciate.

But Craig did. It was a glorious day in mid-November, the trees were in their full autumn regalia of red and gold, the Schuylkill glistened like silver in the sun, and in the distance tumbled, with a gentle murmur of protest at being disturbed, over its dam into the lower level, where it becomes a river of use if not of beauty. I thought how seldom do we business men pause in the middle of the day to look at anything so free from complications as a 'view.' My factory was within ten-minutes' walk; there, penned up amid dirt and noise, I spend most of my waking hours, discussing ways and means by which I

may increase the distance between myself and the sheriff, neglecting the beauty which unfolds itself at my very door. I determined in future to open my eyes occasionally; but hunger put an end to my meditations. Food is required even on the most perfect day; by this time the literati must have met — and parted. Back to the city we sped, lunched at my club, thence to Lynnewood Hall, the palatial residence of Mr. Widener, some miles from the centre of the city.

On our arrival we were ushered, through the main entrance-hall, beautifully banked with rare flowers, into the gallery in which is housed one of the finest collections of pictures in America. Bennett and George Hellman were already there, and Mr. Widener, the old gentleman who had formed the collection, was doing the honors.

Harry, his grandson, was there, too, and to the amazement of Bennett welcomed me with outstretched arms. 'I got your telephone message, but too late to connect with you; I've been in New York. Why did you not come to lunch? You were not at your office. I left messages for you everywhere.'

Bennett looked greatly relieved; so I was not an intruder after all and, wonderful to relate, nothing had happened to Craig.

Mr. Widener seemed relieved to see me, and I soon grasped the reason. He did not know who his guest was.

'Who is this man?' he whispered to me.

'Arnold Bennett, the distinguished English author,' I replied.

'Does he know anything about pictures?' he asked.

'I have no doubt he does,' I replied. 'Here is a man who certainly does.' And I presented Craig, who, to the great relief of his host, was vocal.

And then I saw how things had been going. Bennett, with his almost un-

canny power of observation, had seen and doubtless understood and appreciated everything in the gallery, but had remained mute; an 'Oh' or an 'Ah' had been all that Mr. Widener was able to extract from him. The old gentleman had seemingly been playing to an empty house, and it irked him. Craig had the gift of expression; knew that he was looking at some of the masterpieces of the world, and did not hesitate to say so.

We strolled from one gallery to another, and then it was suggested that perhaps we would care to see — But the afternoon was going; Bennett had to be in New York at a certain hour; it was time to move on.

'Spend another night in Philadelphia,' I said to Craig; 'you must not go without seeing Harry's books. After a while there will be tea and toast and marmalade and Scotch and soda; life will never be any better than it is at this minute.'

Craig did not require much urging. Why should he? We were honored guests in one of the finest houses in the country, in a museum, in fact, filled to overflowing with everything that taste could suggest and money buy; and for host we had the eldest son of the eldest son of the house, a young man distinguished for his knowledge, modesty, and courtesy. We went to Harry's apartment, where his books were kept, where I was most of all at home, and where finally his mother joined us. In the easy give-and-take of conversation time passed rapidly, until finally it was time to go, and we said good-bye. It was my last visit to Lynnewood Hall, as Harry's guest. Five months later, almost to a day, he found his watery grave in the Atlantic, a victim of the sinking of the Titanic.

On our way back to our hotel we agreed that we would go to the theatre

and have supper afterward; there was just time to change, once again gnawing a sandwich. By great good fortune there was a real comedy playing at one of the theatres; seats were secured without unusual difficulty, and we were soon quietly awaiting the rise of the curtain. After the performance we had supper, which had been ordered in advance. We were at the end of a perfect day, a red-letter day, a day never to be forgotten, Craig said. We had known each other something like twenty-four hours, yet we seemed like old friends.

'I can't hope to give you such a day as we have had, when you come to London; but you'll look me up, won't you?'

'Yes, of course, and meantime I want you to do something for me.'

'Anything, my dear boy; what is it?'

'I want a presentation copy of *Buried Alive*, with an inscription in it from Arnold Bennett, and on a fly-leaf I want a little pencil sketch by you.'

'Right-o. I'll send it directly I get to New York.'

But I had to wait several days before I received a small package by express, which, on opening, I found to be a beautiful little water-color painting by Craig of the picturesque old stone bridge over the Thames at Sonning; and in another package, the book, *Buried Alive*, with a characteristic inscription. The author was doubtful of my identity to the very last, for he wrote, 'To Mr. Newton of Philadelphia, I believe, with best wishes from Arnold Bennett.'

WOOD NUPTIAL

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

THE woods are still; the scent of old rain stirs
 Out of the trampled fronds and over us;
 And now the evening air is glamorous
 With parley of the bramble gossipers,
 And fireflies who trace diameters
 Of light along a winking radius,
 And rasping saws, and the continuous
 Insistence of the thicket carpenters.

The architects of night are scaffolding
 Our minster to a pandemonium
 Of flute and timbrel, warmth of brass and string,
 And thrill of triangle and tympanum;
 The Reverend Beetle hems his *fa's* and *do's*,
 And frogs intone their oratorios.

THE INTERPRETER. II

A ROMANCE OF THE EAST

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

EARLY in the pure dawn the men came, and our boat was towed up into the Dal Lake through crystal waterways and flowery banks, the men on the path keeping step and straining at the rope until the bronze muscles stood out on their legs and backs, and shouting strong rhythmic phrases to mark the pull.

'They shout the Wondrous Names of God — as they are called,' said Vanna, when I asked. 'They always do that for a timed effort. Badshāh! The Lord, the Compassionate, and so on. I don't think there is any religion about it, but it is as natural to them as one, two, three to us. It gives a tremendous lift. Watch and see.'

It was part of the delightful strangeness that we should move to that strong music.

We moored by a low bank, under a great wood of chenar trees, and saw the little table in the wilderness set in the greenest shade, with our chairs beside it, and my pipe laid reverently upon it by Kahdra.

Across the glittering water lay, on one side, the Shalimar Garden, known to all readers of *Lalla Rookh* — a paradise of roses; and beyond it again the lovelier gardens of Nur-Mahal, the Light of the Palace, that imperial woman who ruled India under the weak Emperor's name — she whose name he set

thus upon his coins: 'By order of King Jehangir, gold has a hundred splendors added to it by receiving the name of Nur-Jahan the Queen.'

Has any woman ever had a more royal homage than this most royal woman — known first as Mihr-u-Nissa, Sun of Women; later, as Nur-Mahal, Light of the Palace; and, latest, Nur-Jahan-Begam, Queen, Light of the World?

Here, in these gardens, she had lived — had seen the snow mountains change from the silver of dawn to the illimitable rose of sunset. The life, the color beat insistently upon my brain. They built a world of magic where every moment was pure gold. Surely — surely to Vanna it must be the same! I believed in my very soul that she who gave and shared such joy could not be utterly apart from me.

Just then, in the sunset, she was sitting on deck, singing under her breath and looking absently away to the Gardens across the Lake. I could hear the words here and there, and knew them.

'Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
Where are you now — who lies beneath
your spell?
Whom do you lead on Rapture's roadway
far,
Before you agonize them in farewell?'

'Don't!' I said abruptly. 'You did that on purpose!'

'What?' she asked in surprise. 'That is the song everyone remembers here. Poor Laurence Hope! How she knew and loved my India! What are you grumbling at?'

Her smile stung me.

'Never mind,' I said morosely. 'You don't understand. You never will.'

And yet I believed sometimes that she would — that time was on my side. When Kahdra and I pulled her across to Nur-Mahal's garden next day, how could I not believe it, her face was so full of joy as she looked at me for sympathy?

We were pulling in among the reeds and the huge carved leaves of the water-plants, and the snake-headed buds lolling upon them with the slippery half-sinister look that water-flowers have, as if their cold secret life belonged to the hidden water-world and not to ours. But now the boat was touching the little wooden steps.

Oh, beautiful, most beautiful — the green lawns, shaded with huge pyramids of the chenar trees; the terraced gardens where the marble steps climbed from one to the other, and the mountain streams flashed singing and shining down the carved marble slopes. Even in the glory of sunshine, the passing of all fair things was present with me as I saw the empty shell that had held the Pearl of Empire, and her roses that still bloom, her waters that still sing for others.

The spray of a hundred fountains was misty diamond-dust in the warm air laden with the scent of myriad flowers.

Kahdra followed us everywhere, singing his little tuneless, happy song. The world brimmed with beauty and joy. And we were together.

Words broke from me:—

'Vanna, let it be forever! Let us live here. I'll give up all the world for this and you.'

'But you see,' she said delicately, 'it would be "giving up." You use the right word. It is not your life. It is a lovely holiday, no more. You would weary of it. You would want the city life and your own kind.'

I protested with all my soul. But she went on:—

'No. Indeed, I will say frankly that it would be lowering yourself to live a lotos-eating life among my people. It is a life with which you have no tie. A Westerner who lives like that steps down; he loses his birthright, just as an Easterner does who Europeanizes himself. He cannot live your life, nor you his. If you had work here, it would be different. No — six or eight weeks more; then go away and forget it.'

I turned from her. The serpent was in Paradise. When is he absent?

On one of the terraces a man was beating a tom-tom, and veiled women listened, grouped about him in brilliant colors.

'Is n't that all India?' she said; 'that dull reiterated sound? It half stupefies, half maddens. Once, at Darjiling, I saw the Llamas' Devil Dance: the soul, a white-faced child with eyes unnaturally enlarged, fleeing among a rabble of devils — the evil passions. It fled wildly here and there, and every way was blocked. The child fell on its knees, screaming dumbly — you could see the despair in the starting eyes; but all was drowned in the thunder of Thibetan drums. No mercy — no escape. Horrible!'

'Even in Europe the drum is awful,' I said. 'Do you remember in the French Revolution, how they drowned the victims' voices in a thunder-roll of drums?'

'I shall always see the face of the child, hunted down to hell, falling on its knees, and screaming without a sound, when I hear the drum. But listen — a flute! Now, if that were the

Flute of Krishna, you would have to follow. Let us come!’

I could hear nothing of it; but she insisted, and we followed the music, inaudible to me, up the slopes of the garden that is the foot-hill of the mighty mountain of Mahadeo; and still I could hear nothing.

Vanna told me strange stories of the Apollo of India, whom all hearts most adore, even as the herd-girls adored him in his golden youth by Jumna River and in the pastures of Brindāban.

II

Next day we were climbing the hill to the ruins where the evil magician brought the King’s daughter nightly to his will, flying low under a golden moon. Vanna took my arm, and I pulled her, laughing, up the steepest flowery slopes until we reached the height; and, lo! the arched windows were eyeless, a lonely breeze was blowing through the cloisters, and the beautiful yellowish stone arches supported nothing and were but frames for the blue of far lake and mountain and the divine sky. We climbed the broken stairs, where the lizards went by like flashes; and had I the tongues of men and angels, I could not tell the wonder that lay before us — the whole wide valley of Kashmir in summer glory, with its scented breeze singing, singing above it.

We sat on the crushed aromatic herbs and among the wild roses, and looked down.

‘To think,’ she said, ‘that we might have died and never seen it!’

There followed a long silence. I thought she was tired and would not break it. Suddenly she spoke in a strange voice, low and toneless: —

‘The story of this place. She was the Princess Padmavati, and her home was in Ayodhya. When she woke and found

herself here by the lake, she was so terrified that she flung herself in and was drowned. They held her back, but she died.’

‘How do you know?’

‘Because a wandering monk came to the abbey of Tahk-i-Bahi near Peshawar, and told Vasettha the Abbot.’

I had nearly spoiled it all by an exclamation, but I held myself back. I saw she was dreaming awake and was unconscious of what she said.

‘The Abbot said, “Do not describe her. What talk is this for holy men? The young monks must not hear. Some of them have never seen a woman. Should a monk speak of such toys?” But the wanderer disobeyed and spoke, and there was a great tumult, and the monks threw him out at the command of the young Abbot, and he wandered down to Peshawar; and it was he later — the evil one! — that brought his sister, Lilavanti the Dancer, to Peshawar, and the Abbot fell into her snare. That was his revenge!’

Her face was fixed and strange; for a moment her cheeks looked hollow, her eyes dim and grief-worn. What was she seeing? what remembering? Was it a story — a memory? What was it?

‘Men have said so; but for it he surrendered the Peace. Do not speak of her accursed beauty.’

Her voice died away to a drowsy murmur; her head dropped on my shoulder; and for the mere delight of contact I sat still and scarcely breathed, praying that she might speak again. But the good minute was gone. She drew one or two deep breaths, and sat up with a bewildered look, which quickly passed, and left only a painful knitting of the brows.

‘I was quite sleepy for a minute. The climb was so strenuous. Hark — I hear the Flute of Krishna again.’

Again I could hear nothing, but she said it was sounding from the trees at the base of the hill. Later, when we

climbed down, I found she was right — that a peasant lad, dark and amazingly beautiful, as these Kashmiris often are, was playing on the Flute to a girl at his feet, looking up at him with rapt eyes. He flung Vanna a flower as we passed. She caught it and put it in her bosom. A singular blossom, three petals of purest white, set against three green leaves of purest green; and lower down the stem the three green leaves were repeated. It was still in her bosom after dinner, and I looked at it more closely.

‘That is a curious flower,’ I said. ‘Three and three and three. Nine. That makes the mystic number. I never saw a purer white. What is it?’

‘Of course it is mystic,’ she said seriously. ‘It is the Ninefold flower. You saw who gave it?’

‘That peasant lad.’

She smiled.

‘You will see more some day. Some might not even have seen that.’

‘Does it grow here?’

‘This is the first I have seen. It is said to grow only where the gods walk. Do you know that throughout all India Kashmir is said to be holy ground? It was called long ago the land of the Gods, and of strange, but not evil, sorceries. Great marvels were seen here.’

I felt that the labyrinthine enchantments of that enchanted land were closing about me — a slender web, gray, almost impalpable, finer than fairy silk, was winding itself about my feet. My eyes were opening to things I had not dreamed. She saw my thought.

‘But you could not have seen even that much of him in Peshawar. You did not know then.’

‘He was not there,’ I answered, falling half-unconsciously into her tone.

‘He is always there — everywhere; and when he plays, all who hear must follow. He was the Pied Piper in Hamelin; he was Pan in Hellas. You will hear his wild fluting in many strange places

when you know how to listen. When one has seen him, the rest comes soon. And then you will follow.’

‘Not away from you, Vanna.’

‘From the marriage feast, from the Table of the Lord!’ she said, smiling strangely. ‘The man who wrote that spoke of another call, but it is the same — Krishna or Christ. When we hear the music, we follow. And we may lose or gain heaven.’

It might have been her compelling personality, it might have been the marvels of beauty about me, but I knew well that I had entered at some mystic gate. My talk with Vanna grew less personal and more introspective. I felt the touch of her finger-tips leading me along the ways of Quiet: my feet brushed a shining dew. Once, in the twilight under the chenar trees, I saw a white gleaming and thought it a swiftly passing Being; but when in haste I gained the tree, I found there only a Ninefold flower, white as a spirit in the evening calm. I would not gather it, but told Vanna what I had seen.

‘You nearly saw,’ she said. ‘She passed so quickly. It was the Snowy One, Umā, the Daughter of the Himalaya. That mountain is the mountain of her lord — Shiva. It is natural she should be here. I saw her last night leaning over the height — her chin pillowed on her folded arms, with a low star in the mists of her hair. Her eyes were like lakes of blue darkness, vast and wonderful. She is the Mystic Mother of India. You will see soon. You could not have seen the flower until now.’

‘Do you know,’ she added, ‘that in the mountains there are poppies clear blue — blue as turquoise? We will go up into the heights and find them.’

And next moment she was planning the camping details — the men, the ponies — with a practical zest that seemed to relegate the occult to the ab-

surd. Yet the very next day came a wonderful happening.

The sun was just setting and, as it were, suddenly the purple glooms banked up heavy with thunder. The sky was black with fury, the earth passive with dread. I never saw such lightning — it was continuous and tore in zigzag flashes down the mountains, literally like rents in the substance of the world's fabric. And the thunder roared up in the mountain gorges with shattering echoes. Then fell the rain, and the whole lake seemed to rise to meet it.

We were standing by the cabin window, and she suddenly caught my hand, and I saw in a light of their own two dancing figures on the tormented water before us. Wild in the tumult, embodied delight, with arms tossed violently above their heads, and feet flung up behind them, skimming the waves like sea-gulls, they passed. I saw the fierce aerial faces and their unhuman glee as they fled by; and she dropped my hand and they were gone.

Slowly the storm lessened, and in the west the clouds tore raggedly asunder and a flood of livid yellow light poured down upon the lake — an awful light that struck it into an abyss of fire. Then, as if at a word of command, two glorious rainbows sprang across the water with the mountains for their piers, each with its proper colors chorded. They made a Bridge of Dread that stood out radiant against the background of storm — the Twilight of the Gods, and the doomed Gods marching forth to the last fight. And the thunder growled sullenly away into the recesses of the hill, and the terrible rainbows faded until the stars came quietly out, and it was a still night. But I had seen that what is our dread is the joy of the spirits of the Mighty Mother; and though the vision faded, and I doubted what I had seen, it prepared the way for what I was yet to see.

III

A few days later we started on what was to be the most exquisite memory of my life. In the cool gray of a divine morning, with little rosy clouds flecking the eastern sky, we set out from Islamabad for Vernag. And this was the order of our going. She and I led the way, attended by a *sais* (groom), and a coolie carrying the luncheon basket. Half-way we would stop in some green dell, or by some rushing stream, and there rest and eat our little meal, while the rest of the cavalcade passed on to the appointed camping-place; and in the late afternoon we would follow, riding slowly, and find the tents pitched.

It was strange that, later, much of what she said escaped me. Some I noted down at the time, but there were hints, shadows of lovelier things beyond, that eluded all but the fringes of memory when I tried to piece them together and make a coherence of a living wonder. For that reason, the best things cannot be told in this history. It is only the cruder, grosser matters that words will hold. The half-touchings — vanishing looks, breaths — O God, I know them, but cannot tell!

In the smaller villages, the headman came often to greet us and make us welcome, bearing on a flat dish a little offering of cakes and fruit, the produce of the place. One evening a headman so approached, stately in white robes and turban, attended by a little lad who carried the patriarchal gift beside him. Our tents were pitched under a glorious walnut tree, with a running stream at our feet.

Vanna, of course, was the interpreter, and I called her from her tent as the man stood salaaming before me. It was strange that, when she came, dressed in white, he stopped in his salutation, and gazed at her in what, I thought, was silent wonder. She spoke earnestly to

him, standing before him with clasped hands — almost, I could think, in the attitude of a suppliant.

The man listened gravely, with only an interjection now and again; and once he turned and looked curiously at me. Then, in his turn, he spoke, evidently making some announcement, which she received with bowed head; and when he turned to go with a grave salute, she performed a very singular ceremony, walking slowly round him three times, keeping him always on the right. He repaid it with the usual salaam and greeting of peace, which he bestowed also on me, and then departed in deep meditation, his eyes fixed on the ground.

I ventured to ask what it all meant, and she looked thoughtfully at me before replying.

‘It was a strange thing. I fear you will not altogether understand, but I will tell you what I can. That man, though living here among Mohammedans, is a Brahmin from Benares, and, what is very rare in India, a Buddhist. And when he saw me, he believed he remembered me in a former birth. The ceremony you saw me perform is one of honor in India. It was his due.’

‘Did you remember him?’ I knew my voice was incredulous.

‘Very well. He has changed little, but is further on the upward path. I saw him with dread, for he holds the memory of a great wrong I did. Yet he told me a thing that has filled my heart with joy.’

‘Vanna — what is it?’

She had a clear, uplifted look which startled me. There was suddenly a chill air blowing between us.

‘I must not tell you yet, but you will know soon. He was a good man. I am glad we have met.’

She buried herself in writing in a small book that I had noticed and longed to look into, and no more was said.

We struck camp next day and trekked on toward Vernag — a rough march, but one of great beauty, beneath the shade of forest trees, garlanded with pale roses that climbed from bough to bough and tossed triumphant wreaths into the uppermost blue. In the afternoon thunder was flapping its wings far off in the mountains, and a little rain fell while we were lunching under a big tree. I was considering anxiously how to shelter Vanna, when a farmer invited us to his house — a scene of Biblical hospitality that delighted us both. He led us up some breakneck little stairs to a large bare room, open to the clean air all around the roof, and with a kind of rough enclosure on the wooden floor, where the family slept at night. There he opened our basket, and then, with anxious care, hung clothes and rough draperies about us, that our meal might be unwatched by one or two friends who had followed us in with breathless interest.

Still further to entertain us, a great rarity was brought out and laid at Vanna’s feet, as something we might like to watch — a curious bird in a cage, with brightly barred wings and a singular cry. She fed it with a fruit, and it fluttered to her hand. Just so Abraham might have welcomed his guests; and when we left, with words of deepest gratitude, our host made the beautiful obeisance of touching his forehead with joined hands as he bowed.

To me the whole incident had an extraordinary beauty, and ennobled both host and guest. But we met an ascending scale of beauty, so varied in its aspects that I passed from one emotion to another, and knew no sameness.

That afternoon the camp was pitched at the foot of a mighty hill, under the waving pyramids of the chenars, sweeping their green like the robes of a goddess. Near by was a half-circle of low arches falling into ruin, and as we went

in among them, I beheld a wondrous sight — the huge octagonal tank made by the Mogul Emperor Jehangir to receive the waters of a mighty spring which wells from the hill and has been held sacred by Hindu and Moslem. And if loveliness can sanctify, surely it is sacred, indeed.

‘How all the Mogul Emperors loved running water!’ said Vanna. ‘I can see them leaning over it in these carved pavilions, with delicate dark faces and pensive eyes beneath their turbans, lost in the endless reverie of the East, while liquid melody passes into their dream. It was the music they best loved.’

She was leading me into the royal garden below, where the young river flows beneath the pavilion set above and across the rush of the water.

‘I remember before I came to India,’ she went on, ‘there were certain words and phrases that meant the whole East to me. It was an enchantment. The first flash picture I had was Milton’s

Dark faces with white silken turbans wreathed,

and it still is. I have thought ever since that every man should wear a turban. It dignifies the uncomeliest, and it is quite curious to see how many inches a man descends in the scale of beauty the moment he takes it off and you see only the skull-cup about which they wind it. They wind it with wonderful skill, too. I have seen a man take eighteen yards of muslin and throw it round his head with a few turns; and in five or six minutes the beautiful folds were all in order and he looked like a king. Some of the Gujars here wear black ones, and they are very effective and worth painting — the black folds and the sullen tempestuous black brows underneath.’

We sat in the pavilion for a while, looking down on the rushing water, and she spoke of Akbar, the greatest of the Moguls, and spoke with a curious personal touch, as I thought.

‘I wish you would try to write a story of him — one on more human lines than has been done yet. No one has accounted for the passionate quest of truth that was the real secret of his life. Strange in an Oriental despot if you think of it! It really can be understood only from the Buddhist belief (which, curiously, seems to have been the only one he neglected) that a mysterious Karma influenced all his thoughts. If I tell you, as a key-note for your story, that in a past life he had been a Buddhist priest, — one who had fallen away, — would that at all account to you for attempts to recover the lost Way? Try to think that out, and to write the story, not as a Western mind sees it, but pure East.’

‘That would be a great book to write if one could catch the voices of the past. But how to do that?’

‘I will give you one day a little book that may help you. The other story I wish you would write is the story of a dancer of Peshawar. There is a connection between the two — a story of ruin and repentance.’

‘Will you tell it to me?’

‘A part. In this same book you will find much more, but not all. All cannot be told. You must imagine much; but I think your imagination will be true.’

‘Why do you think so?’

‘Because in these few days you have learned so much. You have seen the Ninefold flower, and the rain-spirits. You will soon hear the Flute of Krishna, which none can hear who cannot dream true.’

That night I heard it. I waked, suddenly, to music, and standing in the door of my tent, in the dead silence of the night, lit only by a few low stars, I heard the poignant notes of a flute. If it had called my name, it could not have summoned me more clearly, and I followed without a thought of delay,

forgetting even Vanna in the strange urgency that filled me.

The music was elusive, seeming to come first from one side, then from the other; but finally I tracked it as a bee does a flower, by the scent, to the gate of the royal garden — the pleasure place of the dead Emperors. The gate stood ajar — strange! for I had seen the custodian close it that evening. Now it stood wide, and I went in, walking noiselessly over the dewy grass. I knew, and could not tell how, that I must be noiseless. Passing as if I were guided down the course of the strong young river, I came to the pavilion that spanned it, — the place where we had stood that afternoon, — and there, to my profound amazement, I saw Vanna, leaning against a slight wooden pillar. As if she had expected me, she laid one finger on her lip, and stretching out her hand, took mine and drew me beside her as a mother might a child. And instantly I saw!

On the farther bank a young man in a strange diadem or mitre of jewels, bare-breasted and beautiful, stood among the flowering oleanders, one foot lightly crossed over the other as he stood. He was like an image of pale radiant gold, and I could have sworn that the light came from within rather than fell upon him, for the night was very dark. He held the Flute to his lips, and as I looked, I became aware that the noise of the rushing water tapered off into a murmur scarcely louder than that of a summer bee in the heart of a rose. Therefore, the music rose like a fountain of crystal drops, cold, clear, and of an entrancing sweetness, and the face above it was such that I had no power to turn my eyes away. How shall I say what it was? All that I had ever desired, dreamed, hoped, prayed, looked at me from the remote beauty of the eyes, and with the most persuasive gentleness entreated me, rather than

commanded, to follow fearlessly and win. But these are words, and words shaped in the rough mould of thought cannot convey the deep desire that would have hurled me to his feet if Vanna had not held me with a firm restraining hand.

Looking up in adoring love to the dark face was a ring of woodland creatures. I thought I could distinguish the white clouded robe of a snow leopard, the soft clumsiness of a young bear, and many more; but these shifted and blurred like dream creatures — I could not be sure of them or define their numbers. The eyes of the Player looked down upon their passionate delight with careless kindness.

Dim images passed through my mind. Orpheus — no, this was no Greek. Pan — yet again, no. Where were the pipes, the goat-hoofs? The young Dionysos — no; there were strange jewels instead of his vines. And then Vanna's voice said as if from a great distance, —

'Krishna — the Beloved'; and I said aloud, 'I see!' And, even as I said it, the whole picture blurred together like a dream, and I was alone in the pavilion and the water was foaming past me.

Had I walked in my sleep? I wondered, as I made my way back. As I gained the garden gate, before me, like a snowflake, I saw the Ninefold flower.

When I told her next day, speaking of it as a dream, she said simply, 'They have opened the door to you. You will not need me soon.'

'I shall always need you. You have taught me everything. I could see nothing last night until you took my hand.'

'I was not there,' she said smiling. 'It was only the thought of me, and you can have that when I am very far away. I was sleeping in my tent. What you called in me then you can always call, even if I am — dead.'

'That is a word which is beginning to have no meaning for me. You have

said things to me — no, *thought* them — that have made me doubt if there is room in the universe for the thing we have called death.'

She smiled her sweet wise smile.

'Where we are, death is not. Where death is, we are not. But you will understand better soon.'

IV

Our march, curving, took us by the Mogul gardens of Achibal, and the glorious ruins of the great Temple at Martund, and so down to Bawan, with its crystal waters and that loveliest camping-ground beside them. A mighty grove of chenar trees, so huge that I felt as if we were in a great sea-cave where the air is dyed with the deep shadowy green of the inmost ocean, and the murmuring of the myriad leaves was like a sea at rest. The water ran with a great joyous rush of release from the mountain behind, but was first received in a basin full of sacred fish and reflecting a little temple of Maheshwara and one of Surya the Sun. Here, in this basin, the water lay pure and still as an ecstasy, and beside it was musing the young Brahmin priest who served the temple.

Since I had joined Vanna I had begun, with her help, to study a little Hindostani, and, with an aptitude for language, could understand here and there. I caught a word or two, as she spoke with him, that startled me, when the high-bred ascetic face turned serenely upon her, and he addressed her as 'My sister,' adding a sentence beyond my learning, but which she willingly translated later: 'May He who sits above the Mysteries, have mercy upon thy rebirth.'

She said afterward, —

'How beautiful some of these men are. It seems a different type of beauty from ours — nearer to nature and the old gods. Look at that priest: the tall,

figure, the clear olive skin, the dark level brows, the long lashes that make a soft gloom about the eyes, — eyes that have the fathomless depth of a deer's, — the proud arch of the lip. I think there is no country where aristocracy is more clearly marked than in India. The Brahmins are the aristocrats of the world. You see, it is a religious aristocracy as well. It has everything that can foster pride and exclusiveness. They spring from the Mouth of Deity. They are his word incarnate. Not many kings are of the Brahmin caste, and the Brahmins look down upon those who are not, from sovereign heights.'

And so, in marches of about ten miles a day, we came to Pahlgam on the banks of the dancing Lidar. There were now only three weeks left of the time she had promised. After a few days at Pahlgam the march would turn and bend its way back to Srinagar, and to — what? I could not believe it was to separation: in her lovely kindness she had grown so close to me that, even for the sake of friendship, I believed our paths must run together to the end; and there were moments when I could still half convince myself that I had grown as necessary to her as she was to me. No — not as necessary, for she was life and soul to me; but perhaps a part of her daily experience that she valued and would not easily part with.

That evening we were sitting outside the tents, near the camp-fire of pine logs and cones. The men, in various attitudes of rest, were lying about, and one had been telling a story, which had just ended in excitement and loud applause.

'These are Mohammedans,' said Vanna, 'and it is only a story of love and fighting, like the Arabian Nights. If they had been Hindus, it might well have been of Krishna or of Rama and Sita. Their faith comes from an earlier time, and they still see visions. The

Moslem is a hard practical faith for men — men of the world, too. It is not visionary.'

'I wish you would tell me what you think of the visions or apparitions of the Gods that are seen here. Is it all illusion? Tell me your thought.'

'How difficult that is to answer! I suppose that, if love and faith are strong enough, they will always create the vibrations to which the greater vibrations respond, and so create God in their own image at any time or place. But that they call up what is the truest reality, I have never doubted. There is no shadow without a substance. The substance is beyond us, but under certain conditions the shadow is projected and we see it.'

'Have I seen, or has it been dream?'

'I cannot tell. It may have been the impress of my mind on yours, for I see such things always. You say I took your hand?'

'Take it now.'

She obeyed, and instantly, as I felt the firm cool clasp, I heard the rain of music through the pines — the Flute-Player was passing! She dropped it, smiling, and the sweet sound ceased.

'You see! How can I tell what you have seen? You will know better when I am gone. You will stand alone then.'

'You will not go — you cannot! I have seen how you have loved all this wonderful time. I believe it has been as dear to you as to me. And every day I have loved you more. You could not — you who are so gentle — you could not commit the senseless cruelty of leaving me when you have taught me to love you with every beat of my heart. I have been patient — I have held myself in; but I must speak now. Marry me, and teach me. I know nothing. You know all I need to know. For pity's sake, be my wife.'

I had not meant to say it; it broke from me in the firelit moonlight with a

power that I could not stay. She looked at me with a discerning gentleness.

'Is this fair? Do you remember how at Peshawar I told you I thought it was a dangerous experiment, and that it would make things harder for you? But you took the risk like a brave man, because you felt there were things to be gained — knowledge, insight, beauty. Have you not gained them?'

'Yes. Absolutely.'

'Then — is it all loss if I go?'

'Not all. But loss I dare not face.'

'I will tell you this. I could not stay if I would. Do you remember the old man on the way to Vernag? He told me that I must very soon take up an entirely new life. I have no choice, though, if I had, I would still do it.'

There was silence, and down a long arcade, without any touch of her hand, I heard the music, receding with exquisite modulations to a very great distance; and between the pillared stems, I saw a faint light.

'Do you wish to go?'

'Entirely. But I shall not forget you, Stephen. I will tell you something. For me, since I came to India, the gate that shuts us out at birth has opened. How shall I explain? Do you remember Kipling's "Finest Story in the World"?'

'Yes: fiction!'

'Not fiction — true, whether he knew it or no. But for me the door has opened wide. First, I remembered piece-meal, with wide gaps; then more connectedly. Then, at the end of the first year, I met one day at Cawnpore an ascetic, an old man of great beauty and wisdom, and he was able by his own knowledge to enlighten mine. Not wholly — much has come since then; has come, some of it, in ways you could not understand now, but much by direct sight and hearing. Long, long ago I lived in Peshawar, and my story was a sorrowful one. I will tell you a little before I go.'

'I hold you to your promise. What is there I cannot believe when you tell me? But does that life put you altogether away from me? Was there no place for me in any of your memories that has drawn us together now? Give me a little hope that, in the eternal pilgrimage, there is some bond between us, and some rebirth where we may meet again.'

'I will tell you that also before we part. I have grown to believe that you do love me — and therefore love something which is infinitely above me.'

'And do you love me at all? Am I nothing, Vanna — Vanna?'

'My friend,' she said, and laid her hand on mine. A silence and then she spoke, very low. 'You must be prepared for very great change, Stephen, and yet believe that it does not really change things at all. See how even the Gods pass and do not change. The early Gods of India are gone, and Shiva, Vishnu, Krishna have taken their places and are one and the same. The Gods cannot die, nor can we, or anything that has life. Now I must go inside.'

The days that were left we spent in wandering up the Lidar River to the hills that are the first ramp of the ascent to the great heights. She sat, one day, on a rock, holding the sculptured leaves and massive seed-vessels of some glorious plant that the Kashmiris believe has magic virtues hidden in the seeds of pure rose embedded in the white down.

'If you fast for three days and eat nine of these in the Night of No Moon, you can rise on the air light as thistle-down and stand on the peak of Haramoukh. And on Haramoukh, as you know, it is believed that the Gods dwell. There was a man here who tried this enchantment. He was a changed man forever after, wandering and muttering to himself, and avoiding all human inter-

course as far as he could. He said he had seen the Dream of the God!

'Do you think he had seen anything?'

'What do I know? Will you eat the seeds? The Night of No Moon will soon be here.'

She held out the seed-vessels, laughing. I write that down; but how record the lovely light of kindliness in her eyes — the almost submissive gentleness that yet was a defense stronger than steel? I never knew — how should I? — whether she was sitting by my side or heavens away from me in her own strange world. But always she was a sweetness that I could not reach, a cup of nectar that I might not drink, unalterably her own and never mine, and yet — my friend.

She showed me the wild track up into the mountains, where the pilgrims go to pay their devotions to the Great God's shrine in the awful heights.

Above where we were sitting, the river fell in a tormented white cascade, crashing and feathering into spray-dust of diamonds. An eagle was flying above it, with a mighty spread of wings that seemed almost double-jointed in the middle, they curved and flapped so wide and free. The fierce head was outstretched with the rake of a plundering galley, as he swept down the wind, seeking his meat from God, and passed majestic from our sight.

Vanna spoke, and as she spoke I saw. What are her words as I record them? Stray dead leaves pressed in a book — the life and grace dead. Yet I record, for she taught me, what I believe the world should learn, that the Buddhist philosophers are right when they teach that all forms of what we call matter are really but aggregates of spiritual units, and that life itself is a curtain hiding reality, as the vast veil of day conceals from our sight the countless orbs of space. So that the purified mind, even while prisoned in the body, may

enter into union with the Real and, according to attainment, see it as it is.

She was an interpreter because she believed this truth profoundly. She saw the spiritual essence beneath the lovely illusion of matter, and the air about her was radiant with the motion of strange forces for which the dull world has many names, aiming indeed at the truth, but falling, oh, how far short of her calm perception! She was of a House higher than the Household of Faith. She had received enlightenment. She believed because she had seen.

V

Next day our camp was struck, and we turned our faces again to Srinagar and to the day of parting. I set down but one strange incident of our journey, of which I did not speak even to her.

We were camping at Bijbehara, awaiting our house-boat, and the site was by the Maharaja's lodge above the little town. It was midnight and I was sleepless — the shadow of the near future was upon me. I wandered down to the lovely old wooden bridge across the Jhelum, where the strong young trees grow up from the piles. Beyond it the moon was shining on the ancient Hindu remains close to the new temple; and as I stood on the bridge, I could see the figure of a man in deepest meditation by the ruins. He was no European. I could see the straight, dignified folds of the robes. But it was not surprising that he should be there, and I should have thought no more of it, had I not heard at that instant from the farther side of the river the music of the Flute. I cannot hope to describe that music to any who have not heard it. Suffice it to say that, where it calls, he who hears must follow, whether in the body or the spirit. Nor can I now tell in which I followed. One day it will call me across the River of Death, and I shall ford it or sink in

the immeasurable depths, and either will be well.

But immediately I was at the other side of the river, standing by the stone Bull of Shiva where he kneels before the Symbol, and looking steadfastly upon me a few paces away was a man in the dress of a Buddhist monk. He wore the yellow robe that leaves one shoulder bare; his head was bare, also, and he held in one hand a small bowl like a stemless chalice. I knew I was seeing a very strange and inexplicable sight, — one that in Kashmir should be incredible, — but I put wonder aside, for I knew now that I was moving in the sphere where the incredible may well be the actual. His expression was of the most unbroken calm. If I compare it to the passionless gaze of the Sphinx, I misrepresent, for the Riddle of the Sphinx still awaits solution, but in this face was a noble acquiescence and a content which, had it vibrated, must have passed into joy.

Words or their equivalent passed between us. I felt his voice.

'You have heard the music of the Flute?'

'I have heard.'

'What has it given?'

'A consuming longing.'

'It is the music of the Eternal. The creeds and the faiths are the words that men have set to that melody. Listening, it will lead you to Wisdom. Day by day you will interpret more surely.'

'I cannot stand alone.'

'You will not need. What has led you will lead you still. Through many births it has led you. How should it fail?'

'What should I do?'

'Go forward.'

'What should I shun?'

'Sorrow and fear.'

'What should I seek?'

'Joy.'

'And the end?'

'Joy. Wisdom. They are the Light and Dark of the Divine.'

A cold breeze passed and touched my forehead. I was still standing in the middle of the bridge above the water gliding to the ocean, and there was no figure by the Bull of Shiva. I was alone. I passed back to the tents, with the shudder that is not fear but akin to death upon me. I knew that I had been profoundly withdrawn from what we call actual life, and the return is dread.

The days passed as we floated down the river to Srinagar.

On board the Kedarnath, now lying in our first berth beneath the chenars, near and yet far from the city, the last night had come. Next morning I should begin the long ride to Baramula, and beyond that barrier of the Happy Valley down to Murree and the Punjab. Where afterward? I neither knew nor cared. My lesson was before me to be learned. I must try to detach myself from all I had prized — to say to my heart that it was but a loan and a gift, and to cling only to the imperishable. And did I as yet certainly know more than the A B C of the hard doctrine by which I must live? *Que vivre est difficile, O mon cœur fatigué!* — An immense weariness possessed me — a passive grief.

Vanna would follow later with the wife of an Indian doctor. I believed she was bound for Lahore; but on that point she had not spoken certainly, and I felt that we should not meet again.

And now my packing was finished, and, so far as my possessions went, the little cabin had the soulless emptiness that comes with departure.

I was enduring as best I could. If she had held loyally to her pact, could I do less? Was she to blame for my wild hope that in the end she would relent and step down to the household levels of love?

She sat by the window — the last time I should see the moonlit banks and her clear face against them. I made and won my fight for the courage of words.

'And now I've finished everything, thank goodness! and we can talk. Vanna — you will write to me?'

'Once. I promise that.'

'Only once? Why? I counted on your words.'

'I want to speak to you of something else now. I want to tell you a memory. But look first at the pale light behind the Takht-i-Suliman.'

So I had seen it with her. So I should not see it again. We watched until a line of silver sparkled on the black water, and then she spoke.

'Stephen, do you remember in the ruined monastery near Peshawar, how I told you of the young Abbot, who came down to Peshawar with a Chinese pilgrim? And he never returned.'

'I remember. There was a dancer.'

'There was a dancer. She was Lilavanti, and was brought there to trap him; but when she saw him she loved him, and that was his ruin and hers. Trickery he would have known and escaped. Love caught him in an unbreakable net, and they fled down the Punjab, and no one knew any more. But I know. For two years they lived together, and she saw the agony in his heart — the anguish of his broken vows, the face of the Blessed One receding into an infinite distance. She knew that every day added a link to the heavy Karma that was bound about the feet she loved, and her soul said, "Set him free," and her heart refused the torture. But her soul was the stronger. She set him free.'

'How?'

'She took poison. He became an ascetic in the hills, and died in peace, but with a long expiation upon him.'

'And she?'

'I am she.'

'You!' I heard my voice as if it were another man's. Was it possible that I — a man of the twentieth century — believed this impossible thing? Impossible, and yet — What had I learned if not the unity of Time, the illusion of matter? What is the twentieth century, what the first? Do they not lie before the Supreme as one, and clean from our petty divisions? And I myself had seen what, if I could trust it, asserted the marvels that are no marvels to those who know.

'You loved him?'

'I love him.'

'Then there is nothing at all for me.'

She resumed as if she had heard nothing.

'I have lost him for many lives. He stepped above me at once; for he was clean gold, though he fell; and though I have followed, I have not found. But that Buddhist beyond Islamabad — you shall hear now what he said. It was this. "The shut door opens, and this time he waits." I cannot yet say all it means, but there is no Lahore for me. I shall meet him soon.'

'Vanna, you would not harm yourself again?'

'Never. I should not meet him. But you will see. Now I can talk no more. I will be there to-morrow when you go, and ride with you to the poplar road.'

She passed like a shadow into her little dark cabin, and I was left alone. I will not dwell on that black loneliness of the spirit, for it has passed — it was the darkness of hell, a madness of jealousy, and could have no enduring life in any heart that had known her. But it was death while it lasted. I had moments of horrible belief, of horrible disbelief; but however it might be, I knew that she was out of reach forever. Near me — yes! but only as the silver image of the moon floating in the water by the boat, with the moon herself cold myri-

ads of miles away. I will say no more of that last eclipse of what she had wrought in me.

The bright morning came, sunny as if my joys were beginning instead of ending. Vanna mounted her horse, and led the way from the boat. I cast one long look at the little Kedarnath, the home of those perfect weeks, of such joy and sorrow as would have seemed impossible to me in the chrysalis of my former existence. Little Kahdra stood crying bitterly on the bank; the kindly folk who had served us were gathered, saddened and quiet.

How dear she looked, how kind, how gentle her appealing eyes, as I drew up beside her! She knew what I felt, that the sight of little Kahdra, crying as he said good-bye, was the last pull at my sore heart. Still she rode steadily on, and still I followed. Once she spoke.

'Stephen, there was a man in Peshawar, kind and true, who loved that Lila-vanti, who had no heart for him. And when she died, it was in his arms, as a sister might cling to a brother; for the man she loved had left her. It seems that will not be in this life, but do not think I have been so blind that I did not know my friend.'

I could not answer — it was the realization of the utmost I could hope, and it came like healing to my spirit. Better that bond between us, slight as most men might think it, than the dearest and closest with a woman not Vanna. It was the first thrill of a new joy in my heart — the first, I thank the Infinite, of many and steadily growing joys and hopes that cannot be uttered here.

I bent to take the hand she stretched to me; but even as our hands touched, I saw, passing behind the trees by the road, the young man I had seen in the garden at Vernag — most beautiful, in the strange mitre of his jeweled diadem. His Flute was at his lips, and the music rang out sudden and crystal-clear, as if

a woodland god were passing to awaken all the joys of the dawn.

The horses heard, too. In an instant hers had swerved wildly, and she lay on the ground at my feet.

VI

Days had gone before I could recall what had happened then. I lifted her in my arms and carried her into the rest-house near at hand, and the doctor came and looked grave, and a nurse was sent from the Mission Hospital. No doubt all was done that was possible; but I knew from the first what it meant and how it would be. She lay in a white quietness, and the room was still as death. I remembered with unspeakable gratitude later that the nurse had been merciful and had not sent me away.

So Vanna lay all day and all night; and when the dawn came again, she stirred and motioned with her hand, although her eyes were closed. I understood, and, kneeling, I put my hand under her head, and rested it against my shoulder. Her faint voice murmured at my ear.

'I dreamed — I was in the pine wood at Pahlgam, and it was the Night of No Moon, and I was afraid, for it was dark; but suddenly all the trees were covered with little lights like stars, and the greater light was beyond. Nothing to be afraid of.'

'Nothing, beloved.'

'And I looked beyond Peshawar, farther than eyes could see; and in the ruins of the monastery where we stood, you and I — I saw him, and he lay with his head at the feet of the Blessed One. That is well, is it not?'

'Well, beloved.'

'And it is well I go? Is it not?'

'It is well.'

A long silence. The first sun-ray touched the floor. Again the whisper:—

'Believe what I have told you. For we shall meet again.'

I repeated, 'We shall meet again.'

In my arms she died.

Later, when all was over, I asked myself if I believed this, and answered with full assurance, Yes.

If the story thus told sounds incredible, it was not incredible to me. I had had a profound experience. What is a miracle? It is simply the vision of the Divine behind nature. It will come in different forms according to the eyes that see, but the soul will know that its perception is authentic.

I could not leave Kashmir, nor was there any need. On the contrary, I saw that there was work for me here among the people she had loved, and my first aim was to fit myself for that and for the writing I now felt was to be my career in life. After much thought, I bought the little Kedarnath and made it my home, very greatly to the satisfaction of little Kahdra and all the friendly people to whom I owed so much.

Vanna's cabin I made my sleeping-room, and it is the simple truth that the first night I slept in the place that was a Temple of Peace in my thoughts I had a dream of wordless bliss, and starting awake for sheer joy, I saw her face in the night, human and dear, looking upon me with that poignant sweetness which would seem to be the utmost revelation of love and pity. And as I stretched my hands, another face dawned solemnly from the shadow beside her, with grave brows bent on mine — one I had known and seen in the ruins at Bijbehara. Outside, and very near, I could hear the silver weaving of the Flute that in India is the symbol of the call of the Divine. A dream; but it taught me to live.

(The End)

THE TWILIGHT OF PARLIAMENT

BY A. G. GARDINER

I

It is a fact of universal admission that the prestige of the British Parliament has not been at so low an ebb in living memory as it is to-day. We should have, I think, to go back to the time when George III, in his pursuit of personal government, packed the House of Commons with his creatures, to parallel the disrepute into which the present Parliament has fallen. The House of Commons has lost its authority over the public mind and its influence upon events. The press has largely ceased to report its proceedings, and the scrappy descriptive summary has taken the place of the full-dress verbatim reports with which we were familiar a few years ago. This is no doubt largely due to the revolution in the press which has replaced the sober seriousness of the past by a tendency to keep the public amused with sensation and stunts. But the fact does reflect the public sense of the decadence of Parliament.

And there is an odd touch of irony in this — that the depreciation affects the popular House much more than the House of Lords. For generations the latter has been a threatened institution, the last hope of impossible causes and the bugbear of the reformer. Its record of stupid opposition to every movement of enlightened and rational change has been the tradition of a century; but it seemed that, with the great Budget fight of 1910 and the passing of the Parliament Act, its power for mischief had been finally controlled. It

was an ogre that had lost its teeth and its claws, and was henceforth harmless. And behold! Just at the moment when the representative House is at last based on the broadest possible franchise, when the suffrage is universal and women have the vote, we are confronted with the spectacle of a House of Commons so negligible as to be almost beneath contempt, and so mute and servile that, by comparison, the hereditary Chamber stands out in contrast as the guardian of public liberties and free institutions. For long years Liberals have been fighting for a thoroughly representative system and for imposing restraint upon the reactionary tendencies of the Upper House. And having accomplished their aim, they find that they have to turn, for the experience of whatever remnant of enlightened and liberal-minded opinion there remains, from the House of Commons to the House of Lords. There at least an occasional weighty voice is heard in protest against the follies of the government. There at least is some reminiscence of the spirit of independent criticism, which has certainly vanished from a House of Commons that exists simply to register the decrees of a ministry.

If we seek to discover the causes of the decline of the Parliamentary institution, the most general conclusion will be that it is an incident in the convulsion of the war. There can, of course, be no doubt on this point. It is the war

that has shaken the pillars of Westminster and left the governance of England more chaotic and indeterminate than it has been for two centuries. But while this is undoubtedly true, it is also true that for some years before the war there had been tendencies at work which had been undermining confidence in Parliamentary government. The transfer of power from the educated middle classes to the mass of the people, while a just and inevitable development of the democratic idea, was productive of results which were not wholly salutary. The appeal ceased to be to an instructed community, which could be reached by argument, and passed to the millions who had neither the taste nor the time for the consideration of affairs, and became interested in them only when passion was aroused.

The development enormously enhanced the power of the demagogue in politics. It made the appeal to reason more difficult and the appeal to violent emotion infinitely more profitable. And the change in the seat of power was accompanied by another change, which intensified the demagogic tendency. The press became aware of the big battalions and set out to exploit them. An enterprising youth named Harmsworth, having discovered, by the success of *Answers* and similar erudite publications, that what the great public wanted to know was how many acres there were in Yorkshire, how many letters in the Bible, how far the streets of London put end to end would reach across the Atlantic, and so on, determined to apply the spirit of this illuminating gospel to the conduct of the daily press. His triumph was phenomenal. In the course of a few years the whole character of the English press was changed. It passed mainly into the hands of a few great syndicates, with young Mr. Harmsworth, now Viscount Northcliffe, as the head of the new journalistic hier-

archy. It led the public on stunts and sensations. It debased the currency of political controversy to phrases that could be put in a headline and passed from mouth to mouth. The old-fashioned newspaper, which reported speeches and believed in the sanctity of its news-columns, went under or had to join in the *saute qui peut*. Parliament was treated as a music-hall turn. If it was funny, it was reported; if it was serious, it was ignored. With the exception of a few papers, chiefly in the provinces, like the Manchester *Guardian* and the *Scotsman*, the utterances of serious statesmen other than the Prime Minister were unreported. The Midlothian campaign of Gladstone, which used to fill pages of the newspapers, would to-day be dismissed in an ill-reported half-column summary devoted, not to the argument, but to the amusing asides and the irrelevant interruptions.

All this profoundly affected the Parliamentary atmosphere. The power outside the House was no longer a vigilant influence upon events within the House. The statesman ceased to rely upon his reasoned appeal to the facts. He found that the way to dominion over Parliament was not by argument on the floor of the House, but by making terms with the great lords of the press outside, who controlled the machine that manufactured public opinion. Long before the war Mr. Lloyd George had appreciated the changed circumstances and taken advantage of them. A press man was much more important to him than a Parliamentary colleague or a prince of the blood. He might forget to reply to an archbishop, but he would never forget to reply to a journalist. His acquaintance among the craft was more various and peculiar than that of any politician of this day or any other day. There was no newspaper man so poor that he would not do him reverence and entertain him to

breakfast. While his former colleague, Mr. Asquith, studiously ignored the press and would no more have thought of bargaining with Northcliffe and Beaverbrook for their support than of asking his butler to write his speeches, Mr. George lived in the press world, knew every leading journalist's vulnerable point, humored his vanity, and gave him a knighthood or a peerage as readily as his breakfast.

By these ingenious arts, which I have had the pleasure of watching at pretty close quarters for twenty years past, he built up that press legend of himself which has been so invaluable an asset to him. It has not only enabled him to establish his own political fortunes: it has enabled him to destroy the political fortunes of one set of colleagues after another — unhappy gentlemen, who did not know the secret doors of Fleet Street, and found themselves frozen out of the public affections by a mysterious wind that emanated from they knew not where.

It may be worth while to mention the chief figures of the press bodyguard with which Mr. George has displaced the authority of Parliament and made himself more nearly a dictator than the country has seen since the days of Cromwell. They are really very few, but between them they influence the opinion and control the news-supply of nineteen twentieths of the people of the country. They are Lord Northcliffe, whom he made a viscount; his brother, Lord Rothermere, whom also he made a viscount; a third brother, Sir Leicester Harmsworth, whom he made a baronet; Mr. George Riddell of the *News of the World*, whom he made Lord Riddell; the manager of the *Times*, Sir Stuart Campbell, whom he made a knight; the manager of the *Mail*, whom he made a knight; Sir H. Dalziel of the *Daily Chronicle* and *Pall Mall*; Sir William Robertson Nichol (also made a knight),

who, as editor of the *British Weekly*, keeps him right with the Nonconformist public; Sir Edward Hulbar, the owner of a great group of papers in London and Manchester (a baronetcy for him); Lord Beaverbrook of the *Daily Express*, who was given a peerage for engineering the overthrow of the Asquith ministry. There are others, but these are the leaders of the clique through which Mr. George rules England and, in larger degree than any man living, the continent of Europe. It is a great achievement. The press lords have so indoctrinated the public mind with the Lloyd George legend that it is doubtful whether they themselves can destroy their own creation. Lord Northcliffe, disappointed at not being chosen, as a part of his contract, to represent England at the Peace Conference, has tried to destroy it, but has found that he did his work too thoroughly to undo it easily. The public has become so attached to the legend that they find it hard to surrender it until the press can agree upon a new legend to put in its place. That will not be easy, for no other man living has anything approaching Mr. George's genius for manipulating the press, and he has had five years of power in which to consolidate his hold upon the machine of government and to establish his friends in all the strategic positions of influence.

II

But, side by side with this transfer of real power from Parliament to the press, there has been another tendency operating to discredit the House of Commons. This tendency has no doubt been aggravated by the disrepute of Parliament itself. It is the idea of direct action. The Labor movement, just when it seemed to have the control of Parliament within its grasp, developed a school which aimed at repudiating

ing Parliament altogether, or, at least, at subordinating it to the exercise of direct industrial power outside. The view of the leaders of this movement was that Parliament was an institution which, however democratic its basis, became inevitably the instrument of the capitalist interests, and that the realities of government must pass to the organized industrial classes before Labor could get justice or achieve the aims it had in view. Between the mutually destructive ideas of possessing Parliament and dispossessing Parliament, Labor has temporarily lost its way. The rank and file of the movement, I think, is still overwhelmingly in favor of a Parliamentary system; but the intellectual energy is largely behind the new school of thought, and the discredit that has fallen upon the present Parliament has strengthened the motive of direct action. The result has been disastrous both to Labor and to Parliament. The cleavage of politics tends more and more to be between Labor and Capital, with the latter in control of Parliament and the former increasingly disposed to make its power felt outside by the interruption of the processes of industry.

This insurgent disposition of the advanced section of Labor is aggravated by the subservience of the press to the money interest. The present condition of journalistic production makes it practically impossible for newspapers to be run in the interests of the men; and the conviction that both the press and Parliament are against them gives impetus to the preachings of direct action.

Another consideration that has helped to make Labor distrust Parliament is its own failure as a Parliamentary factor. There are some seventy Labor members in the present House of Commons; but it is notorious that they are, as a whole, the least efficient body in the Chamber. The fact is due to two

things. While it is the intellectual who dictates the abstract policy of the party, it is the mass of the party that nominates and elects the members; and it is the practice to send to Westminster trade-union secretaries of third-rate ability and generally without either political training or Parliamentary instinct. Nor is this the only handicap. They are deprived of all independent action, and enter the House committed to a certain collective course on any given issue, regardless of what the debates may reveal. All this has made Labor a singularly negligible influence in the House, and has increased its disposition to distrust an instrument it has failed to use.

III

And there is another cause of the decline of the Parliamentary institution. I do not think it can be doubted that it is not to-day attracting the best intellectual and moral material of the country to the extent to which it attracted it a generation or two ago. The pushful and clever lawyer is still there in abundance; but the great public-spirited citizen, who entered Parliament, not for what he could make out of it, but from a disinterested passion for the commonwealth, — the man of the type of Cobden and Bright, — has disappeared. No first-rate Parliamentary figure, has emerged during the past twenty years, with the exception of Mr. Churchill, a mere swashbuckler of politics.

This, I fear, is not an accidental circumstance. It is due to the changed conditions. In the past the private member of distinction had an opportunity of making his influence felt, which is no longer possible. If he had anything to say, he was able to say it, and he was assured that through the press he would reach the mind of the country. All this is changed. The private member has few chances of being

heard and no chance of being reported. Though he speak with the tongue of angels, the popular press, occupied with important matters like the forthcoming prize-fight or the latest society divorce suit, will be deaf to his pleadings. If he is to make any impression, he must be a noisy nuisance, who cannot be suppressed. The effect of this is to make Parliament increasingly unattractive to the men who would give it distinction, but who are not prepared to devote their time and their energies to an unprofitable and not very elevating service.

I remember Lord Morley, when he was at the India Office, deploring the disappearance of the great private member, who consecrated distinguished abilities of mind and character to the service of the State without any desire for office.

'You mean a man of the type of Cobden,' I said.

'No,' he replied, 'I would be satisfied with something less than Cobden. I would be content if the House of Commons produced one private member of the type of Bradlaugh: powerful in speech, courageous in action, with a large understanding of affairs, and no eye upon the front bench. But there is no such man to-day.'

There is no such man, because there is no room for such a man. Burke would be almost as much out of his element in the House of Commons to-day as the Archbishop of Canterbury would be out of his element on the race-course. The change in the character of the House of Commons is, of course, largely due to the enormously increased activities which modern developments have imposed upon it. The tide of business that flows through the House is so impetuous, that the large issues of conduct are lost in the mass of multitudinous detail, and the appeal to the moral standards of public conduct has become almost as irrelevant as a sermon

on the stock exchange. Those who are concerned about these things find a more fruitful field for their activities in the social and intellectual world outside than they could hope to find in the House of Commons of to-day.

But in spite of these general tendencies, which have slowly and insensibly transformed the spirit and procedure of Parliament, it remains true that the low esteem in which it is held to-day is mainly due to the war. On the 3rd of August, 1914, the House of Commons was put into cold storage, and from that condition of frozen inactivity it has never emerged. Recalling that unforgettable scene when Sir Edward Grey made the speech that committed England to the war, one seems to look across a gulf that can never again be spanned. Power so completely passed from the House of Commons to the executive, that the merest murmur of criticism was enough to send a man into political exile for the rest of his days. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald made such a murmur when Sir Edward Grey sat down, and he has not recovered from the consequences to this hour. He is marked with the indelible stain of having said what half the Cabinet were saying in private the day before, and what many of them, including Mr. Lloyd George, were saying only three hours before. For four years and more the iron law of unquestioning obedience was imposed on the House of Commons. It became a registering machine. It was drilled and disciplined to the service of the executive. Its power of initiative vanished. The function of the opposition to oppose was abolished. The liberties of the Chamber were blotted out, and the House lost the very instinct of free criticism and independent thought. This paralysis continued so long that it became the habit of men's minds. They were unconscious of their chains. It would almost be true to say

that they came to wear their chains proudly, as the symbol of their patriotic self-surrender. The more they clanked them, the more they asserted their devotion to the country. The very tradition of a free Parliament passed away.

That tradition might have been recovered at the end of the war, if power had been in the hands of men who revered the Parliamentary institution. But Mr. Lloyd George had no disposition to restore to Parliament the unprecedented authority with which the war had invested him at the expense of Parliament. The events of the years of the war and his skillful adaptation of them to his aim of personal government had made him dictator in all but name. The fiction of Parliament continued, but he ruled the country through the press and through his control of the official machine, and he seized the moment of hysteria that came with the end of the war to rush an election that enabled him to secure a House of Commons exactly adapted to his purpose.

The squalor and shame of that election, with its coarse appeals to the worst appetites of the mob, is a humiliating memory. Its fruit continues in a House of Commons that is without precedent since the days of the pocket boroughs. Not a single Liberal statesman of front-bench rank was returned, and for the first time in modern annals the representative chamber was without an organized opposition. Two small fragments of the Liberal and Labor parties were returned, but they consisted of new and inconspicuous men, and as they acted in isolation, the small influence they might have exercised upon events was dissipated.

The disaster to the opposition was completed by the dramatic course of affairs in Ireland. The Nationalist party had for generations formed a formidable opposition *bloc* in the House; but the election swept the Nationalist party

out of existence, and in its place, Nationalist Ireland elected a solid phalanx of Sinn Fein candidates, who, adopting the policy of repudiating the English Parliament, have made no appearance at Westminster. Mr. George was therefore left in possession of Parliament with a completeness unlike anything in history. Not only was there no opposition confronting him, but the unwieldy mob of members sent to support him came, not as free representatives freely elected, but as his personal adherents who, in accepting his 'coupon,' had practically undertaken to disestablish Parliament and endorse his personal dictatorship without challenge.

It is needless to say that a House of Commons elected in these circumstances and under these conditions was of a quality new to the walls of St. Stephen's. It was composed for the most part of men who had done well out of the war and expected to do still better out of the peace. The wiser mind of the nation was wholly absent from it, and the scum thrown up by the war was left in undisputed possession. Owing their seats entirely to the strategy of Mr. George, depending for the retention of these seats entirely upon his maintenance in office, at once ignorant of and indifferent to the traditions of Parliament, they provided a perfect instrument for his purpose. In the previous Parliament, opposition had been silenced by the supposed requirements of the war; but in this Parliament it has been suppressed as a sort of blasphemy against the divine right of dictatorship. No proposal has been too grotesque to be swallowed with servile and uncomplaining obedience. Even Mr. George's fantastic fifty-per-cent tax on German imports — every copper of which came out of English pockets — was accepted almost without discussion, although the whole business community was panic-stricken at so inconceivable a form of

commercial suicide. The folly perished by its own silliness within a fortnight, but it has been duly followed by other follies, like the Anti-Dumping bill, which has been received with the same complacent imbecility. Cabinet responsibility has ceased to exist, the safeguards of the constitution have gone one by one; ministers have declined into mere clerks, responsible, not to Parliament, but to their chief; treasury control has vanished from finance, and an orgy of unchecked extravagance runs riot through the departments; the benches of the House are crowded with placemen, for whom new offices have been created in such abundance that Mr. George can vote down the feeble opposition with his salaried supporters alone. We are in the presence of an experiment in personal government which would have been unthinkable a decade ago.

Two issues will show how completely Parliament has abdicated. The story of the events in Ireland during the past year has no parallel in our annals for more than a century. The facts, denied or travestied with impudent effrontery by Sir Hamar Greenwood, are no longer in doubt. Every day adds its dreadful chapter to an indictment such as no civilized government in modern times has been subjected to. In other and better days one incident of the thousand that have occurred would have stung Parliament to an indignant anger that would have swept the government that authorized it from office. One has only to invoke the great name of Gladstone to appreciate the moral death that has fallen upon an institution that sits day by day and month by month in guilty and approving complicity with the chief authors of this indelible crime.

Or take the enormous disaster that has paralyzed industrial England this summer. Whatever share of responsibility the unions have for that catas-

trophe, it is small in comparison with the share of the government. They made vast profits by controlling the coal-trade, and used them to conceal the deficiency in their accounts. Nothing was set aside from the coal profits for the purpose of restoring the trade to normal conditions when the slump came. It came as the result, largely, of Mr. George's surrender to the French demands at Spa, which glutted France with German coal and brought about the collapse of the English coal-trade. And with this collapse, almost at a moment's notice, coal was decontrolled, and the miner was left to bear the whole burden of the government's gross improvidence. The wrong was open and palpable, but the House of Commons, in this as in every other crucial test, abdicated all its functions of criticism and appeasement. It was plainly in sympathy with the idea of using the occasion to destroy organized Labor, at whatever cost to the community. Probably the idea will prevail. Labor may be left beaten, impoverished, and sullen. But in thus destroying the last element of confidence among the working-classes in its good faith, Parliament will have suffered no less heavy a blow.

The future is incalculable. Parliamentary government, of course, there will continue to be; but whether Parliament can recover from the atrophy of years of war and the ignominy of years of peace to anything approaching the prestige of other days is more than doubtful. The rot has gone far, and we are in the presence of disruptive forces which cannot be measured. The Cæsarism of Mr. Lloyd George on the one hand, and the challenge of direct action on the other, seem to be crushing the institution between the hammer and the anvil. Apart from the abnormal happenings of the past seven years, the social and industrial changes of the last

generation have foreshadowed a reshaping of the machine of government. Decentralization is in the air, and the demand for an instrument less remote and cumbrous, more sensitive and immediately responsive to local needs, is increasingly made.

The universal loss of faith — in men, in institutions, in creeds, in theories — which is the devastating product of the war has touched nothing, not even the Church, more blighting than it has

touched Parliament. It would have suffered less had there been a great moral influence, to which the constitutional idea was as sacred as it was to Hampden, or Burke, or Gladstone, in control of affairs when the tempest came. But the upheaval of the war left it the sport of a nimble genius to whom the soul of Parliament is nothing and the manipulation of mob emotion through the press the only vehicle of statesmanship.

THE JAPANESE IN HAWAII

BY WILLIAM HARDING CARTER

THE recent census shows that, out of a total population of 255,912 in the Hawaiian Islands, 109,269 are Japanese. The increase in Japanese population since 1910 is 29,594, or 37.1 per cent, compared with 18,564 or 30.4 per cent during the preceding decade. The disproportionate number of Japanese in comparison with that of other nationalities in the islands constitutes an intricate and perplexing problem, and a knowledge of the history of Japanese immigration is essential to any proper consideration of the situation.

Diplomatic relations between Japan and Hawaii began with a treaty of amity and commerce in 1871. Scarcity of agricultural labor in Hawaii caused Honorable Charles R. Bishop, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to take up with the Hawaiian consul in Tokyo the subject of an arrangement for obtaining laborers from Japan; but nothing came of it until King Kalakaua visited Japan, in 1881, when the Hawaiian Minister of

Immigration, Honorable William Nevins Armstrong, initiated negotiations with the Japanese government on the subject of emigration of laborers from Japan to Hawaii.

In 1883 Colonel C. P. Iaukea was accredited to the Court of Japan as Minister Plenipotentiary, for the special purpose of arranging for Japanese immigration, and was instructed by the Hawaiian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Honorable Walter Murray Gibson, in this remarkable manner: —

‘You will please impress upon the mind of the Minister the very exceptional character of these proposals, and the evidence they afford of the high value His Majesty’s government places upon the friendly alliance between this country and Japan, and upon the Japanese race *as a repopulating element*.’

Later, under date of July 22, 1885, Mr. Gibson wrote to Count Inouye: —

‘I desire in the first place to assure Your Excellency that, owing to the

strong desire of Hawaii to settle upon her soil a kindred and kindly people like the Japanese, this government is most anxious to meet the views and requirements of Japan on all points.'

Under date of January 21, 1886, the Hawaiian Consul-General at Tokyo, Mr. R. W. Irwin, wrote to Count Inouye: 'I accept unreservedly the terms and conditions laid down in Your Excellency's communication of yesterday, and I am prepared to sign the immigration convention.'

The Hawaiian Minister of Foreign Affairs, under date of March 5, 1886, wrote to Count Inouye: 'Mr. Irwin unreservedly accepted these stipulations, and I have now the honor to accept his engagement and to confirm on the part of His Majesty's government the several subsidiary agreements referred to, in so far as may be consonant with the constitution of the kingdom and His Majesty's treaty obligations with foreign powers.'

Count Okuma in reply informed Mr. Irwin: 'I accept your assurances in these regards, as well as other particulars specified in your communication, as an authorized statement of the obligations which your government assumes in the premises, and I shall so regard the understanding as binding on our respective governments, subject to the right of revoking same, either in whole or in part, which is specifically reserved to me.'

In 1885 there were less than fifty Japanese in Hawaii; but under the encouragement of the terms of the treaty, the number increased to twenty thousand in ten years, at which time *Japan demanded the exclusion of any more Chinese laborers.*

Foreseeing future complications, the Constitution of 1887 was made to limit the franchise to 'every male resident of the Kingdom of Hawaiian, of American or European birth or descent, who shall

have taken an oath to support the constitution and laws, and shall know how to read or write either the Hawaiian, English, or some European language.'

In the following year, 1888, demands for the franchise for the Japanese began, and continued, as a diplomatic bone of contention along the line of favored-nation clauses, until 1893, when Mr. Fujii, Consul-General, made a categorical demand upon President Dole for the granting of the franchise by the Provisional Government — which had superseded the Monarchy — to all Japanese in Hawaii, including field-laborers brought under contract, over whom the Japanese government retained control by withholding 25 per cent of their wages.

President Dole explained that there could be no foundation in law, reason, or the usages of nations for one nation to demand of another, as a right, permission for its subjects to cast off their allegiance and acquire citizenship in another country. The relation of sovereign and subject, state and citizen, comprises an obligation between the governing authority and the individual; otherwise, an overcrowded country could unload its surplus population upon a smaller country, and by the utilization of the enforced franchise eventually and legally absorb the smaller country. This, in the last analysis, would result from the democratic theory that government should follow from the consent of the governed.

Following the establishment of the Republic of Hawaii, the immigration convention lapsed, but Japanese continued to arrive as free immigrants in greater numbers than before, 5129 having arrived in 1896. Matters were reaching a serious condition by reason of the heavy immigration. It was necessary to end a situation which threatened to jeopardize the continued development of Hawaii along Anglo-Saxon

lines; and under the terms of the general statutes of Hawaii nearly 1500 Japanese who arrived were denied entrance.

The native Hawaiian population has been disappearing in about the same ratio in which that of the Japanese has increased. Some of the early explorers estimated the native population of the group of islands as high as 250,000; but in 1832 a census was taken, and showed only 130,313. Twenty years later the population had dwindled to 71,019, of whom 2119 were foreigners. Improved agricultural conditions, incident to the reciprocity treaty with the United States, turned the tide, and in 1896 the total population was 109,020, of whom only 39,504 were Hawaiians. The census of 1910 showed only 26,041 Hawaiians, and the new census, that of 1920, shows that the number of natives has declined to 23,723.

While the native Hawaiian race is steadily disappearing, it still exercises power in local political matters through the considerable number of half-castes, born of intermarriages of whites and Chinese with Hawaiians, who now number 18,027 and are steadily increasing. There is practically none of the populating by mixing of races, anticipated when the Japanese were invited to settle in the islands. The Japanese men

marry only Japanese women, and their children are habitually registered as Japanese with officials of their own government. A large proportion of them are sent back to Japan for part of their education. The younger children attend both the public schools of Hawaii and private Japanese schools. The number of Japanese women in Hawaii has increased rapidly, — the ratio of women to men having nearly doubled since 1900, — and now is 42.7 per cent. The Japanese have increased in number since the census of 1910 by 29,599, and with Filipinos comprise three fourths of the total increase.

The main elements of population, other than Hawaiians and Japanese, are Chinese, Portuguese, Filipinos, Porto Ricans, and Spaniards. Americans, British and Germans have been more powerful in commercial and financial interests than in numbers.

The islands are fertile, their location is of immense and growing importance, and altogether they constitute a vital element in the future problems of the Pacific. The United States arrived at their possession through a process of stumbling, and doubtless the great problems arising from the commercial and strategic position of the islands will be met in the same way.

ROOT, HOG, OR DIE

THE NEW ENGLANDER AND HIS RAILROADS

BY PHILIP CABOT

I

CHEAP, efficient transportation is the life-blood of New England. Located at the extreme northeastern corner of the country, it has been, since the death of the China trade, as dependent on its railroads as man upon his food. Without them we die, and yet for twenty years a process of decay has been going on — stealing over us like creeping paralysis, but so gradually that for many years it passed almost unnoticed.

Ten years ago rumblings and cracks in the walls gave us warning, however, of the collapse which has now occurred. To-day the New England railroads not only are bankrupt, but seem bankrupt beyond repair. Faced with this condition at a time when war had raised the pressure on our whole industrial system to a point never before reached, the manufacturer and distributor turned to the motor-truck, as the only possible avenue of escape; with the result that, in a brief five years, our main radial highways have been converted into railroad rights of way, and are now choked with heavy traffic for which they were never designed.

Every abuse carries its penalty. The penalty for this abuse of our roads will be a heavy one, which the tax-payer must pay. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has spent more than \$25,000,000 of the tax-payers' money in road-construction, much of which has

already been ground to powder under the wheels of the five-ton truck; and the damage must to-day be repaired at perhaps double the former cost. Our State tax has mounted in recent years by leaps and bounds; the contribution of the truck-owner to the cost of road-construction is so trivial, that most of the burden will fall upon the tax-payer, on whose now over-loaded back a huge additional levy is apparently about to fall at the very moment when he is expecting relief. And make no mistake as to who must bear the burden. The old notion that a tax could be pinned upon one class has vanished into thin air. We now realize that it is not the capitalist who pays the tax, or the manufacturer. It is the man in the street who pays the tax, in the increased cost of everything he buys. He pays the bill for every waste of public money.

At the present time 2,000,000 ton-miles of freight are transported annually by truck; and five years hence, if the growth continues, the figure will be 60,000,000.

Apparently the business community has come to the conclusion that the motor-truck is to replace the railroad for freight traveling 100 miles or less, and is developing its business along these lines. The decision is a vital one, which must rest, one would suppose, on some well-matured plan, the practica-

bility and financial results of which have been thoroughly tested and adequately proved. But such is not the case. As a matter of fact, the proposition to make such a change in our transportation system not only is one which no intelligent merchant or manufacturer would recommend, if he knew the facts, but is a venture, not merely wild, but literally impossible.

The traffic which it is proposed to handle in this way will in five years' time require, for Massachusetts alone, at least 2000 miles of main highways constructed primarily for that purpose, at a cost exceeding \$40,000 per mile, or a total of \$80,000,000. Such a sum of money cannot be raised and economically spent in the brief space of time within which the work must be done; for unless the thing is done promptly, our industrial life will be strangled. But even if it were possible, the result would be a system of transportation so costly in operation as to be prohibitive. The cost per ton-mile of handling freight in such a way would be more than the traffic would bear; and if the money were raised and spent, it would be wasted. This can be shown by figures which, while subject to much uncertainty, are adequate for the purpose.

It now costs from 15 to 50 cents per ton-mile for motor-truck operation, depending upon two variables — the distance hauled and the so-called load-factor. By load-factor is meant the ratio between the maximum number of ton-miles per day that a truck can transport and the actual number of ton-miles transported. It is the habit of motor-truck manufacturers and operators to figure a load-factor of 50 or 60 per cent; but this is certainly too high, though it is difficult to say exactly what the figure should be. But considering that these trucks are to replace our freight cars, and that in New Eng-

land the load-factor on a freight car is certainly less than 5 per cent, the above figures are wholly unreasonable. If a load-factor of 20 per cent were obtained, it would indeed be remarkable. At this load-factor, operating costs per ton-mile, without profit, will vary from 30 to 40 cents, according to conditions.

To this figure the intelligent critic may object, on the ground that, the truck being a relatively new device, great economies in fuel are to be looked for; but in the first place, fuel is a relatively small item, and in the second place, it must be remembered that, as time goes on, the wages cost, which even now is a large item, will tend to increase. Compared with railroad wages to-day, this cost is very low, and it is practically certain that operators cannot be found in large numbers who will work regularly for the wages and under the working conditions now in effect. Looking five years ahead, therefore, and adding to the operating cost the fixed charges and maintenance of way and structures, it seems clear that the average cost per ton-mile of this method of transportation will not fall below 50 cents. The present cost of way and structures is estimated at 33 cents per ton-mile. If in the next five years the traffic doubles annually, which would mean a traffic of 60,000,000 ton-miles, this might come down to ten cents. If the trucks were taxed ten cents per ton-mile, this would produce an income of \$6,000,000 per year, which, added to the \$3,500,000 in fees now assessed, is hardly enough to meet the necessary expenditures. But at this rate, assuming a 20 per cent load-factor, about 10,000 trucks would be required, and the tax per truck would be \$600 per year. Compare the present license fee, and note what the tax-payer is contributing.

We are, then, in this position: in order to provide and maintain the necessary right of way to do the business,

an annual expenditure of more than \$10,000,000 during the next five years will be necessary; and when the job is done, we shall have created a system, the operating cost of which will be prohibitive. Obviously, this is no solution of our problem. Better to pay the money to the present owners of the railroads, whose rights of way have already cost twice the sum which it is now proposed to spend in duplicating them, and are far better adapted for the purpose.

This is not a fact, however, which should cause the legitimate and far-sighted truck-manufacturer any alarm. He is engaged in a great permanent industry, not in raising mushrooms. Sound, steady expansion upon a firm foundation is his watchword and his goal, and any movement which tends to throw upon him a sudden but ephemeral demand will damage him. A great structure, built upon a quicksand, that will topple over and crush him, would be an unmitigated misfortune, which he will be the last to encourage. He is to-day painfully digging himself out of such a crumbling ruin resulting from the war boom, and he will not need a second object-lesson. The burnt child dreads the fire.

We are clearly driven to the conclusion that the only way out of the dilemma (if there be any) is by improving and cheapening our local railroad freight-service. Perhaps this is impossible; perhaps we are in a blind alley from which there is no way out. But have we really tried to escape? Have we put our best brains and energy into a desperate effort to improve our railroad service? Have we employed the best methods that the keenest business imagination can devise to help us? Of course we have done nothing of the kind. Look at the railroads of New England to-day and the conditions under which they operate.

II

The railroad system of New England — into which the investing public has already poured the best part of a billion dollars, to which should be added annually \$25,000,000 more to keep it up-to-date — is the greatest single industry we have. At the head are a group of over-driven slaves, beaten from pillar to post by government officials and labor-union leaders, and under them a small army of operating men in a semi-mutinuous condition, whose principal aim at the present time seems to be to secure as high wages and do as little work as possible. Here is a business in the management of which the highest degree of skill, coöperation, and imaginative power must be employed and allowed to function in the most efficient manner. But we have either failed to show great skill in selecting the executive officers, or have forced them to work under impossible conditions.

The freight-traffic of New England is peculiar. Unlike that of our great Western states (or even that which the great trunk lines handle), the business of New England is largely in less than car-load lots. New England is, in fact, far more like old England, and has properly been compared to a huge terminal. In the conduct of this business, we have allowed ourselves to be dominated — one might almost say hypnotized — by the ideas of train-load and motive power associated with the great name of James J. Hill. The bankers have selected Western men to operate our systems, with lawyers and politicians of the old New England school for their adjutants and advisers.

It is a fundamental axiom of life that no great operation can be carried on without team-work — the most active and loyal coöperation between all members of the organization, from top to bottom. The capacity for team-work

(that vigorous coöperative effort expressive of the militant soul) is the measure of civilization, of the rise of civilized man above the brute. This is fundamental and axiomatic; but to what extent has it been achieved in the railroad business? No one who will take the trouble to talk with the railroad employees need long remain in doubt. The attitude of the great railroad unions and of the individual operative is one of sullen discontent, or active hostility to the executive officers. The system of rules and working conditions on which the men insist seems primarily designed to make the operation of the business as costly and inefficient as possible. In an industry where the prosperity, and even the life, of the community demands maximum efficiency and minimum cost, the great body of the workers spend their best time and effort to frustrate both. Is it strange that the service is unsatisfactory and that costs are high? It would be a miracle if it were otherwise. One risks nothing in saying that the business must be reorganized from top to bottom before it can function properly.

The thing is possible. Many of us can remember the time, a generation ago, when the frame of mind of these railroad workers was radically different: when men were proud of the companies they served, loyal to their interests, and spoke with bated breath of their superior officer as 'the old man,' a term of highest reverence, affection, and respect. We can remember the fine figure of the conductor of the fast train, bowing to his distinguished passengers, all of whom called him by name. That was the spirit necessary for success, but it is conspicuous to-day by its absence. It was the result of a great local enterprise, owned, managed, and operated by local men, on whom the responsibility for success had been squarely placed, and who had been allowed relative free-

dom of action. They breathed the free air of their native hills, were honored and respected by their fellow citizens, and, feeling the full weight of responsibility with power, met the test.

The conditions which have produced the ruin that we now face belong, perhaps, in the province of the philosopher rather than the statesman, but some comprehension of them is essential; for the men who must to-day get us out of this tangle are like the doctor who must diagnose the disease before he can cure it.

The public mind has been directed during recent years to blunders and scandals of a financial character, which are supposed to be the root cause of the present collapse; and doubtless they have contributed to it. But they are not the main cause. The failure is in management, not in finance. Either this great industry has assumed proportions beyond the power of men to deal with, or through lack of sufficient imagination and grasp of the nature of the problem, the owners and the public have failed to attract, or have driven to distraction, the type of man that was needed. That the industry has become very large, that such men as are needed to run it successfully are rare, no one will deny. But we cannot afford to admit that the job is beyond our power. The word 'impossible' is not popular with our people. Where there's a will, there's a way.

On the other hand, that we have failed to get the right managers, or that, having got them, we have not allowed them to do their work, is also clear; and before we discharge them as incompetent, we are bound in fairness to consider the conditions under which we have placed them.

Public regulation of the industry began fifty years ago; but only within twenty-five years did it become general and of decisive importance. During

the latter period, however, the railroad systems of New England have been under the strictest supervision of eight independent regulative commissions, each supreme in its own jurisdiction (the limits of which were not always clear), each holding divergent views as to the policy to be pursued, and unanimous only in this, that railroad executives were naughty boys, who needed stern discipline; and the rod has not been spared. As a result, the major portion of these men's time has been spent in attending public hearings, in preparing to attend them, or in endeavoring to act in such a way that they would not have to. Little time or energy has been left them to consider how to run the business so as to meet the rapidly changing conditions; and they have had less than no encouragement to look into the future with the keen constructive insight which was essential to success. They have been forced into the ignoble position of holding responsibility without real power, of being accountable for results which they did not cause, and of being blamed for every failure, whether brought about by them or by others.

Note, also, that men browbeaten as these men have been are not likely to overflow with the milk of human kindness, and may pass on similar treatment to their subordinates. Whatever the native capacity of the railroad executives, therefore, clearly they have labored under insuperable obstacles. The power to regulate, like the power to tax, is the power to destroy, and public regulation in New England has in this respect achieved a notable success.

III

The time has come, however, when the business men of New England must make radical improvements in the whole railroad situation, or we die.

Freight rates and services and (to a lesser degree) passenger business must be cheapened and improved, or New England industries will perish. A system of motor-transportation is no remedy, nor is government ownership and operation. The collapse is not due primarily to financial failure, but to failure of the human element; and in this respect, government officials, under present conditions, will not act with more vision, intelligence, and energy than private officials. The essential thing is that the public (that is, the tax-payer) should clearly grasp the fact that this is a matter of life or death, and determine to meet it with the desperate energy which alone will bring success.

The two main issues that must be grasped are: first, that the railroad industry (like all others) must be conducted by a group of men enthusiastically interested in their work and loyal to it and to each other from top to bottom; and second, that the conditions of traffic of New England are not like those of the West and South, but more like those of Europe, and must be studied and dealt with as such.

It is the industrial life of New England that is at stake, and our hope must rest on New England men. The West has its own problems to worry over, and the type of brains and energy which have made New England industrially great must save us now, or we perish. We must rely on Eastern men — not men steeped in and hypnotized by the ideas of train-load and motive power invented by Jim Hill to solve the traffic-problems of the great-plains states. For observe that the local traffic of New England is much of it in less than car-load lots. Freight cars of thirty to fifty tons' capacity are not what our traffic requires. The five-ton motor-truck, or the five-ton railway-van used in England, is more suited to our conditions.

Light trains and speed in handling must be the order of the new day.

One of the most serious stumbling-blocks in our local freight situation today is the cost and the delay in handling at terminals. Our present system of freight-houses and freight-handling is calculated to produce a maximum of both. It must be done away with. New methods must be devised. Already the lines along which these methods will run are beginning to appear. The motor-truck has replaced the horse for local haulage. Removable bodies, which can be loaded by the merchant or manufacturer in his shipping-room and slid on to the motor-chassis that backs into the room, will take the goods to a freight-yard (not a freight-house) where overhead traveling-cranes will hoist these bodies over as many intervening tracks as is necessary to deposit them on freight-cars placed according to their destination, one or several bodies on each car. If necessary, tarpaulins can be stretched over them for protection against the weather, and the trains will be made up in small units, hauled by light, economical engines (which in the not-distant future will be electric). Such trains will be dispatched at frequent intervals, and unloaded by the same method at their destination. The business of transporting goods to and from the freight-yards can, if necessary, be done by the railroad companies themselves (as it is in England); but it will probably be wiser to leave this part of the operation in the hands of separate local agencies.

By some such method deliveries of much of the local freight can be greatly speeded up and costs of handling reduced; and, as to the balance, systems of handling by small electric trucks at the freight-house, such as are now being tried in the Milwaukee freight-house of the St. Paul, will save much manpower and reduce costs.

However, it is not by the increased use of machinery alone that the cost of handling freight can be cut down. Better organization of man-power and a better spirit in the men can result in an increased efficiency which would cut the handling cost in two. No freight-handler need fear the loss of his job. His future is in his own hands; for, if he will use his head as well as his hands, and put will-power behind both, no machine can displace him. But he must now face the music, for the tax-payer, once thoroughly aroused, will insist that he shall handsomely earn his pay or give way to a machine that will.

Just what the cost of handling local freight by rail ought to be, it is perhaps impossible to say; but some approximation to the point where the dividing line between motor-truck transport and rail transport will come can be made in this way. Assuming a price of 15 cents per hundredweight for cost of delivery at the freight-yard and removal therefrom, or about three dollars per ton at each end, we have a fixed charge of six dollars per ton on every ton moved, however far it goes. At a cost of 50 cents per ton-mile for motor transport, six dollars will move a ton twelve miles; so that for this and shorter distances the railroad cannot compete. This distance, amounting to six miles at each end of the operation, fairly represents the area of the larger industrial communities, where streets designed for heavy traffic have already been provided; and within these areas the truck will clearly be supreme. Beyond this point, however, the railroad costs should be less, in view of the fact that the Class II rate, within which class most of the local traffic could with skillful readjustment be made to come, is now only five and a half cents, with all the terminal cost upon its head. Even if the cost for hauling local freight is as high as five cents, plus the cost of hand-

ling at terminals, it is clear that, above the twelve-mile limit, a saving over the 50 cents per ton-mile for motor costs can be shown.

But there is one feature essential to the success of this or any other scheme. The railroads must be efficiently operated. Loyalty, team-work, and discipline in railroad operations—all are absolutely vital to any improvement whatsoever. Without these no system, no industrial operation, can succeed. Scientific management and the best of methods are futile if the human element fails. The army of 75,000 men who operate the railroads of New England must be loyal to its commander, or the enemy (high taxes and high manufacturing costs) will drive us from the field.

At the present moment the nation is much agitated by the controversy between the railroad executives and the railroad unions, over the question of wages and working conditions—the unions demanding that all such questions shall be settled on a national basis, while the executives plead for the privilege of dealing directly with their own employees. It is beyond the scope of this article to analyze the merits of this controversy; but it may not be amiss to point out that, in the heat of battle, the parties are in danger of losing sight of the real issue—the shadow may be mistaken for the substance. Effective team-work requires loyalty and discipline. Industrial organizations that survive the test of time are organized upon the same principles as an army, in which there must be supreme command and also subdivision into units, to the commanders of which much liberty of action is allowed. The organization of the National Baseball League forms an analogy which is instructive, for the business as a whole is recognized as a close monopoly, controlled absolutely by a small group of

men; while at the same time the individuality of the clubs is not lost, competition is of the keenest character, and discipline is preserved.

But whatever be the form of organization, it is essential to success that each individual who comprises it shall be interested in his work, proud of his job, and loyal to it and to his superior officer. That it is easy to create such a condition, it would be idle to assert; but it will be impossible without the closest and most intimate relations between officers and men, and any system which tends to keep them apart will be fatal. This is, perhaps, the most serious objection to the scheme of national agreements, for which the leaders of the railroad unions contend.

The transportation conditions of New England are peculiar. They are wholly different from the conditions of the South or the West, and a union official living in Cleveland knows little, and is likely to care less, about the special problems of our community. The railroads of New England must be owned, managed, and operated by men whose homes and hearts, as well as their heads, are in New England. The operating men, from the engineer to the freight-handler, must know clearly that the success and the efficiency of operation of the roads is vital to their own lives; that when they strike, they strike their own wives and children; that, if costs are high, they must pay them; and that, if the business is a failure, they and theirs will be the sufferers.

If, in the process of reorganization on which we must now embark, new men are required in responsible positions, they should be sought, and will be found, among the rank and file of the present operating force. The spirit of team-play, which is essential, can be created and kept alive only by making it clear to every man, from water-boy to president, that promotion is the sure

reward of good work; and in addition to this, public regulation must be so administered that responsibility and power will not be divorced; that the men we look to for results shall have freedom of action within reasonable limits, and be given a chance to show what they can do.

Moreover, unless these apparently simple principles are entirely fallacious, they would seem to indicate the solution of the problem of grouping the New England roads, which is now so hotly disputed. Current argument is largely controlled and its lines directed by the hoary tradition that the problem is a financial one, to be settled like a sum in arithmetic, notwithstanding the crop of failures which this method has produced in the past. But one is tempted to suggest that an experiment in dealing with it primarily as a human problem could not be a worse failure, and might succeed.

Nothing is more alien to industrial progress than a narrow provincialism, and yet the strongest motive-forces of the race are its personal loyalties to family — to clan — to State and to Nation. If this motive can be enlisted, it is irresistible, and will sweep aside obstacles that baffle the economist and the banker. So that it might well be found that the slogan, 'New England money, New England men, New England roads,' will lead us to a victory which the bankers in New York who guide the destinies of the Trunk-Line Association cannot achieve.

The roads of New England must either be grouped together or parceled out among the Western trunk-lines. The figures point to the latter course; but the powerful popular instinct, which has opposed this in the past, rests upon a sound (if somewhat inarticulate) foundation. New England railroads succeeded when they were local enterprises supported by the loyalty of New

England. As they slipped from this basis, they began to fail, and they have now collapsed. To our old rock-foundation we must now painfully return.

It is idle to suppose that the controversies which have destroyed the morale of our railroad organizations are between Labor and Capital, or that one class in the community is more vitally interested in their solution than another. The penalty of failure will not fall most heavily upon the big business man or the banker. These can, and will, escape and win a livelihood in other fields. It is the workingman — the man in the street — who will suffer. New England is his home; its future and his are one. If New England suffers from the failure of its transportation-system, these men and their wives and children must bear the consequences. And if these men fail to realize the true nature of the problem, as they have failed hitherto, and to coöperate in its solution, they, and chiefly they, will suffer.

The present attitude of railroad labor, which seems to be striving for high wages and limited output, is suicidal. These men behave as if efficient and economical operation of the railroads were somebody else's business. In fact, it is their own. If they maintain their present attitude, they will destroy themselves and force their fellow citizens to shatter them and their organizations as a measure of self-preservation. The remedies will have to be drastic, for it is a matter of life and death.

To sum up the situation, then, and put a point upon the spear, we are faced with a vital problem, upon the successful solution of which hangs the future of New England. We are to-day a manufacturing community, to which cheap and rapid local transportation is essential. Owing to the collapse of our railroad system, we have not got it.

Transportation by motor-truck, except for short distances, is too expensive. Our goods must be transported by rail, if at all, and we must either provide cheap and rapid railroad transportation, or perish as a manufacturing centre.

This conclusion does not imply that the policy of the Commonwealth regarding the construction of state roads has been unwise. On the contrary, such construction, properly planned and administered on the basis of payment by the automobile of its share of cost and maintenance, through a system of registration fees, is sound and popular. But these roads were designed for relatively light traffic; their foundations and bridges are wholly inadequate to withstand the blows of a five-ton truck, and their use for freight-service of this character is wantonly wasteful. The \$25,000,000 investment of the taxpayers' money is being destroyed by a use that was never intended. Your pocket-knife makes a poor claw-hammer, to say nothing of the effect on the knife.

That the task is not beyond our power, there is no question. Brains and energy of the sort that have made New England, if applied to this problem, will solve it. A small commission, composed of the leaders of our industrial life, could, in a very short time, verify the facts of the case and draw up a statement which

every citizen in New England could understand, and which should be published and advertised in such a way as to drive it home in every section and in every class. The tax-payers, once aroused, will then insist that the necessary steps be taken at once. Different methods of handling goods and of handling men must be put in operation, but these methods need not of necessity be invented. To a large extent, the labor-saving devices which we need are already in existence and in use in other industrial or construction organizations. The future methods of handling men need not, in fact must not, be new. They must be the methods now in use in other great, efficient, and successful industries.

Whether these changes can be carried out by the men who now operate the roads remains to be seen. With a clear mandate and a fair chance, which they have not had heretofore, they should be given time to show what they can do. If they fail, they must be replaced by men who will not fail. Needs must when the Devil drives. Our need is desperate, and the right men can be found. Management, and not money, is what we need. The motor-trucks for local deliveries, the terminals, the railroads, and a large part of the necessary equipment are at hand. We have the tools — our problem is to use them with the requisite skill.

THE ADRIATIC NEGOTIATIONS AT PARIS

BY DAVID HUNTER MILLER

I

THE story of the Paris negotiations about the Adriatic has not yet been written; perhaps all of it cannot be told until we read the papers of Orlando and Lloyd George, of Sonnino and President Wilson, and of some other figures who, at times at least, played a part in the drama; but certainly an attempt can now be made to outline the picture and to reconstruct the progress of one of the failures of Paris, a failure, however, which paved the way for the final ending, by the Treaty of Rapallo, of the differences between Italy and the kingdom of the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes.

First of all, let us recall to our minds just what the Adriatic problem was. When Italy became at once a united nation and a great power, her situation geographically was both singularly satisfactory and unsatisfactory. That great peninsula, which looks on the map like a gigantic boot projecting into the Mediterranean, has a coast-line with an extraordinary opportunity for commerce. On the other hand, the Italian frontier on the north and north-east was almost hopeless for defense, and, indeed, seemed drawn so as to invite attack.

But we are concerned only with the Adriatic, whose western waves wash the coasts of Italy for five hundred miles, from beyond Venice to the Mediterranean. From the point of view of modern naval warfare, no sea is more one-sided. Every advantage is with the

east: the many islands, often with concealed channels and with an indented shore behind them, protected by an almost impassable mountain range along the coast, not only are beyond all attack, but, with their deep harbors and their hiding-places, make an ideal haven for warships; but the unbroken coast-line on the Italian side, with its shallow waters and almost no ports, affords no naval base. Moreover, the waters of the Italian shores are shallow, while those leading to the Mediterranean by the Straits of Otranto are deep and the currents swift, so that mines in that twenty miles of channel are hardly possible. No wonder that, despite the Allied fleets, Austria controlled the Adriatic throughout the war.

But the Adriatic problem meant more than this. The shores of the Adriatic that were not Italian were largely within the Empire of Austria-Hungary. Before the war, the peninsula of Istria, coming down east of Venice, had to the north the great Austrian port of Trieste and near its southern tip the famous naval base of Pola. Hungary reached the sea just below, at Fiume, the outlet for a hinterland of varied races under different governments. Farther south, Austrian territory extended along the coast, in the narrow strip of Dalmatia, that Adriatic wall along which Serbia was looking for a window. And when one thought of the Adriatic, one could not but think of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, annexed by Aus-

tria-Hungary with a cynical contempt for treaties; and one must think also of two other countries on the sea below Dalmatia — Montenegro, that superb anomaly of independence, and Albania, a land that had always lived its own life in the Balkans, but apart from the rest of the world and of Europe till 1913.

With its memories of Italian civilization and culture, where Italian power had long since lost sway; with its medley of races, of religions, and of governments; with the conflicting strategic positions and ambitions of the great powers bordering on its waters; with its cross-currents of commercial rivalries, and with ancient hatreds smouldering under modern injustice, the Adriatic presented a situation which, at any static stage, it might well seem impossible to change without disaster, but which, in the state of flux created by a great war, became a problem whose solution was well worthy of any wisdom.

II

The diplomatic history of the Adriatic in the World War is usually dated from the Pact of London. But I put it farther back. I date it from that night in August, 1914, when the Italian Ambassador at Paris woke the French Minister of Foreign Affairs in his bedroom, and told him that the attacks by Germany on France and on Russia were not a *casus fœderis* within the terms of the Triple Alliance, and that Italy would remain neutral. Then was taken the great decision by Italy, a decision which really put the Adriatic question on the lap of the gods, and which, by permitting the withdrawal of French troops from the Italian frontier, made possible the first victory of the Marne.

Now, the Pact of London has been denounced by almost every recent crit-

ic; and, in particular, it has been denounced by every so-called 'liberal,' a term which seems to me often to mean one who is very tolerant of his own point of view. We have been told that the Pact of London was secret, that it was a bargain — a hard bargain — driven by Italy with the Allies, and that it violated every principle of self-determination and of justice. Well, despite the critics and despite the fact that they charged me at Paris with the crime of being pro-Italian, I think I can consider the Pact of London by an examination of its provisions in the light of the circumstances surrounding its creation; and that is how any international document should be considered.

That treaty was signed on April 26, 1915, between Italy, Great Britain, France, and Russia; and one of its provisions was that Italy should enter the war on the side of the Allies within one month thereafter. This fact alone repels all criticism on the ground of secrecy at the time; for it could hardly be expected that public announcement would be made of a future move in the war.

Of course, no one can defend secret treaties in principle, for the principle of secrecy in diplomacy is an evil one. But the evil was not generally recognized in Europe in 1915; we are apt to forget the great change which has taken place in world-sentiment in this matter. The Covenant of the League of Nations contains a clause for the public registration of treaties; any such idea would have been wholly illusory and impossible only a few years ago, for the fundamental law of almost every continental state made provision for secret treaties. Indeed, if we go back a century in our own history, we find the Congress of the United States under Madison passing secret laws, which for years were kept off our statute-books.

By the rest of the Pact of London it

was agreed that Italy should have various territorial acquisitions in the Adriatic and elsewhere, and that she should be given a loan in London of £50,000,000 — a very modest sum from the later point of view of war finance. I am reminded in this connection of a remark which Mr. Lloyd George is reported to have made in Paris, to the effect that the refusal of Great Britain to give Turkey a loan of £20,000,000 in 1914 was the most extravagant economy known to history.

Of course, the territorial clauses of the Pact of London were a bargain between Italy and the Allies; but I fail to see that they were a harsh bargain. Passing, for the moment, any question of the righteousness of the clauses, surely France and Great Britain were not being treated harshly; they were not giving away anything of their own, and from the point of view simply of self-interest, they could well afford to be generous with the territory of their enemies before they were just; it was not their ox that was being gored in Dalmatia.

Now the territorial clauses of the Pact of London have such a direct relation to the Adriatic negotiations at Paris that it is necessary to examine those clauses in some detail; perhaps their justice or injustice has become a matter of no practical moment; but still I shall turn aside to consider that question of justice, for otherwise the background of the Paris negotiations may be seen in a false light.

The moral qualities of an act are to be judged as of its date and not from subsequent events. I not only admit, but insist, that in 1919 it would have been wrong and unjust, as well as unwise and impossible, to carry out the terms of the Pact of London; but, to consider fairly the situation of 1915, we must lay aside our knowledge of subsequent events, difficult as that is to do.

In the spring of 1915, when Italy entered the war, the cause of the Allies was not going well. They were making no progress on the Western Front, and in the East, Russia was about to meet with a severe defeat. No one dreamed of a rout of Germany or of a complete remaking of the map of Europe. A continuance of the former European alignment seemed reasonable to expect, in a modified form, perhaps, but certainly with no overturn of the situation.

Italy had lived her national life of two generations in a continuous and justified state of fear — a sentiment almost unknown to American statesmen, but which has had, and has, a more profound influence on European thought and action than can well be imagined. The door in the Alps was open. Italy visualized a German empire and an Austro-Hungarian empire existing after the war, the former probably, and the latter certainly, deeply hostile to her; and so Italy sought safety, sought to acquire a frontier as impregnable as possible, together with the control of the Adriatic. Most of the questioned territorial gains secured by Italy in the Pact of London in the region we are now considering were of comparatively little material value; their worth was chiefly as a defense against attack.

Furthermore, unless the Empire of Austria-Hungary was to collapse, the future of the Jugo-Slav movement was problematical. In 1915, one might, perhaps, have predicted a greater Serbia, but hardly a union of all the Jugo-Slavs. Certainly, there was no heaven-sent reason why any of those peoples should be governed from Vienna or from Budapest rather than from Rome, if they were not to have their own capital at Belgrade. And while Serbia did not sign the Pact of London, Russia, the self-constituted protector of the Balkan Slavs, was a consenting party.

So, while the terms of the Pact of

London were drawn in the spirit of the old and now discredited diplomacy, still Italy, from the standpoint of 1915, was largely justified in signing that treaty, although the same treaty in 1919 would have been unrighteous and unjust.

By the Pact of London, while a part of the coast toward the north of the Adriatic, including specifically Fiume and all the coast of Croatia, was not to be Italian, the whole of the Istrian peninsula was to go to Italy, and in addition an extensive strip of Dalmatia above Spalato, with nearly all the islands off the coast; and when to these was added Valona and its gulf, almost opposite Brindisi and the heel of the Italian boot, the control of the Adriatic was complete; it would have been wholly Italian in all but name.

But by the time the Conference of Paris met, a change had come over the spirit of the political dream of Eastern Europe. The ancient empire, which had been the natural enemy of Italy, had vanished. And here let me say that it is a common criticism, born of common ignorance, to charge the Conference of Paris with the Balkanization of Eastern Europe, that catching phrase. It was no treaty that set up separate governments at Prague, at Budapest and at Vienna, for those separate governments had existed since before the German Armistice. And no Peace Conference could have joined together these fragments of an empire which its peoples had put asunder.

Nor was it any outside influence which brought to a conclusion that national movement which resulted in the union of the three Jugo-Slav peoples — peoples of different religions, indeed, and under different governments, some of whom had been under alien rule for centuries, but who were all of nearly the same blood and of nearly the same speech.

It has recently been made public, as perhaps some had earlier suspected, that not all the Americans at Paris were of one mind with their chief about the principle of self-determination. It now appears that there were some unexpressed and private thoughts at Paris, to the effect that self-determination is a rather unsettling doctrine and one not based on sufficiently ancient legal precedents; but surely everyone who is at all familiar with the history of the Jugo-Slav movement will agree with Woodrow Wilson that 'self-determination is not a mere phrase.'

For in place of Serbia we found, not a Greater Serbia, but a new kingdom, the kingdom of the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes; a kingdom including Serbia and Montenegro, and which had taken in not only Bosnia and Herzegovina, but also Croatia and Slavonia, and other parts of Austria-Hungary; a kingdom which regarded its claim to Dalmatia and the adjacent islands as perfect, and which had aspirations, not only to Istria but even to Trieste.

And the change that had come was not a change in fact and in feeling only, but also in law. The Jugo-Slavs were not bound technically or in any other sense by the Pact of London, but held it as void from their point of view, and claimed that it had been annulled by the so-called 'Pact of Rome,' of April, 1918, a claim which had in it, perhaps, more of equity than of technical accuracy. But more important, practically, was the fact that the United States was certainly not bound by the Pact of London, to which we had never directly or indirectly assented; indeed, the American legal view was that the Pact of London, so far as it conflicted with the Fourteen Points, bound nobody at all; for the Fourteen Points had in substance been accepted by Italy as well as by France and Great Britain, even though they had not been

formally incorporated in the Austro-Hungarian Armistice of November 3, 1918, as they were in the strictest sense made part of the German Armistice eight days later.

But the Pact of London remained a factor throughout the negotiations. The British and the French recognized fully the unwisdom of that treaty in the light of events, though they were naturally unwilling to deny that an agreement which they had signed was binding as to them; so that, with some hesitation, doubtless, they recognized that they could not deny their support to Italian claims based on that treaty.

But, as all the world knows, the Italians did not stand on the Pact of London alone, for they claimed Fiume, which was specifically and by name excluded from their claims by that very document.

III

It was with such a background, such a confusion of conflicting facts and legal theories, that the Paris negotiations between the United States and Italy regarding the Adriatic took place.

For it was between those two powers that the real Adriatic negotiations at Paris were carried on. The British and the French were entirely willing to accept in advance anything that America and Italy agreed to, and the Jugo-Slavs were practically committed to the same view by their offer of arbitration before President Wilson. Indeed, as the Jugo-Slavs were a new political union of peoples, it was said at Paris, perhaps with some reason, that their three representatives, Mr. Vesnich, a Serb, Mr. Pachitch, a Slovene, and Mr. Trumbitch, a Croat, would have preferred to accept, as easier to defend in their own country, an agreement announced to them rather than one that had obtained their assent. Obviously, any criticism which alleged

that one branch of the newly formed union had been sacrificed for the benefit of the others would not have been easy to meet. The difficulties of their situation were illustrated by a symbolic remark made by one of their delegates in Paris, that he was negotiating with a dagger at his back, held by his own colleagues.

If I have succeeded in my attempted outline of the geography of the Adriatic, it will be seen that there were four regions there where the Italian and Jugo-Slav views and aspirations clashed: Istria, the islands belonging partly to Istria and partly to Dalmatia, the Dalmatian mainland, and Fiume. Doubtless, if the question were asked of anyone which of these four was the cause of the final difficulty between President Wilson and the Italians, the answer would be Fiume; but that answer would be wrong. It was not Fiume that proved the finally impossible point, but another region, very closely related to that of Fiume, it is true, but still distinct: it was a little strip of territory running along the Gulf of Fiume and then down the Istrian coast, with a hinterland of small importance — a strip which a New York journalist at Paris wittily called the 'Riverside Drive of Istria'; a strip which the Italians valued highly, but only because it would bring Italian territory up to Fiume itself.

During President Wilson's first visit to Europe, little progress was made toward any settlement of the Adriatic question. Signor Orlando, the Italian Prime Minister, had, indeed, during that time, most actively and heartily worked with President Wilson in the drafting of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the relations between the two chiefs of state were most cordial. But the Adriatic was not directly related to a peace with Germany, with which all the delegations were then more particularly occupied.

It was not until President Wilson came to Paris for the second time that the whole matter was taken up directly between him and Signor Orlando, in great detail. The Italians naturally wanted settled a question which was of more direct interest to them than the terms of the peace with Germany, even including reparations.

In the negotiations, President Wilson rested almost wholly, I think I may say wholly, on the opinions of his territorial advisers on all details of the various proposals. He was, indeed, willing to accept any agreement freely entered into between Italy and the Jugo-Slavs; but no such agreement was possible, perhaps for the reasons I have indicated, perhaps, partly, because of the very natural hostility then existing between the two countries. The Serbs had, of course, fought valiantly and devotedly on the side of the Allies; but the Croats and the Slovenes had been subjects of Austria-Hungary, and while many of them had in fact supported the Allied cause, still the Italians did not then feel very kindly toward peoples, some of whom had, a few short months before, fought against Italian troops on the Piave.

The American point of view, as I have said, necessarily was that the subject must be considered wholly independently of the Pact of London; and the opinion of Professor Douglas Johnson, the eminent geographer of Columbia University and the American territorial adviser, in this matter supported the Italian claims as to Fiume not at all, practically not at all as to the Dalmatian mainland, to a very limited extent as to the islands, and in Istria up to, but only up to, the line drawn by Professor Johnson, which became known as the Wilson line.

It is difficult to describe verbally the Wilson line, in which, indeed, important changes were made from time to time

after it was originally laid down; but it left in Jugo-Slav territory a very considerable part of eastern Istria, and specifically, and more important, perhaps, it was intentionally drawn so as to leave wholly in Jugo-Slav territory the railroad running north from Fiume to Vienna. From the Italian point of view, one great objection to it was bound up with the matter of Fiume; for the Wilson line, in every form, left Fiume physically separated by land from Italy.

The views of the American territorial adviser were that the position taken by him really involved very great concessions to Italy: that the Wilson line was drawn so as to leave several hundred thousand Slavs in Italy and perhaps only 75,000 Italians on the other side of the frontier; that Dalmatia, with the exception of Zara, a city of 12,000 people, was almost wholly Slav; and that the Dalmatian and Istrian islands were likewise mostly Slav; and, finally, that Fiume, while possibly half-Italian in its population, was the essential economic outlet to the sea for a vast hinterland, much of which was part of Jugo-Slavia and the rest a part of Hungary and other regions toward the north.

IV

This leads me to say something a little more in detail of Fiume, a city which for its size has certainly had more than its share of the headlines on the front pages during the last two years.

Fiume owes its commercial importance to its location at the only real break in the mountain-range running down the eastern coast of the Adriatic. Nowhere else along that shore south of Fiume can railroads easily reach the sea. While it has not a naturally fine harbor, its facilities had been well developed by Hungary, and are susceptible of further improvement; and while

logically not serving the same territory as Trieste, it is a commercial rival of that city. In 1914 the trade of Hungary found its political and natural outlet at Fiume, and its surrounding country and neighboring hinterland were wholly Slav. If the suburb of Susak, a part of the port, is included as being in everything but in law a part of the city, the Italians, while the largest group in Fiume, were not a majority of the population.

These facts made the Italian claim to Fiume seem to President Wilson wholly outside of any principle of self-determination, and the Italian argument had no other real basis. So that, so long as the Italian demands included Fiume, any successful result of negotiations between President Wilson and the Italian representatives was impossible. So-called 'compromise proposals' could mean only that one side or the other should give way. And in fact the negotiations between Orlando and President Wilson in March and April were more than unsuccessful, for they ended in President Wilson's public statement of April 23, which not only ended the discussions, but caused the temporary withdrawal of the Italian delegation from Paris.

The reasons that led President Wilson to declare publicly his position in a matter which was under discussion are still somewhat obscure. It seems that he was informed, I believe erroneously, that a public statement was about to be made by the Italian delegation. Certainly, late in the evening of the day before the issuance of President Wilson's statement, Count Macchi di Cellere, the Italian Ambassador at Washington, who was then in Paris, had no idea of such a purpose, for he then handed me a typewritten copy of the latest Italian proposal, in four brief items; and the day that President Wilson's statement appeared, the count told me that Signor

Orlando had not succeeded in his attempt to see President Wilson that day, owing to the latter's other engagements; and that Mr. Lloyd George had sent word to the Italian delegation that three of the four items of the Italian proposal were acceptable, and had asked for information as to the fourth, which concerned Fiume.

But whatever were the reasons for President Wilson's action, certainly some of its effects were unfortunate. It stirred up much feeling about the whole matter, particularly in Italy, and tended to take the question out of the realm of discussion and argument and into the sphere of the emotions, an unsatisfactory background for any international exchanges.

Still, the negotiations were only interrupted; their first chapter was closed, but they were resumed, on the initiative of Colonel House, when Orlando and Sonnino came back to Paris. And I feel free to speak in some detail of those later negotiations of May, 1919, for their story has been largely published in Italy in the *Memoirs* of Count Macchi di Cellere.

Colonel House's aim was to arrive at a solution which would be satisfactory to the Italians, and which, at the same time, would not be an abandonment of the principles laid down by President Wilson. Certainly, this was a consummation devoutly to be wished, but one that seemed almost impossible on its face. However, Colonel House not only tried it, but demonstrated that it was not impossible; and while the desired goal was not reached, the failure was no fault of his.

After talking with Orlando and President Wilson, Colonel House evolved and had accepted this plan for discussions, which, indeed, was itself a proof of his extraordinary influence, both with his chief, President Wilson, and with his friend, Signor Orlando:

conversations were to take place between Orlando and myself, with the view of reaching an accord between us, either temporary or final; anything that we agreed on would be supported by Colonel House, and would be carefully considered by President Wilson on Colonel House's recommendation; in other words, whatever Orlando agreed to with me would bind Italy, but not America.

My path in the matter, so far as personal relations were concerned, was made easier by my close friendship with Count Macchi di Cellere, whose death, a few months later, was a real loss to his own country and a sad blow to his many friends here. And while Signor Orlando kept the negotiations strictly in his own hands, the Count di Cellere was frequently, and Baron Sonnino occasionally, present at our talks.

These rather extraordinary conversations with Signor Orlando, which took place at the hotel of the Italian delegates, and which were necessarily carried on in French, were always entirely amicable and cordial; indeed, Signor Orlando's attractive personality, combined with his juristic attitude of mind, precluded any other course of discussion.

I often recall a few words of Signor Orlando which seemed to me to speak in part his thoughts on the meetings of the Council of Four. I was talking one evening with him and Marshal Joffre, who said to Orlando, in French, 'Do you know any English?' To which Orlando replied that he knew very little — 'Nothing,' he added, 'except these words, "eleven o'clock, I don't agree, good-bye."'

Now, there is one sort of solution almost always possible in a diplomatic discussion, and that is a *modus vivendi*, an agreement to postpone final decision and to arrange a status for the intervening time. In view of the diver-

gence of thought between President Wilson and the Italians, this seemed one way out of the difficulty, and it was discussed in various forms. But there were obvious objections to any such postponement, and the terms of the intermediate status, the questions of temporary occupation and of temporary government, presented new problems without solving old ones.

The real attitude of the Italians was not one of eagerness for the application of the Pact of London; they regarded it rather as a claim which they might reluctantly be forced to press. Orlando said to me that that treaty was his last line of defense; that, if no solution were possible, if no delay were obtained, he would be compelled to fall back upon the Pact of London, — for he would have nothing else, — although he did not like it and did not believe it was in accordance with the principles of President Wilson.

So the talks with Signor Orlando soon turned toward the possibility of a definitive agreement, and I proposed a formula, the most important point of which was that Fiume should be an independent city and free port under the protection of the League of Nations. This suggestion was not wholly novel, but it was the first time, I think, that it had been definitely made in that form in the negotiations. It differed from the views of the American territorial advisers, who would have preferred to give Fiume to the Jugo-Slavs; and it at the same time rejected the Italian demand, which would have made Fiume Italian, or, at least, have put it under Italian protection.

My own belief at Paris was — and despite the episode of d'Annunzio, I have never seen any reason to change it — that a fair vote by secret ballot of the inhabitants of Fiume would have shown a very large majority in favor of a free city and against either Jugo-Slav

or Italian sovereignty; people usually vote according to their own ideas of self-interest; and that Fiume, which is essentially a port of through traffic both ways, would be more prosperous and more developed under its own control than under either that of Italy or that of the Jugo-Slavs, particularly in view of the Hungarian and other traffic, seems to me clear. I do not intimate that that fact, if it be a fact, is conclusive, but it is certainly entitled to some weight.

It soon appeared that President Wilson would accept this solution as to Fiume. The Italians hesitated. But in their inner feelings, the members of the Italian delegation were not at all of one mind about Fiume. After all, Fiume represented a dream of Italian sentiment rather than a reality of Italian needs. And there were not lacking Italian statesmen who thought that, by insisting on Fiume, Italy would be seeking a shadow which might well mean abandoning some real substance. And finally Orlando yielded and agreed that he would accept the solution as to Fiume. I thought for a moment that perhaps Colonel House had again achieved the seemingly impossible, and that the Adriatic question was to be solved.

But there remained Dalmatia, the islands off the coast, and Istria. The first presented comparatively little difficulty, though causing much discussion. The Italians claimed only one or two towns on the mainland, and Baron Sonnino, unyielding as he is usually pictured, said that Italy was not inflexible about the islands.

Baron Sonnino has often been painted in the black colors of a reactionary, and no one knew better than he that the indictment had been drawn. He said to me once with a smile, 'If we come to an agreement, you might add a clause to the effect that Baron Sonnino should retire from office, for that might help

to get the agreement accepted'; and 'after all,' he added, 'I am an old man, and have been in office as Foreign Minister since the war began.'

Reactionary or no, Baron Sonnino had all the charm of the old school, and his manner made me recall the remark of Lord Rosebery, who said that, while he agreed with the Liberals, he preferred to dine with the Conservatives.

V

All that was left was the location of the Wilson line in Istria; the Italians wanted it moved east at its southern end, over toward Fiume, so as to leave in Italy all of Istria, with a boundary-line touching Fiume itself; but here President Wilson, still resting on the recommendations of his territorial advisers, refused to yield; and the Italians were equally firm, considering that they had already given up too much, or at least enough, of their claims, and that the physical junction with Fiume was indispensable from their standpoint.

Indeed, national aspirations are so bound up with national sentiment and tradition, that it is not a matter of pure fancy to recall that the Italian claim of 1919 had been phrased six centuries before the Conference of Paris, by Dante, in one of the most famous lines of the *Inferno*, where he spoke of the sea east of Istria as 'the Quarnero, whose waters are the confines of Italy and bathe her farthest frontiers.'

So on this point of Istria, a comparatively minor one, if the situation is looked at as a whole, the negotiations broke down and failed to result.

Whose duty was it to yield? The answer depends on the point of view. The American territorial advisers, rightly considering the Pact of London a nullity as to the United States, considered, not only that Italy had received great concessions, but that she had

really yielded nothing at all. Their opinion was that, as Italy had been given the strongest possible frontier in the north, a grant which included as Italian even the southern part of the Austrian Tyrol, and as the remaining land-frontier had been drawn east of the ethnic line, Italy had received all her just claims; and they considered, too, that Italy would be safe as to the Adriatic, an opinion shared by the American naval experts.

The other argument was that, assuming the correctness of the views of the American territorial advisers, the importance of reaching a solution outweighed the importance of the change in the line in Istria; that the difference between the two proposals was not great enough to be a difference in principle, but only in degree; that the advantages of a present solution so nearly correct in theory, a solution in which Italy had yielded her claim to Fiume, — a claim which, whether defensible or not, had aroused passions and feelings of a grave character, — should not be dismissed in favor of the mere possibility of a slightly different solution later on; and that a continuance of such a difference between two neighboring countries involved grave risks of war; or if not the risk of war, that it involved at least the possibility of the application of the provisions of the Pact of London — a treaty which everyone, Italy included, wished to discard.

I am frank to say that the latter was my own view; I thought that President Wilson should have yielded for the sake of the greater good of a final settlement as against the lesser good of the assumed correctness of the Wilson line.

Whether I am right or not, certainly the failure of the settlement brought about a year and a half of uncertainty, and made possible the mimic war of d'Annunzio; and the final result, as we

shall see, was more favorable to Italy in regard to Istria and the Wilson line than the solution proposed in the conversations that I had with Orlando.

Whether one agrees or not with the stand of President Wilson, one cannot but admire its courage and its disregard of political results; the man who stands for what he thinks just, even when his course is bound to lose votes, is almost as rare nowadays as the great auk. Those political results followed as surely as the night the day; the opposition to President Wilson capitalized his stand on the Adriatic question, and from their flotation of the sentiment which that stand had aroused drew large dividends in ballots.

After President Wilson came back to Washington, discussions continued at Paris and by exchanges between the various governments. Their most important feature was the proposal to Italy, made in December, 1919, by Great Britain, France, and the United States jointly, in which President Wilson, under the advice of Dr. Bowman, of the American Geographical Society, made substantial concessions from his earlier views. But this proposal was not accepted, and it was followed by the accord of January, 1920, between France, Great Britain, and Italy, under the leadership of Signor Nitti, an accord which President Wilson refused to accept, but which, so far as it related to Jugo-Slav relations with Italy, was in substance incorporated into the final agreement of the Treaty of Rapallo.

I omit any discussion of the occupation of Fiume by d'Annunzio — that amazing madness which destroyed for months the trade of a commercial city and brought about increased feeling among the various partisans on all sides, but which convinced no one who was not convinced before, and left the official attitudes of the governments of Italy and of the Jugo-Slavs unchanged.

Nor can I do more than allude to the matter of Albania — an important part of the Adriatic question, but one not so much discussed at Paris.

All ideas of any partition of Albania, or of an Italian protectorate, or even of Italian occupation of the port of Valona, have been finally abandoned. By a treaty signed on August 2, 1920, Italy, retaining only two headlands near Valona and the island of Saseno, off the coast, recognizes the independence of Albania within the frontiers of 1913; any doubt as to the separate existence of Albania is at an end: she has a real and apparently stable government of her own, and has, indeed, become a member of the League of Nations.

But the final settlement of the Adriatic question between Italy and the Jugo-Slavs is not unrelated to the inconclusive Paris negotiations. That settlement took place last autumn, and its moving cause was the American election on November 2, which obviously left Italy a free hand and which brought keenly home to the Jugo-Slavs the advice of the Scriptures: 'Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him.'

For just ten days after our election, there was signed on November 12, at Rapallo, a little winter resort near Genoa, a treaty between Italy and the kingdom of the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes, which settled their differences as to the Adriatic, and settled them as the Italian government, not as

the Italian extremists, wanted them settled.

It is interesting to compare the terms of the Treaty of Rapallo with those proposed at Paris. Italy gets four island groups in the Adriatic, of considerable strategic but little other importance; and in Dalmatia a little territory at Zara. Fiume, with a small strip running along the gulf, becomes independent. Thus far, we might be in Paris instead of at Rapallo. But the Wilson line in Istria becomes a thing of dreams. Not only do the Italians get a frontier touching that of Fiume; not only do they get all of Istria; but the line near Laibach goes even east of the line of the Pact of London, making a strategic frontier even more strategic than before.

I called the Adriatic negotiations at Paris a failure. Perhaps I was too harsh: although they did not reach any final result, they demonstrated the obsolescence of the Pact of London, they paved the way for an agreement to be reached between the parties, and they showed the moral fibre of a man who wanted to be right, even while he was President.

I try never to think of what might have been at Paris, for nothing is more vain than to recast a mythical present from an imaginary past. One must be a philosopher and think of Sainte-Beuve's striking phrase in his introduction to the *Memoirs of Saint Simon*: 'On ne refait point l'histoire par hypothèse.' (History cannot be made over by supposing.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PERIOD FURNITURE

IN our town, as in others like it, the recent years have proved epochal. First there was the War, and after that the H. C. L., and after that the Coal Boom, and after that the Interior Decorator. On every hand new houses are going up and old ones either coming down or undergoing a transforming process of rejuvenation.

Contractors and builders are bustling busily, and our afternoon bridge clubs flow gently along, — like the tide of Sweet Afton, — to a murmuring stream of period furniture, oriental rugs, glassed-in porches, grass-cloth hangings, refectory tables, and breakfast alcoves.

One morning I received a call from an interior decorator. He was a pleasant little gentleman with a portfolio under his arm, and he greeted me with so obvious an assurance of being expected that I asked him to come in.

'I have called,' said he, 'about the period furniture for the library and dining-room, and I have here' — indicating the portfolio — 'the photographs of the special "pieces" which our Mr. Astrachan has selected for those rooms. The designs are extremely chaste, as you will see, and entirely correct in line and detail. If you are at leisure —'

And then it developed that he was a pleasant little gentleman who had made a mistake.

He had been assigned by Messrs. Astrachan & Kolinsky, Interior Decorators, of Fifth Avenue, to take charge of the furnishings and fittings of an extensively remodeled mansion farther up the street, whose owner bore the same name as my own. The homes in this section

of the town are not numbered, and inquiries at the hotel had resulted in his arrival at my door.

Followed explanations, profuse apologies, and a bowing exit.

Our interview had taken place in the hall, from which, through uncurtained doorways, were widely visible the contents of the library, the living-room, and the dining-room; and during the brief colloquy the pleasant little gentleman's glance — heavily bounded by tortoise-shell — had embraced with the sweeping observation of an expert the varied appurtenances of those apartments.

Incredulity, shocked disapproval, a look akin to horror, following his swift survey of the dining-room, passed rapidly in procession across his mobile countenance; and as he politely backed away, it was with the feeling of one artistically condemned that I closed the door.

In the hall I stood still and looked about me.

'Period furniture!' Surely no dwelling-place in all the town was so thoroughly period-furnished as mine! The dining-room, now, — the dining-room, whose time-honored plenishings had received that devastating lightning glance from Mr. Astrachan's dismayed deputy, — were not that massive board of convoluted oak, and those six accompanying chairs, 'Jacobean'? They were — great-uncle Jacobean; indirectly inherited by my husband at the dismantling of his bachelor relative's old-fashioned domicile. The sideboard and china-closet — also inherited, but not from the same source — were eloquent emblems of an obsolete pattern, whose

material and finish contrasted neatly with the table and chairs. The library at my right harbored the customary craft of libraries, — books aplenty, magazines galore, — but the desk between the windows was a middle-aged 'rolltop,' and before the fireplace stood an armchair with a gilt-embossed back and permanently waved legs — a 'William and Mary' chair, presented at my marriage, twenty years ago, by Aunt Mary and Uncle William, and held ever since in the reverence befitting the wedding-gift that was accompanied by a check.

The living-room across the hall — but here my descriptive powers fail, coming to a full stop, as it were, before the florid architecture of the mid-Victorian 'sofa,' the Bronze Age on the mantelpiece, the bent-wood rocker of the early eighties, the monastic simplicity of the Mission table, with its bulging-bowled lamp of Royal Worcester, and the rigid outlines, blackly angular, of the 'upright' piano in the corner. No, the familiar furniture of this well-loved and lived-in room is not, strictly speaking, 'Period' — it is exclamation point, preceded by a dash!

My mind's eye in its travels ascends the stairs.

In the large front bedroom is the Period of Archibald II. Here stands austere the bed of black walnut, — the wide double bed of the old régime, — whereon my grandparents slumbered peacefully, undisturbed by scandalized fore-visionings of the slim twin couches of fashionable modernity. Here, too, is its companion bureau, ponderous, moving reluctantly, when needs must, upon complaining castors, and boasting a swinging oval mirror and a mottled marbled top.

Through the doorway of the adjoining dressing-room looms a mausoleum-like structure of carved and paneled cherry, which, like the dining-room

table and chairs, had once belonged to Great-uncle Jacob. Blatantly this article of vertu hits the eye. Frankly hideous it is, indeed — exteriorly; but within — ah, it is within that one must seek its adequate excuse for being; for behind its glossy red panels are smooth, wide shelves of fragrant cedar, where moth-inviting peltry may be safely stored. A separate compartment is divided into broad dust-proof spaces — spaces fortuitously ideal for shoes, admirable for hats. Beneath are four brass-handled drawers, deep and generous, wherein repose my most cherished linens and where, in un-cramped ease, my treasured centre-pieces lie extended, their brodered surfaces untroubled by a fold.

At one side an unexpected door, fitted with a lock and key, conceals a small receptacle quite perfectly adapted to the particular use to which I am confident it was put by bachelor Great-uncle Jacob. At any rate, as the little door swings back, a faint bouquet, subtle, alluring, salutes my nostrils, and I find myself thinking oddly of — of lemon-peel and Araby the Blest, and tinkling, delicate glasses.

There is, indeed, a legend extant, to the effect that, in the reign of Great-grandfather Archibald I, there existed certain possessions of rare old mahogany. Whispers have reached me of a glass-knobbed 'low-boy,' of Chippendale chairs, of adorable top-tipping card-tables with pie-crust edges; there is even a tradition of a wondrous Sheraton sideboard. But, alas, these gems of antiquity were all reduced to ashes by a destructive fire, which necessitated the immediate erection of a new house furnished throughout in 'modern' style.

Perhaps, after all, it is just as well. As a family we should probably have quarreled violently over the distribution of those gracious relics. For what domestic disintegrations might not that

Sheraton sideboard have been responsible? — besides occasioning the sin of covetousness in the souls of our friends and acquaintances.

As it is, we accepted our just apportionment of our ancestors' 'delusions of grandeur' in a spirit of resigned calm and the harmony of mutual commiseration.

But what is one to do — such a one as I, that is, to whom has descended, in the fullness of time, a proportionate share of the Lares and Penates of two dismantled homesteads, as well as a sprinkling of bestowals from several on the side-lines?

Sell them? Give them away? Cast them to the flames? Never! Forbid such sacrilege! Besides, — I confess it unashamed, — *I don't want to. I like these things. I am 'attached' to them.* The 'Elizabethan' roll-top desk in the library where, in years ago, Aunt Elizabeth kept her circumspect accounts and copied her recipes; the cherry sarcophagus, where Great-uncle Jacob housed his wardrobe and assembled the ingredients of the mellow consolation that warmed his lonely heart, are companions tried and true. Chosen with anxious care and conscientious economy in the placid 'boomless' past, endeared by long usage and hallowed by memory, these 'Period' furnishings are now beloved members of the family; and so I am determined they shall remain, even though my gardener's spade should strike oil in the backyard, or my facetious Airedale unearth a coal-mine under the front steps. Nevertheless, my inherited honesty, chaste in design and correct in line and detail, forces me to admit that, at times, the rummage-sale has been a help.

TERESINA

Teresina has gone to school. I watched her round black hat, snug blue sweater, scarlet dress, white legs and

brown feet, twinkling away up the path in the frosty morning dew, safely escorted by an older black-hatted, blue-sweatered edition of schoolgirliness, very patronizing and sweet in her rôle of friendly protector.

Teresina will come racing home at noon, full of wisdom: French words shyly attempted, crayoned *chefs-d'œuvres*, 'writings' of incalculable value.

And I shall be so glad — oh, so glad! — to have her back again; to hug her and wash her and feed her, and listen to her complex tales of the big boy who cried and the light-haired boy who pushed her head off his desk when she leaned harmlessly upon it, and the girls who whispered and had to go out and sit on the stairs, and the dog who looked in the window. Teresina has given me five years of gladness; for she is curly and crinkly in body and mind, stubborn and sweet, amazingly good and appallingly naughty. Truly, to send her to school has been my adventure almost more than hers, such adventures being of the privileges of parenthood.

But to-day, after two weeks of school, my own private adventure begins. To-day, for the first time in all her five darling demanding years, I am all alone in the house — and the clock just striking ten! For Jennie, the beneficent tyrant of our domestic past, has gone to command another kitchen, and to begin loving another baby just come from the Blue Children, as she has so loyally loved our Teresina.

Even though her departure means baking and brewing and sweeping for me, and many moments of regret for lost comfortings and cossetings — I am all alone in the house!

This morning my new green dishes danced perilously from their suds; the steel wool scratched without pity over pans and kettles; the kitchen floor got a lick and a promise of further sweeping. I sprinkled a basket of clothes against

the ironing, and rolled them hard and swiftly in fat bundles; I made beds and dusted one table and two chairs (no more, on my life); and all the time I was hurry-scurrying, joyfully, breathlessly, with my spirit on flightiest tippy-toes, even like a very young person with a wonderful picnic or a wonderful party before her.

For, when all those most necessary good works were done, I would have to myself two hours — two fat morning hours; not the tired contented time after supper, when X and I sit happily by the fire, and find our heads nodding over our books, and a strange need of sleep before the clock strikes nine; but the clear-shining, brisk, notable forenoon!

No dear but insatiable calls for drinks of water, graham crackers, dress-up scarves, pencils, paper, mud-pie spoons; no need to arbitrate between tearful claims, provide 'tea-parties,' and deal out rubbers and reproofs. And from the kitchen no urgent or comic problems; explosive announcements that the potatoes are all out, or the ice-man did n't stop; not even (a thing to be missed afterward, but not to-day in the first flush of adventure) any friendly coaxing at eleven o'clock: 'I'm almost dead for the lack of a cup of tea; and if you'll come and sit in the kitchen with me, I'll make you some cinnamon toast.'

Two hours! — And half an hour has already fled while I write this, for sheer comfort in telling how strange and fresh is freedom. — To-night shall I ask X how to disconnect the telephone for those two precious hours? Or shall I trust, as I do to-day, that in some miraculous fashion a thick black mark will strike through our name and number in every telephone book in town, so that all my friends and foes shall turn away from some ominous approach to me, muttering, 'That's queer. That's very queer!' and I shall go unscathed.

For if people only knew how wonderful it is to be free, surely they would not need me for just two hours!

It would seem easy to say to the people whom I love much and those whom I love even a little, — those who would understand and those who would not, — 'I am going to keep two hours of five days in the week quite free. I — am — going — to — try — to — write.'

But I can't say it. The fatal word up there printed itself slowly, shyly, as if I said, 'I'm going to get very drunk,' or, 'I'm going to smuggle diamonds,' or, 'I'm going off with Mrs. Smith's husband.'

It is very strange. Ever since my little-girlhood, 'writing' has been my most intimate and easy escape from the persistences of life. And lately, when I have been so happy that often the wings of my joy seem ready to burst some inward fetter and flash out living and shining, 'writing' has been my only way of setting free a thousandth part of that pulsing joy. The public worth of what I write is of no such matter as the doing of it. It is not needful that a private art should make repayment in cash or fame, for its possessor to love it and to require its practice.

But it is strange, as I said, that with all these years of certainty about my desire to 'write,' I have never felt that anybody else, or many other bodies, would truly understand the place it holds in my life. I could say, 'I must clean house,' or 'I must go to a committee meeting'; but to say, save to those very few who know me better than I know myself, 'I must write,' has seemed foolish and vain.

It is as if my assumption of needing time to write would strike my hearers as an ill-judged remark of my older brother's struck us long ago. He, scribbling at some great work destined for a St. Nicholas contest, put us younger roisterers into a mood of derisiveness

with his reproof. 'Hush, children! Don't make such a row! I'm writing for the Press!'

Will not my announcement of a literary retreat bring me under the same condemnation? Will people not, even while they applaud my worthy purpose, wonder a little: 'But will she leave all her housework till afternoon? Will her family get enough to eat? Will she give up the committees and things she used to belong to? Can't we ever call her up between ten and twelve?' And, worst of all, stealthily, won't they say, 'I do wonder if the kind of thing she writes is worth all that fuss?'

No, I really think they would not say any of those things. Most of them would understand, if I dared to pursue my course of innocent folly.

But the fact remains that only to the Contributors' Club can I speak with perfect frankness. For I know that there must be hundreds of *Atlantic*-reading women who feel as I do about some pet art or handicraft; who steal time for it, sneakily, apologetically; who will not love their fathers and husbands and children and neighbors any the less for a restrained practice of it.

They will understand without ever needing to measure up any personal knowledge of me against any possible failure or achievement.

They will know how I feel this October morning, when Teresina has gone dancing to school, and the house sits quiet by its sunny meadow, and the autumn crickets purr in the yellow garden.

They will know why I shall not cut off my telephone or turn the key in my door, and yet, why I must needs run so precipitately to my desk, sweep aside bills and letters, and scratch off all this folly of confession.

It is half-past eleven: three quarters of an hour more before the white legs and brown feet trot up the brick walk, and the curly head rubs against my

chin in greeting. Perhaps there is even time to copy some of this on the typewriter.

What do I care whether the *Atlantic* will accept this or not? Have I not had an hour and a half of perfect, undisturbed, secret, old-fashioned scribbling?

And when X reads it to-night, I thank the Lord that he will only chuckle, and will announce in no uncertain voice, —

'I'll attend to that telephone business to-morrow morning, first thing.'

I shall not let him do it, of course. But, just the same, thank the Lord!

ON TYPEWRITERS

Of course, they are merely a sign of the times, but anyone who has sat in an office with eighteen or twenty of them rattling like a brook in full spate within the compass of four too-narrow walls, retains a searing of the mind. One of many captains lays down one of many cigarettes, calls one of many stenographers, and begins: 'Take this.' Then, in a wasting monotone, the soulless voice of a Frankenstein, varied only by an occasional, 'No — scratch that out,' he drones a letter to his tailor, an advice to the General Staff, or a description of the cotton plains of Turkestan. The form of the sentences varies as little as the captain's voice. They are short. They begin with the substantive, followed by a verb, which is in turn followed by an adjective or another noun, and at the end, as a kind of miserable rear-guard, is suspended the phrase — 'there being' such and such a thing, or such and such a condition. It was my fortune to read a great many army reports during a year in the War Department, and I speak from experience when I say that the 'there-being' construction is one passionately admired by the military man. At last the drone dies away in a discussion of the latest regu-

lation concerning the form of signature, and, wafting oriental odors, the stenographer resumes her place at her machine, draws a powder-puff from her bosom, — for, like Moses, 'the skin of her face did shine,' — and pats her nose. These formalities concluded, the noise is increased by her contribution on the keys.

Well, that is the business world, and undoubtedly the typewriter is of immense value; but do you not resent its intrusion on the world of friends and social relationships? It is part of the *Zeitgeist* that tolerates 'thru' and 'yours aff'y.' People say that it saves so much time in writing; but how much loss it causes in individuality! When I receive a typed letter from a friend, it makes me feel as post-cards do, that I am on his conscience, not in his mind. Also it makes people careless of their grammar and spelling. A very delightful young man of my acquaintance, with an Oxford education and a real knowledge of literature, can write that he was 'much empressed by the difficulty of getting a birth' on a steamship to Japan.

You are typing. You come to the end of the line, thinking there is room to strike the final *e* of 'possible,' or the *t* of 'just'; but the little beggars stick, so you either let the word go as it is, or allow the *e* or *t* to dance off on the next line as Karen's red shoes danced away when she tore them from her feet in the churchyard.

So much of modern literature bears the stamp of having been composed on the typewriter — the sentences sometimes brisk and impatient, sometimes lumbering along like a train of mule-wagons over a sandy plain. Perhaps one half of the books one so criticizes were produced by the old-fashioned means of a pen, but I do maintain that very few appear of which the reader can say, 'This is a labour of love, the work of a man who lingeringly wrote each sen-

tence as though it were his last.' Could Sir Thomas Browne have captured the mood which sombres the lovely pages of his *Hydriotaphia* while seated before a clacking machine, or the translators of the Bible have touched the wings of Gabriel? Surely they wrote, as Fra Angelico painted, on their knees. Gone are the days of Grub Street, when the author, his feet curled under his chair, a wad of paper thrust under the hind-legs of the table to keep it steady, and before him scribbled sheets and a china ink-pot, sat with his pen between his lips and eyes fixed on the patch of sky behind the garret window. Unless he has been changing the ribbon of his typewriter, the author of to-day no longer has an inky finger. Before anyone catches me up on this generalization, I hasten to make a few exceptions — notably Henry James. Great man as one has always considered him, one's admiration leaps to amazement on realizing that he dictated his books. *Mon Dieu! quel homme!* Surely he must have had some physical method of keeping track of his rhetorical labyrinths, such as walking down a long room dropping pebbles to record the fall of his relative, subjunctive, and parenthetical clauses, and on the return journey picking them up, — thus sure that not one had escaped, — until all were safely gathered in the rare triumph of a full stop.

I have a little collection of French poems of the nineteenth century, after many of which is a reproduction of the original, with its blots, its erasures, its emendations. It is a pleasure to go over the pages and see the poet's hesitations — an encouragement, indeed, that brings the Olympians nearer earth. Who, I ask you, would treasure the first draft of 'La Maison du Berger,' were typing substituted for the delicate flow of De Vigny's pen; and for the impatient dash over some discarded word,

— a gesture of dismissal, it seems, to the second-rate, — a row of little x's? Such a sacrilege were comparable to reading Keats to the accompaniment of an insecure set of false teeth.

One more protest, and I have done. It is against those apostles of efficiency who, overvaluing that most common commodity, time, bring their typewriters on the train with them, and make the journey hideous by an incessant flow of soul. A parlor-car, to normal people, is a place where they read novels they would not dare read at home, sit vacantly counting the silos on the various farms they pass, plan campaigns for seizing railroad crossings, or, from the appearance of the houses, decide the fitting names for the families that inhabit them. When my brother and sister and I were small, our mother and governess could always be sure of one peaceful quarter of an hour during the journey which we frequently made between Albany and Buffalo. That time came when we approached Syracuse; for having been told that there were a great many negroes there, we always pressed our noses against the window to enumerate rapturously all persons of color whom we saw. I still do it, and achieved, a month ago, the fine total of thirty. On the return journey I found, to my anger, that the counter-interest of watching a one-armed man typing took my mind from the main business of the day, so that my score was only seven.

VIGIL

I had a plan that I would keep
Myself awake: I *would not sleep*,
But listen hard till far away
The silver bells upon his sleigh

I heard, and on the neighbors' roofs
The clatter of those tiny hoofs.

Then from my nice warm bed I'd creep;
Out of my window I would peep,
And see him with the bag of toys
He yearly brings good girls and boys.

For from my window I can see
The chimney of our library,
Where all our stockings in a row
Hang till the fire has burned so low
That down the chimney, warm and
wide,
Old Santa Claus can get inside.

But if a fire there should be
With roaring flames, it seems to me
The chimney'd get so piping hot,
I guess he'd think he'd better not.

I made my prayer, and went to bed,
And Mother tucked me in, and said,
'Dear, drowsy head
On pillow white,
Sleep sound all night.'

And then I made believe to fall
Right sound asleep: but in the hall
I heard our old grandfather-clock —
Tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock
Tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock
Tick-tock . . .
Then, all at once, it struck eleven —
And *I had gone to bed at seven!*

I listened then with all my might;
And far away across the night
I heard his sleigh-bells' tinkling tune,
And guessed that he was coming soon.
But ever fainter grew the sound,
Till silence fell the whole world round
Except for old grandfather-clock —
Tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock —
He'd come and gone; and I admit
That I was rather glad of it.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

To **Frank I. Cobb** the New York *World* has owed for many years the reputation of printing the most vigorous and cogent editorial page in the United States. **Dr. Joseph Fort Newton**, called during the war to preach in the City Temple, — the famous preaching pulpit in London, — is minister of the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York City. **Hans Coudenhove**, a Dutchman who has spent most of his active life in Africa, sends this paper from Zomba, in Nyasaland. **William McFee** is at present chief engineer of the S. S. Toloa, under the British flag.

* * *

Fannie Stearns Gifford, one of the most graceful and individual of American poets, lives in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. **Milton O. Nelson**, formerly associate editor of the *Minneapolis Journal*, has lately joined the staff of the *Portland (Oregon) Telegram*. The story here told is, of course, a record from the author's life. Indeed, it could not be anything else. The author was brought up in a household closely patterned after Old Testament ideals. Perhaps we may, without breach of confidence, publish a paragraph from a highly interesting letter of recollections.

Father [writes Mr. Nelson] was innately modest, even diffident. He never pestered us much with taking daily inventories of our spiritual relations with the Infinite, as the elder Gosse bothered his afflicted son; nor did he ever presume to know the mind of God to a nicety. But the question uppermost in his thought always was: 'Are my children saved?' Evidence of this is given in his words when his first child — John Newton, aged 26, who went as a missionary to Peru, Brazil — died of yellow fever two months after his arrival. The first words father spoke after the shock of the tidings were: 'One of my boys is safe.'

* * *

Frances Theresa Russell, a new contributor, is of the faculty of Leland Stanford Junior University. **L. P. Jacks**, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, and editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, was for many years a familiar and affectionate friend of William James. **Charles Bernard Nordhoff** is living

at Papeete, in the South Seas. **Leonora Pease**, a teacher in the public schools of Chicago, knows whereof she writes.

* * *

Ralph Barton Perry is Professor of Philosophy at Harvard. **A. Edward Newton**, now diverting himself in English auction-rooms, will return to America in time for the publication of his new volume in September. **L. Adams Beck** is an English scholar and traveler, now living in the Canadian West. **Joseph Auslander** is an American poet at present teaching at Harvard.

* * *

Alfred G. Gardiner, distinguished English journalist and essayist, for many years editor of the London *Daily News*, but now living in alert retirement, keeps his study window wide open on politics. **Major-General William H. Carter**, U.S.A., a West Point graduate of 1873, in the course of his service commanded the Hawaiian Department. Retired in 1915, he was recalled to active service in 1917. His article is in a large degree authoritative. **Philip Cabot** is a Boston banker, who has had long and successful experience in the conduct of public utilities. **David Hunter Miller**, a New York lawyer with a detailed knowledge of political and social conditions in Europe, served during the Peace Conference as technical adviser to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace. His article is, of course, a record at first hand.

* * *

Mr. Stewart's entertaining paper has rallied to the *Atlantic* the support of fox-hunters everywhere. An old hand at the sport writes us from Bloomington, Illinois, this interesting epistle.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Charles D. Stewart's very interesting article in the June *Atlantic*, called 'Belling a Fox,' sets down what he calls three facts. From experience in following the trails of foxes in the snow I can confirm the first two facts, but I am compelled to differ from Mr. Stewart regarding the third, which is, 'you cannot approach within gunshot of a fox.'

Several years ago, in Funk's Grove, McLean County, Illinois, while I was following the tracks of a fox in the snow, footprints indicated that another man had been following the same tracks. I met him later, on another trip. He was a young farm-hand named La Follette, and his boyhood home had been in Virginia. He carried a shotgun and said he was hunting foxes by following their tracks. I asked to be allowed to go with him. We skirted a piece of dense woods and came upon tracks leading into the woods, which he pronounced to be 'long tracks,' and explained that the fox was starting off on a long hunting-trip and it would be useless to follow. The tracks led straightaway through the woods.

Later, in a draw, or low place, we came upon what he called 'short tracks,' leading from the woods into open country. The tracks were zigzag and advantage was taken of bare pieces of ice and grass. La Follette stated that the fox was approaching a place to lie down, and was seeking to conceal its tracks. Within a few minutes we approached a fall-ploughed field, where the ridges were bare of snow, and there was a low hill.

Asking that I remain behind, La Follette cautiously followed the tracks and stopped frequently to examine the ground with an old-fashioned spy-glass. Two red foxes were approached within gunshot as they were apparently asleep on the top of the hill and were not aware of the hunter's presence. They were not seen until they jumped up to run, and both were crippled in two shots.

We followed the more seriously crippled fox for about two miles, but spent three hours in covering this distance. After examining the tracks, La Follette said the fox would lie down if not pursued too closely; and we sat down for over an hour to let it 'get stiff' before the final careful advance was made which resulted in the fox being killed. We then took up the trail of the second fox, but lost it later when the snow melted.

La Follette told me that the fox killed that day was the eighth killed by him that winter, and made a total of about thirty foxes killed by him in the same manner. He always hunted alone and found the foxes by tracking them in the snow.

Very truly yours,

FRANK W. ALDRICH.

Horrors as might be pale, as usual, before horrors as is.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A 'Contributor' to the June issue writes an amusing article which opens with these words: 'If "that blessed word Mesopotamia" were in practical use to-day, it would doubtless suffer the horror of becoming Meso or Ma.'

If it were in practical use to-day! Is it not, perhaps, to many thousands of British soldiers and sailors? At any rate one of them, sending a batch of snapshots, writes as follows: 'so now you know what Mesopotamia looks like!'

This sounds quite 'practical,' and moderately descriptive!

Yours truly,

MARY KELLOGG SHERRILL.

Vernon Kellogg's papers on Life and Death have moved many people to break through the artificial reticences with which we hedge ourselves in.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I find it impossible to refrain from sending a few words in an attempt to express a little of the intense interest and satisfaction I have just had in reading 'The Biologist Speaks of Death' in the June *Atlantic*. While I have always secretly felt myself to be an 'agnostic' — if so ignorant a being as I dare call herself anything — yet, since the death of the person dearer to me than all others, I have read here and there, listened here and there to things that have made me waver — particularly taken in conjunction with many startling and impressive dreams of my lost dear one. But the condition of mind I have been in since meeting with this loss has been made a thousand times more agonizing than before by these half-doubted, agitating, distracting, uncomfortable theories and testimonies that have appeared in articles and books dealing with spiritism; and now, after reading this clearly expressed, authoritative essay, I feel more at ease, — more at peace, — more nearly satisfied on this terrible yet inevitable problem than ever before; and so grateful to the author who wrote it that I felt impelled to try to express, however clumsily and inadequately, my indebtedness to him. The part of the article that means perhaps more to me than any other begins, 'Sadly he answers, "I can give you no comfort"' — ending with the words 'He does not know.' But every word of the article has been interesting and valuable to me, in my perplexity and sorrow. However undesirable, flat, stale, and unprofitable life seems — at least I have the comfort of reading the *Atlantic Monthly*! And this article I have found so enlightening, convincing, and — compared with all else I've read on the subject — so satisfying.

With gratitude unspeakable,

Believe me, sincerely yours,

O — R —.

Was ever self-confession more essentially complete than this, since Dogberry wrote himself down an ass?

PHILADELPHIA, June the Tenth, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

That vacuous article entitled 'What Constitutes an Educated Person To-Day,' which you admitted to your columns for June, in which it is stated that no man can fairly be called educated who lacks the power to use his native language correctly, impels me to respond.

In the first place I am the fortunate holder of a degree of A.B., with Honors in my chosen field; I also am a Master of Arts, a Master of Science and a Doctor of Philosophy, the two latter degrees having been granted by Harvard University. I have taught at Harvard and have the Professorial title from teaching in a Western University. I am a Fellow of the American Associa-

tion for the Advancement of Science, a member of, among others, two scientific societies, membership in which is by invitation only and is considered as recognition of a certain ability to put to good use a so-called education. I am also a member of Sigma Xi, concerning which you probably know nothing and for your elucidation I will state that it is the equivalent in Science of the Phi Beta Kappa in the arts. Moreover I enjoy good music, paintings and sculpture; am fairly conversant with good literature and am able to differentiate to some extent the wheat from the chaff. In addition I am an Associate Editor of a scientific journal. Notwithstanding this humorously imposing list of accomplishments I lack the power to use my native language correctly — and what is probably more awful, I don't give a damn, and if I lack education according to the standard set by your contributor I am tickled to death that I lack the feeble and theoretical intelligence that goes with such education that gives rise to the inane sneers such as your Contributor is allowed to publish in the *Atlantic*. If I admitted such drivel to the columns of my journal I would be fired from my job at the next annual meeting.

Come on, *Atlantic*, what is the matter with you? Are you so cloyed with your own self-assumed sweetness that you think the only educated persons are those who belong to your own little mutual admiration society? I fail to find in your pages any logical basis for the opinion that you are really high-brow. You have the patina only, not the substance. Where are your Leigh Hunts, your Hazlitts, your Charles Lambes, your Emersons? You don't begin to come half-way up to those writers in what you publish, in so far as fine writing goes.

Oh yes, I forgot to tell you that I have also published so far in my youthful career some thirty-six (36), count 'em, scientific articles as the results of my studies, and all of these have appeared in reputable scientific journals. They are not always in correct English, but they get the idea across.

AN UNEDUCATED PERSON.

P.S. I am not signing my name for the very obvious reason that I have no desire to toot my own horn except behind the scenes.

Behind the Scenes! But the curtain is mercifully drawn.

* * *

What the scholar learns is often over-matched by what the teacher is taught.

May 15, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In a recent examination of a group of boys who will next year be in college, I received the following answers: —

1. Who was Florence Nightingale? *A singer.*
2. Who was Huckleberry Finn? *An Irish writer. He wrote 'Mark Twin.'*
3. Who was Grover Cleveland? *The fellow who put the fine tower on Princeton.*
4. Explain the use of *shall* and *will*. *Shall is used by polite people, will by all others.*

5. Where is Tyre? Sidon? *Parts of an automobile.*

After receiving such answers, week in, week out, is it any wonder teachers forget all they ever knew? Is it any wonder teachers lose their sense of humor and their hair? *Et clamor meus ad te veniat?*

COLIN C. CLEMENTS.

* * *

The following elucidation of an unsolved *Atlantic* mystery of some months' standing comes to us from the professor of Romance Philology in Columbia University.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The alluring chronicle which, under the title of 'A Little Boy's Utopia,' appeared in your number for May, begins as follows: —

'My little nephew was three and a half when he began to talk about "the Stewart Country," and between five and six when he gave us to understand that the subject was forever closed. The origin of the name was a mystery *we never fathomed* [italics mine]. Asked why it was called so, he would say, "That is its name," with the patience born of answering many foolish questions. He described it as "that far land where I lived when Mulla was a little gayl, too little to be my Mulla"; and professed to be able to visit it at will.'

With the flair of a professional philologist, — who must needs also be something of a psychologist, — I continued, with mind gently alert, my reading of the article, in the hope of discovering the solution of the puzzle that had piqued for years the curiosity and ingenuity of the child's family circle.

Internal evidence soon furnished the clue. About midway of the brief narrative occurs the preparation of the explanation, in the form of quotations from the child's own entertaining testimony; and somewhat farther on in the story is given the complete though unconscious confirmatory evidence of the aunt who tells the tale.

"When I lived in the Stewart Country" — I can hear the change of tone that marked the familiar opening: it was a kind of half-sad droning. . . . "I sat on the grass and my *Stewart Country lamb* climbed up into the tree and threw the oynes down to me." . . . "My *Stewart Country lamb*" was the hero of many of those wonderful tales.'

Now for the aunt's corroborative contribution: —

'One day a relic of some past era of domestic art was unearthed from the store-room — a huge pincushion of white canton flannel in the shape of an animal. But what animal? The question was being discussed in the language of the old primers. "Is-it-a-cat? No-it-is-a-goat." Someone was trying to lift it by an imaginary tail, to see if it was a guinea pig. The little boy sat gazing at the object in a kind of trance.

'All at once his arms opened wide. "My *Stewart Country lamb*!"'

Is the demonstration sufficiently convincing?

'One day a relic of some past era of domestic

art was unearthed from the store-room. . . .
 "My Store-Room Country Lamb!" (My Store-room Tountwy lamb.)

Observe that the child could not pronounce the letter *r* (witness 'gayl' and 'oynge') either in 'store-room' or in 'Country' — which is precisely why the chronicler, unconsciously true to a well-recognized principle in the science of palæography, has inserted an imagined *r* in the imaginary word 'Stewart,' on the erroneous supposition that in view of the child's lisp in the word 'tountwy' there ought to be an *r* in 'Stewart.' As for the final *t* in 'Stewart,' it is simply the initial *t* of the child's pronunciation of 'tountwy.' — The study, by the way, of childish mutilations or modifications of speech, and the possibility of their perpetuation in the vocabulary of adults, such as the childish reduplication of Old French *ante* (English *aunt*), *ante-ante*, modern French *tante*, is lately coming into its own.

But to return to the 'Stewart Country.' This mysterious, fascinating *Store-room Country* of Aladdin's lamps and Seven-League boots and all the untold wealth of quaint and curious discarded treasures, was what my own children used to call the *Story-Room*. The one-time children are now, alas, all flown from the parental roof-tree, but in the far-flung ends of the earth to which the *Atlantic* penetrates, they will doubtless all be proud to find themselves here immortalized in its classic columns.

HENRY ALFRED TODD.

* * *

Poetry is eternal, and — who knows? — the poet may be, too.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, May 14, 1921.

GENTLEMEN, —

I am herewith sending you a poem of mine for your magazine. Should you deem my poem worthy of publication, I should appreciate your sending some remuneration to me, in order that I might buy some more paper and ink for the purpose of sending you some more of my literary efforts.

Yours truly,

J — E —.

* * *

Gradually the *Atlantic* is finding its niche.

HOPEWELL, VIRGINIA, June 10, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am Employment Manager for a company that is hiring in fifty girls a week, and I have several times made trips through the State to get a line on girl-power.

I arrived the other night in a town about eleven o'clock at night, and found three hotels absolutely filled up. I had my *Atlantic* under my arm, as I had been reading it on the train. As I stood at the counter, wondering what to do, — as there was no Y. W. in the town, — the clerk asked me to come to one side as he wanted to speak with me. When I went over to him, he said, 'Are you with the "Y"?' I said, 'No.' He said, 'Well, I saw you with that magazine and I know you must be all right, so I wanted to let you know that I have a room here that the Travelers' Aid takes by the month, and she is away for four days, so I'm going to let you have it.'

The same thing happened again, in another town; for drummers seem to be very busy hunting business these days and they fill up the hotels. When I found I could n't get in a hotel, I telephoned to a dormitory run by a big cotton mill for their employees. It was a veritable palace of a dormitory. When I arrived, at twelve o'clock at night, the watchman let me in and the head worker of the dormitory politely greeted me and told me how to find my quarters. As she turned to go, she saw I had in my hand an *Atlantic*, and she said, 'We don't usually take in strangers this way at this time of the night, but I judged from your voice over the telephone that you were a lady, and now I see you with your *Atlantic*. I know you are a person we will be glad to have with us.'

And this is Virginia, and not Massachusetts!

Hereafter, I shall always carry an *Atlantic* under my arm in my travels.

MARY L. MORRIS,
 Woman Employment Supervisor.

* * *

Here is a letter which supplements admirably a recent *Atlantic* discussion.

AKRON, OHIO, June 28, 1921.

GENTLEMEN, —

To your illuminating articles and letters on the foreign-born in America, permit me to add a letter which to me evidences the pathetic desire of the sender to be identified with his adopted country. Wladyslaw F. Meszkowski, a faithful soldier of Uncle Sam, writes: —

'Dec. 23, 1920.

'Dear Mr. Captain C. Southworth, —

Have receiving your tip (Armistice Anniversary) card and glad to return answer with fully thanks now captain I am I getting along mostly fine and working hard to keep my living so — I most tell you captain when I got discharge I went to school for a while and after a took civil service court school which does help me and now I am working a little job in mashinerry work. I may be great successful some day latter on. I am single yet and wont decided to be a married before I can corining something or receive a batter position. . . .

'Yours

'WALTER FRANK

'This is my new address. This name I am using in working socation. Meszkowski is known just as same.

I am sure that many others who served during the late war could tell of many instances of the pride our foreign-born ex-soldiers, or at least some of them, have in their certificates of honorable discharge. Not that *all* of them were anxious to fight, — and after all, who were? — but having served, they feel that they are no longer 'Dagoes' or 'Hunkies.' Surely all who love America will try to see that they are not disillusioned. Let us join Walter Frank in the hope that he may be 'great successful some day,' and in the meantime let us help some other Walter Frank maintain his new self-respect and pride.

Very truly yours,

CONSTANT SOUTHWORTH.